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GREEN-WOOD
ILLUSTRATED;
IN
A SERIES OF PICTURESQUE
AND
MONUMENTAL VIEWS,

In Highly Finished Line Engraving.

FROM DRAWINGS TAKEN ON THE SPOT.

BY JAMES SMILLIE.

THE LITERARY DEPARTMENT

BY N. CLEAVELAND.

NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY R. MARTIN.
1846.

W. F. SMITH, PRINTER OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

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GREEN - WOOD

IN 1846

BY N. CLEAVELAND ESQ^R

ILLUSTRATED

IN A SERIES OF VIEWS TAKEN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK

BY JAMES SMILLIE.



Engraved by J. Smillie

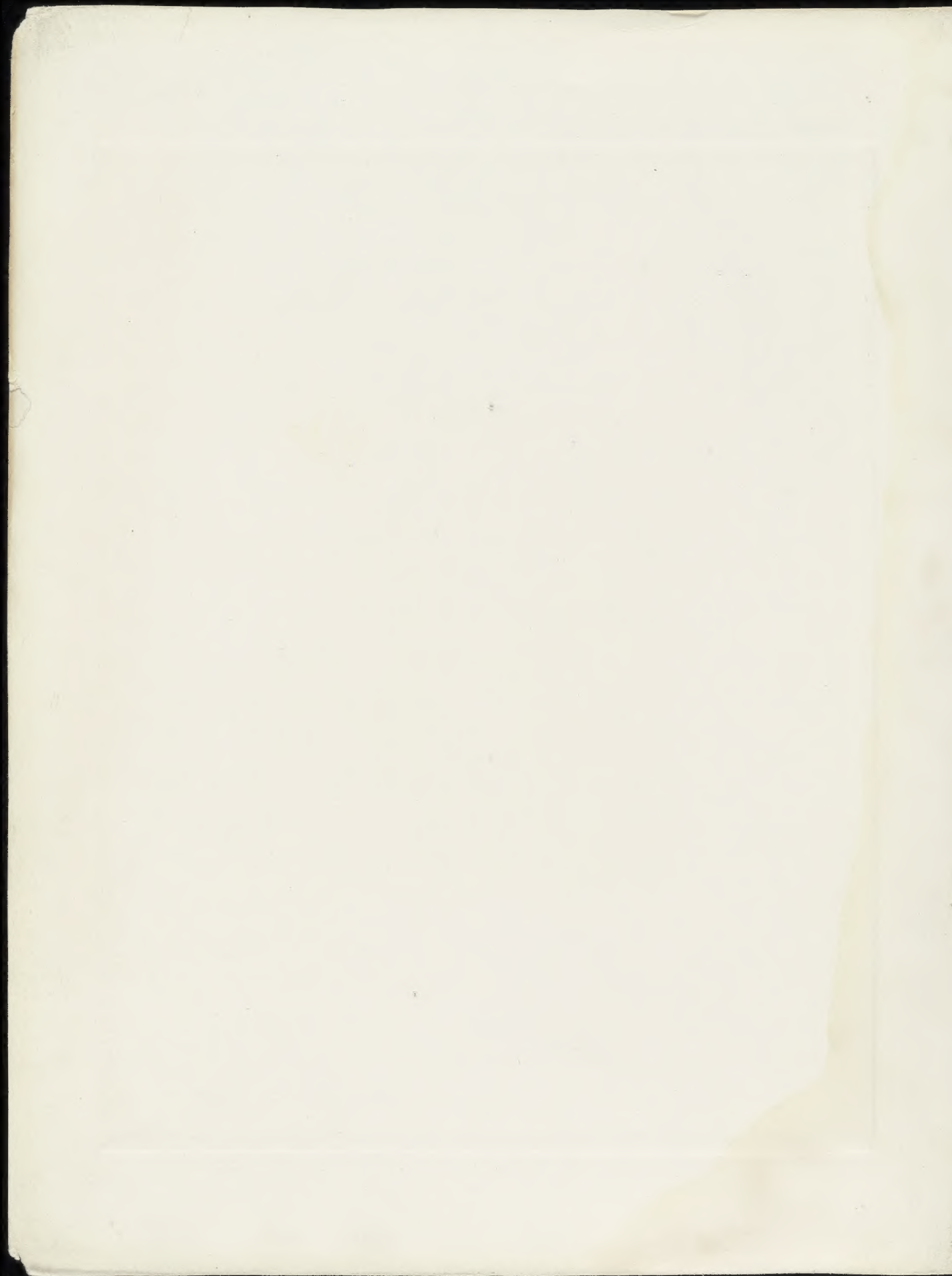
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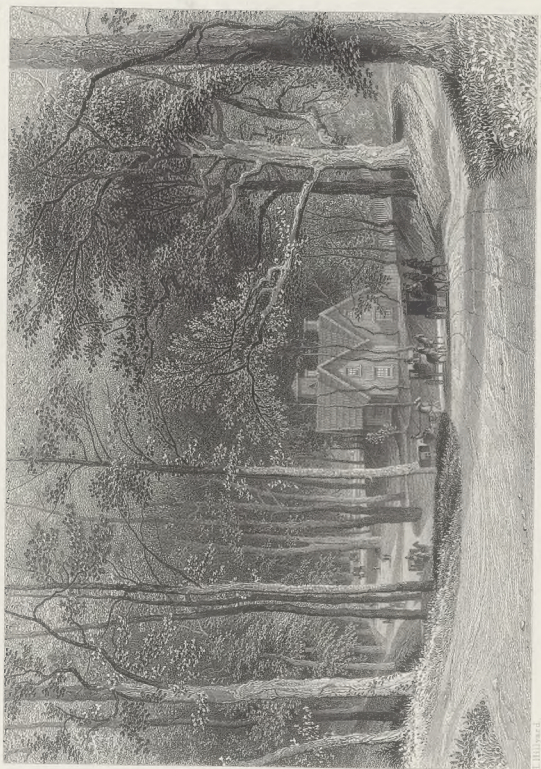
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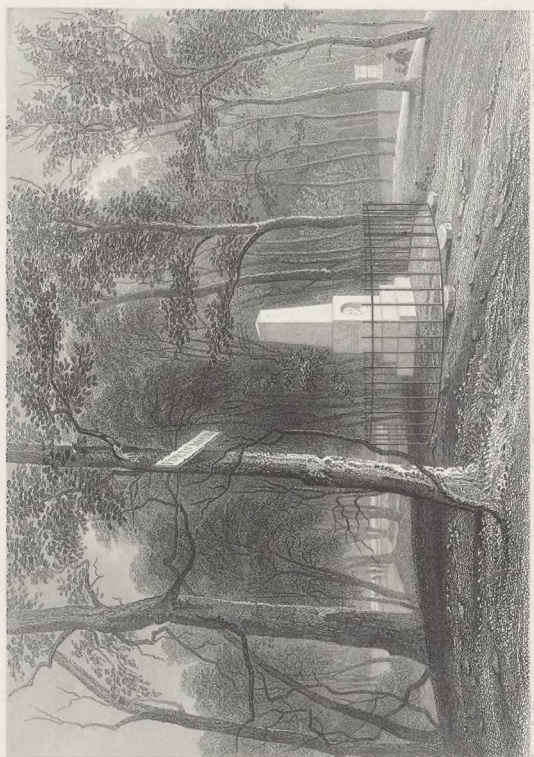


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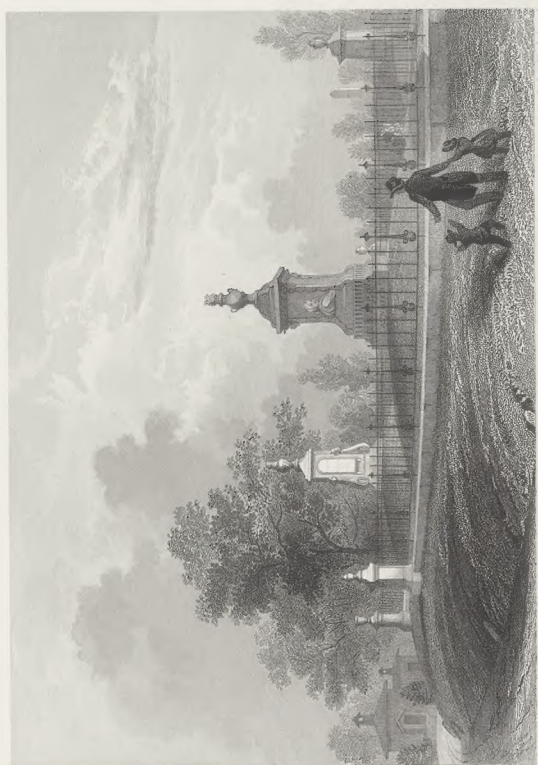
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ROTHS MOUND.
Monument to Mr. Donald Clarke.

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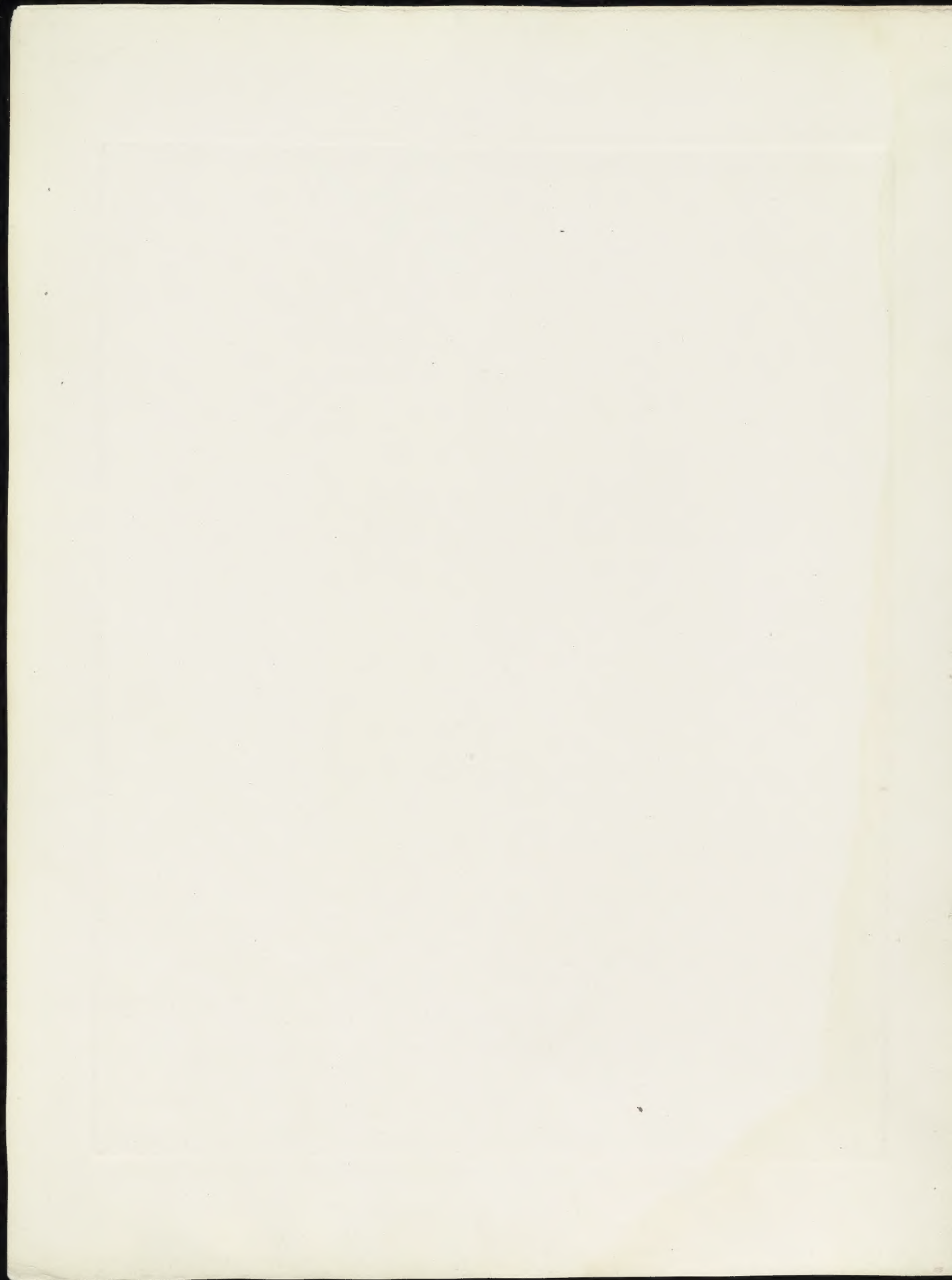




OCEAN HILL.

NEW YORK: PUBLISHED BY GALETTI.

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GREEN-WOOD.

"The hills,
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun;—the vales,
Stretching in pensive quietness between;—
The venerable woods"—

"and pour'd round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste—
Are but the solemn decorations all,
Of the great tomb of man."

BRYANT

It is fifteen years since Mount Auburn, near Boston, was set apart as a place of sepulture. It was the first attempt in this country, to meet a want which had long been felt. Happily conceived, and well executed, it soon led the way to similar enterprises in other cities; and now, there is scarcely a large town which has not, in its neighborhood, a rural cemetery. To regard this great movement as merely imitative, or fashionable, would be doing it injustice. The impropriety of making interments beneath and around churches, and in the festering burial-grounds of cities, was generally acknowledged. Injurious to health, offensive to the senses, repulsive to the taste of a refined age, the practice had become a confessed nuisance, which all desired, but none knew how to abate. Long usage, invested capital, the affections themselves, which make us wish to be laid by the side of those we have loved,—all combined to perpetuate the evil.

The idea of a rural cemetery, sufficiently remote to be beyond the range of city improvements, yet so near as to be of convenient access, seemed to reach, at once, all the necessities of the case. Large enough for the wants of many generations, it furnishes, in its guarded enclosure, full security against those violations of the grave, by which the zeal of science or of gain has so often shocked public sentiment, and deeply injured the feelings of survivors. The vault, so unpleasant to many, might indeed be found here, but it would no longer be the inevitable resting-place of the departed. Hither wounded Affection could resort, attracting no notice, and dreading no intrusion. Here Sorrow could bring its graceful offerings, and Taste and Art join with Nature herself, in adorning the last home of the loved and lost. To its silent solitudes the thoughtful would come to meditate;—here the man of business and care would often reassure his hesitating virtue;—and here, amid the thousand witnesses of mortality, and in all the soothing influences of the scene, the gay and reckless would read lessons of wisdom and piety.

To the importance of this reform, New York, though somewhat slow to move, could not but at length awake. If anywhere the evils alluded to were obvious and vast; if in any city better accommodations were imperatively demanded, that city was, emphatically, this great and growing metropolis. Again and again, in the progress of improvement, the fields of the dead had been broken up, to be covered with buildings, or converted into open squares. The tables of death showed that, already, nearly ten thousand human bodies must be annually interred: while calculation made it all but certain that, in half a century more, the aggregate would be told in millions.

The island of New York presenting no secure, or at least no very

eligible spot for a cemetery, attention was turned to a large, unoccupied tract in Brooklyn, lying near Gowanus Bay. As if providentially designed and reserved for the very use to which it has been put, it would be difficult to name a particular in which these grounds could have been better adapted to that use. Within sight of the thronged mart, and not three miles from its busiest haunts, GREEN-WOOD enjoys, nevertheless, perfect seclusion. It is of ample extent, and there is hardly a square rod of it which may not be used for burial. Its numerous avenues and paths furnish a long and delightful drive, presenting continually, scenes of varied beauty. Now you pass over verdant and sunny lawns,—now through park-like groves,—and now by the side of a tangled, unpruned forest. At one moment, you are in the dell, with its still waters, its overhanging shade, and its sweet repose. At the next, you look out from the hill-top, on the imperial city, with its queenly daughter—on the bay, so beautiful and life-like—down into the quiet, rural hamlet—or beyond it, on the distant ocean.

GREEN-WOOD CEMETERY was incorporated in 1838, but from various causes, did not commence successful operations till four years later. Its charter, with some amendments since made, embraces every desirable provision for the security, permanence, and proper government of the institution.

It authorizes and directs the land acquired by the corporation, to be disposed of and used exclusively for the burial of the dead.

It exempts such lands forever from assessment, and from all public taxes; and also from all liability to be sold on execution, or for the payment of debts by assignment under any insolvent law.

It requires that, when the payment of the purchase-money of the land shall have been made, "the proceeds of ALL future sales shall be

applied to the preservation, improvement, and embellishment of the said Cemetery, and to the incidental expenses thereof, and to NO OTHER PURPOSE WHATEVER."

It authorizes the corporation to hold, upon trust, any donation or bequest of property, and to apply the same, or the income thereof, for the improvement or embellishment of the Cemetery, or for the erection, repair, preservation, or renewal of any tomb, monument, or fence, or for the planting and cultivation of trees, shrubs, flowers, or plants, in or around any cemetery lot, or for improving the said premises in any other form or manner, consistent with the design of the charter, and conformably to the terms of such grant or bequest.

Every proprietor of a lot or parcel of ground containing not less than three hundred square feet, may vote at any election for Trustees of the Corporation; and the Trustees, fifteen in number, must in all cases be chosen from among the proprietors of the lots.

Thus it appears that proprietors of lots acquire not merely the privilege of burial, but the fee-simple of the ground which they purchase;—that, being the sole owners of the Cemetery, they, by their vote in the election of Trustees, control, directly, the government of the institution;—that no pecuniary, or other conflicting interest can exist, to counteract the general wishes of the lot-owners;—and that, as the lots are not subject to public charge, nor held liable for debts, nor subject to assessment by the institution, they can never be forcibly taken from the purchasers.

The grounds comprise about one hundred and eighty-five acres. Arrangements for extending these limits are in progress, which will give, when completed, an area of two hundred and fifty acres. Although now much larger than any other of our cemeteries, it will

scarcely, even in its contemplated increase, be proportioned to the wants of the great and fast-augmenting population, which it is designed to accommodate. That population is already nearly a half-million; and if the past be prophetic of the future, it will take years only, or tens of years, to make New York, in point of magnitude, what centuries and tens of centuries have made Paris and London. It is then but a wise forecast, thus liberally to provide for the sure and fast-coming future. The ground will all be wanted—it will be all used. Those already exist, who will behold it when it shall have become a vast city of the Dead, outnumbering that of the living by its side.

Only four years have elapsed since GREEN-WOOD was publicly opened for interments. Within that time, about fourteen hundred lots have been sold. The avenues, which wind gracefully over every part of its undulating surface, for an extent of more than ten miles, have been put into perfect order. With a judicious regard to both utility and effect, the natural conformation of the ground has, in many instances, been somewhat varied and improved. The trees, a prominent feature of the place, have generally been preserved, though here and there removed, to open vistas through the copse, and make the grounds more available or more picturesque. Much work has been done in removing every unsightly object and obstruction, and in enriching and beautifying the yet unoccupied space. Of the purchased lots, a large proportion are neatly and substantially enclosed by iron paling; while monuments and sepulchral structures, already numerous, and many of them new and beautiful in design, consecrate and embellish the ground.

In one respect GREEN-WOOD differs, it is believed, from every similar institution;—a peculiarity which it owes, partly, to its ample

accommodations and natural facilities, and still more, to judicious regulations adopted at the outset. Reference is made to the appropriation of large lots for the use of families and societies. Taking advantage of the natural inequalities, the summits and sides of the knolls have been enclosed in circles or ellipses, as their shape and position required. By the greater size, as well as by the form of these lots, and the introduction, in some cases, of other figures, much has been done to avoid the rigid sameness, which would result from a division of the whole surface into equal parallelograms. By giving wider spaces between the lots, it tends to prevent crowding and confusion, when funerals are numerously attended; and though some space is lost to purposes of interment, it is secured for beauty and for a higher utility.

But it is the provision which it makes for associated families, and for religious and other communities, which gives to this arrangement its chief value. Not only may the single family enjoy the solace of feeling that they have secured for themselves one guarded and hallowed spot, but its kindred and affiliated branches can make common cause, and the ties of friendship and consanguinity shall become stronger in life, when they shall not seem wholly severed at the grave.

Again, those whose bond of union has been community of sentiment,—who have been associated in labors of self-improvement and of benevolence,—who have listened so often in the same sanctuary, to those lessons of faith and hope, which alone can take from death its sting, and from the grave its victory,—may here lie down, the rich and the poor together, as was the wont of old, in their own church-yard.

Several religious societies have secured grounds in the Cemetery. One church has already enclosed a large and handsome mound, and

consecrated it to its use with appropriate rites. Around its circumference are the lots of individual members, while an inner circle is reserved for the Pastor and for those of humbler means. It was a happy and a Christian thought, to provide for their poorer brethren, when the toils of life shall be over, an unexpensive resting-place, as respectable and beautiful as their own. The example is well worthy of imitation.

THE ENTRANCE.

"Enter this wild-wood,
And view the haunts of Nature. The calm shade
Shall bring a kindred calm, and the sweet breeze
That makes the green leaves dance, shall waft a balm
To thy sick heart."

GREEN-WOOD occupies a portion of the high ground which separates Gowanus Bay from the plains of Flatbush. The most agreeable, though not the shortest route, is the ancient road running from Brooklyn along the western shore of Long Island, to Fort Hamilton. At the distance of two and a half miles from the South Ferry, a short, straight avenue leads from the main street of Gowanus to the gate.

The entrance is perfectly simple. On the left of the gate is a rustic lodge, for the temporary accommodation of visitors. On the right, and in the same style, is a small tower, with a bell to summon the Porter. These unambitious structures will be found in good keeping with each other, and with the position they occupy. They possess beauty of form, and of fitness likewise. Perhaps some, accustomed to more imposing entrances, may feel disappointed by the modest humility of this. But may not the taste at least be questioned, which makes the passage-way from one open space to another, through some lofty arch, or massive building? Can such a structure look well, with no support, on either side of it, but an ordinary fence? Must it not always lack

the beauty of adaptation to an end—the essential beauty of usefulness? And if it be, as most frequently, of Grecian or Egyptian model, is it not incongruous with the spirit and associations of a Christian cemetery? Of the simple entrance temporarily made for these grounds, we may at least say, that here Art raises no false expectation, nor does it offend by unnatural contrasts. But, enter. If the artificial portal be deficient in dignity, not so will you find that of Nature. You are now in a vestibule of her own making. Its floor is a delicious greensward; its walls are the steep hill-side; lofty trees, with their leafy capitals, form its colonnade; and its ceiling is the azure vault. Here, if alive to gentle influences, you will pause a moment. You will shake from your feet the city's dust, and leave behind you its care and follies. You are within the precinct of a great, primeval temple, now forever set apart to pious uses. You have come,

“Not to the domes where crumbling arch and column
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand;
But to that fane most catholic and solemn,
Which God hath planned!”

Explore its aisles and courts,—survey its beauties,—breathe its fresh air,—enjoy its quiet,—drink in its music,—and lay to heart its lessons of mortality, as well as its higher teachings of faith and love.

THE KEEPER'S LODGE.

"A voice from 'the Green-Wood!'—a voice! and it said,
'Ye have chosen me out as a home for your dead;
From the bustle of life ye have render'd me free;
My earth ye have hallow'd: henceforth I shall be
A garden of graves, where your loved ones shall rest!'"

ON the left of the avenue, and just beyond the entrance, stands the Keeper's Lodge. It is a cottage in the rustic, pointed style, with four gables. The sides are of plank uprights, battened with cedar poles, rough from the forest. Its whole exterior is unsmoothed and unpainted,—yet it is symmetrical and picturesque. Embowered in the grove, and already looking old enough to be coeval with the trees that shade it, its entire aspect is in harmony with the place and its associations. In such a home, we sometimes imagine, might have been found, long ago, near the church-yard of some quiet hamlet in our fatherland, one of those immortal sextons, whose occupation and quaint humor genius has loved to depict.

Hard by, a tower of the same primitive order supports a bell, which is rung whenever a funeral train enters the grounds. This is a custom hallowed by its own appropriateness, as well as by long and general observance. In cities, the tolling of bells for the dead has, as a matter of necessity, been long discontinued. In country villages, however, the usage still prevails. The deep tones of the bell in Green-Wood, penetrating its dells, and echoing from its hills, are the only sounds that

reach the mourner's ear, as he follows some dear object to the tomb. Often, we know, at such times, this unexpected but still familiar sound has touched the springs of memory and feeling, carrying back the mind to the homely scenes, but bright hours of childhood,—to the far-off, native vale,—to that knell from the village steeple, which once called the reminiscent to weep over some sweet flower, cut down in its morning beauty,—and to that humble grave-yard, where, bedewed with tears of veneration and love, a father and mother now sleep, side by side.

A mournful office is thine, old bell,
To ring forth naught but the last sad knell
Of the coffin'd worm, as he passeth by,—
And thou seemest to say, Ye all must die!

No joyful peal dost thou ever ring;
But ever and aye, as hither they bring
The dead to sleep 'neath the "Green-Wood" tree,
Thy voice is heard, pealing mournfully.

No glad occasion dost thou proclaim—
Thy mournful tone is ever the same;—
The slow, measured peal, that tells of woe
Such as those who feel it may only know.

Had thy tongue the power of speech, old bell,
Methinks strange stories 'twould often tell;
How some are brought hither with tear and moan,
While others pass by, unmourn'd, alone;—

How strangers are hither brought to sleep,
Whose home, perchance, was beyond the deep,—
Who, seeking our shore, came but to die,
And here in this hallow'd spot to lie;—

How a wife hath follow'd a husband's bier,—
How a husband hath follow'd a wife most dear,—
How brother and sister have come, in turn,
To shed a tear o'er a parent's urn;—

How the victim of sorrow's ceaseless smart
Hath given up life with a willing heart,
And thought of this spot with a smiling face,
Glad at last to find him a resting-place.

I wonder if thou dost ring, old bell,
For the rich man a louder, longer knell,
Than thou dost for the poor who enter here,
On the humble and unpretending bier!

And dost thou ring forth a peal less sad
For the pure and good, than for the bad?
Or dost thou toll the same knell for all—
The rich and the poor, the great and small?

Oh, a mournful office is thine, old bell!
To ring forth naught but the last sad knell
Of the coffin'd worm as he passeth by,
And thou seemest to say, Prepare to die!

ARTHUR MORRELL.

POET'S MOUND.

"From every tree and every bush
There seems to breathe a soothing hush;
While every transient sound but shows
How deep and still is the repose."

SYLVAN WATER is a permanent and deep pond of about four acres. The visiter, as he passes along the elevated summit of its northern border, catches, through the foliage, occasional glimpses of its bright surface. A winding descent soon brings him to its margin, and to a scene of beauty and stillness where he will love to linger. Except on the western side, the grounds about it are precipitous and high, and all round they are closely wooded. The trees and shrubs form, indeed, a perfect wall of verdure to this secluded little lake, while

"The soft wave, as wrapt in slumber, lies
Beneath the forest-shade."

He who stands upon its verge sees only water, woods, and sky. He hears naught but the notes, plaintive or lively, of scores of birds, which haunt this dell, and at times fill it with their music. To the weary and worn citizen, it may well seem the very ideal of solitude—a charming picture of repose. Ever since he entered these green-wood shades, he has been sensibly getting farther and farther away from strife, and

business, and care; at every step he has become more and more imbued with the gentle spirit of the place. But here he finds the illusion and the charm complete. A short half-hour ago, he was in the midst of a discordant Babel; he was one of the hurrying, jostling crowd; he was encompassed by the whirl and fever of artificial life. Now he stands alone, in Nature's inner court—in her silent, solemn sanctuary. Her holiest influences are all around him, and his heart whispers, It is good to be here!

The monument represented in the plate occupies a small knoll on the northern edge of Sylvan Water, and is a tribute paid by friendship to the memory of a child of misfortune. "The poor inhabitant below" was the possessor of talents which, had his mind and affections been better disciplined, might have won for him distinction. But his efforts were desultory and unequal. He became an unhappy wanderer,—his own and others' dupe,—till at length reason tottered, and life sunk under the weight of disappointment.

"Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows raged, and gales blew hard,
And whelmed him o'er."

The monument is of white marble—a square block, supporting a truncated pyramid. On the northern face of the die is a profile likeness of the poet, in high relief.

MCDONALD CLARKE was born June 18, 1798, and died March 5, 1842.

OCEAN HILL.

"In depth, in height, in circuit, how serene
The spectacle, how pure! Of Nature's works
In earth, and air, and earth-embracing sea,
A revelation beautiful it seems."

THIS is one of the most elevated spots in the Cemetery. It occupies the north-eastern corner of the grounds. Its western and southern sides are steep. Towards the east it declines gently to the plain. The principal avenue, called the Tour, conducts you to its summit, and you find yourself near the northern extremity of a beautiful and commanding ridge. On the north and the south, the prospect is bounded by copse-wood. Through the trees on the western side, may be caught occasional glimpses of the pleasant lawn which you have just crossed. Toward the east the view is unobstructed and wide. From the base of the hill stretch far away the plains of Flatbush and New Utrecht. Below, a short mile distant, lies the little village of Flatbush,—an image of quiet life,—with its white dwellings and simple spire; the Pavilion at Rockaway, some ten miles off, is clearly seen; while the sea itself, with here and there a sail, terminates the view.

The beauties of the eminence seem to be appreciated. Most of the lots on its summit have been already taken and improved. The objects delineated in the plate are those which present themselves to

one who, having kept along the Tour from the west, has just gained the summit of the hill. The monuments and the cottage at once arrest the eye, and the agreeable impression which they make is due, perhaps, not less to their harmonious grouping, than to their individual beauty. Of the three principal monuments here given, the material is the same, and the style is so far similar, as to require that they should be classed in one family. Yet are they specifically distinct—each having its peculiar merit, and forming a study by itself. The two which are seen in the foreground, were among the earliest of the erections in Green-Wood. The novelty of the designs—their graceful outline—and the high finish of the work, united with a height and magnitude which give dignity and effect—have drawn to them much attention. They set, in this respect, a good example, and they have unquestionably had an influence on the taste and style of many subsequent improvements. They showed that there are beautiful and fitting forms for sepulchral memorials, besides the obelisk, or even the more graceful and classic pillar and sarcophagus. They evinced that a pleasing variety in details is consistent with the same scope of general design, and that in art, as elsewhere, genius is not confined to one idea, nor prone to make fac-similes of its own works. The fault of servile imitation in such matters has been far too common, and a tame monotony is its inevitable effect.

The material employed is the compact, red sandstone from New Jersey, first brought into use in the erection of Trinity Church. The toughness of this stone, and the closeness of its grain, make it, in the plastic hand of the carver, almost if not quite equal to the best marble. No other stone furnished by our quarries, and of equal or even similar facility under the tool, can resist, it is believed, so well, the defacing

GREEN-WOOD ILLUSTRATED.

THOUGH the occupation and improvement of Green-Wood Cemetery have been rapid beyond example; though it is visited daily, during the open season, by great and increasing numbers; and though it is becoming an object of wider and deeper interest with every addition made to its inmates;—yet to the vast population of New York, it is still but partially known. Indeed, it is no easy thing to make an extensive impression on so great a mass. It is even more difficult to break the tyranny of fashion, though its dictates be repulsive to taste, and shocking to our better feelings. But the change has begun. Few can visit a spot like Green-Wood, and see and feel its quiet beauty, without a conviction that such are the only fit resting-places of the dead. Moreover, almost every new occupant of these grounds may be said, like the emigrant from foreign shores, to draw others after him. Even fashion will ere long give up its walled enclosure, and its dark, damp, crowded city vault, for the pure air, the cheerful lights, the subdued glooms, the verdant and blooming freshness of the rural burying-place.

In presenting to the public the present work on Green-Wood, we would willingly hasten, if we may, such a consummation. We would show, as well as pen and pencil can, how art and nature are there combining to form an attractive and fitting place of burial. The views to be given will be faithful transcripts, for the reality here needs no embellishment. It is intended that the drawings and engravings shall be in the highest style of the respective arts, and from the best talents among us. The literary portion will consist of descriptive and biographical notices, with occasional remarks on subjects kindred to the main design. In fine, it is hoped that the work now offered to the proprietors of these grounds, and the public generally, will, in all its artistic and mechanical details, be worthy of the scenes and objects which it presents; that it will be an ornament for the table—a suitable tribute to distant friends—and a valued memorial with all those to whom Green-Wood and its garnered dust have now become sacred.

PLAN OF PUBLICATION.

The Work will be published in Parts, each containing three beautiful Line Engravings, for 50 cents, or proof impressions, on large paper, for \$1,—to be completed in six Parts, making the whole expense \$3 for the general, and \$6 for the proof edition. *Payable on delivery of each Part.*

It is sold to subscribers at a rate so near the cost of publication, that the public may rest assured that it will never be obtained for less than the present price.

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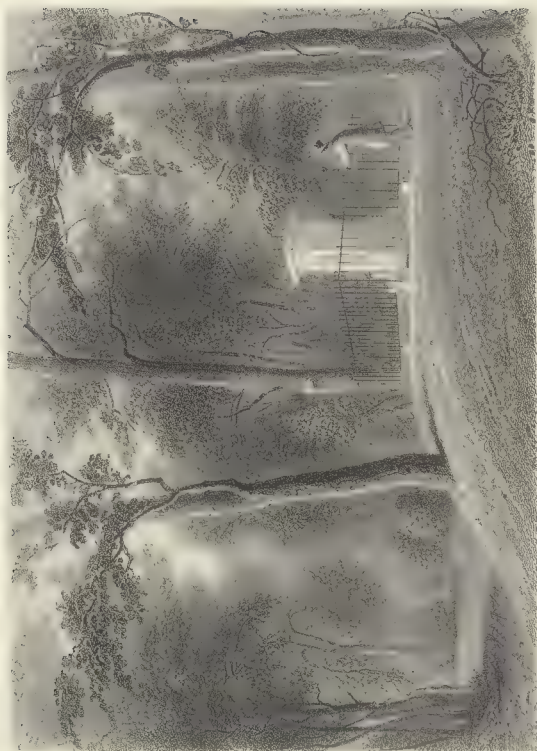
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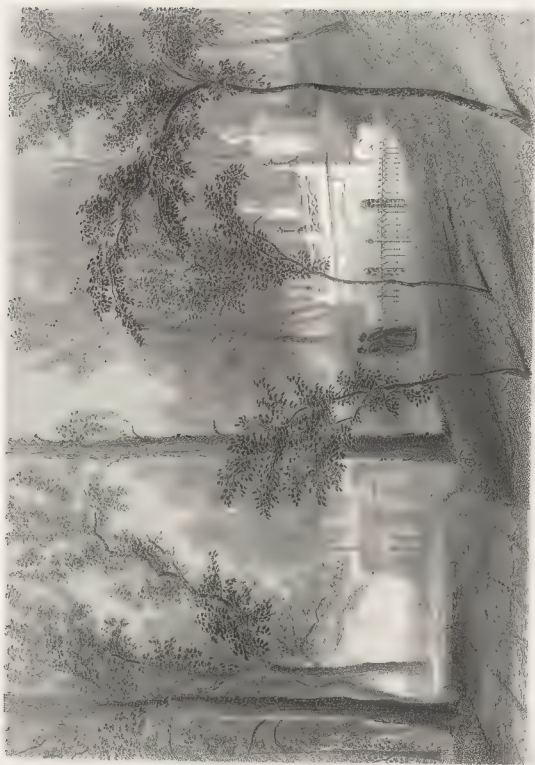
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and destructive effects of our humid and frosty atmosphere, and its ever-changing temperature. If in its youth the freestone structure be less brilliant and attractive than that of marble, it certainly bears its age better. Its surface is less liable to accretions and stains; and those which it does incur, instead of appearing like streaks and patches of dirt, sully the lustre of that which should be clean and bright, are but time-honored hues and shades, making it more beautiful. These two lots occupy a somewhat salient angle formed by the road, and are, in form, spherical triangles. The coping, which supports a low, neat paling, and the posts at the corners, are of the same stone with the principal structures. The form and finish of these minor parts, and even the grading and shaping of the ground, show that minute attention to particulars which is so essential to harmony and fulness of effect.

The monument on the left is a tripod in the Roman style, supported on the corners by richly carved, antique trusses, and resting on a boldly moulded base course. The die has, on each of its faces, a tablet with circular head. The mouldings of its cornice are simple but effective, and it is surmounted by a well-proportioned urn. Its height is about fourteen feet.

On one of the tablets is recorded the death of a young mother, and that of an only and infant child, which occurred not long before her own. To this simple statement are appended these words from II. Kings, iv. 26:—"Is it well with thee? Is it well with the child? And she answered, It is well."

The right-hand monument rests upon a square base, with prominent mouldings. The die diminishes upward by a gentle curve; its angles are enriched by a graceful, scalloped leaf, and its cornice is encircled

by carved mouldings. Above this, the form changes from square to circular, and a fine urn completes the design.

On the northern side, standing out in strong relief, is a female bust. This face, beautifully executed by Mancini, shows admirably the capacities of the stone for expressive sculpture; and though not intended as a likeness, it calls strongly up the image of that young wife, who, taken from life in the midst of youth, and health, and hope, now rests beneath.

INDIAN MOUND.

— "thou who o'er thy friend's low bier,
Sheddest the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere,
Will give her to thy arms again."

THE grave of DO-HUM-ME is under the lofty trees that shade the northern border of Sylvan Lake. The earth around it, hard-trodden by a thousand feet, bears constant testimony to the sympathy which a tale and fate like hers, never fail to awaken. The impression which her extraordinary grace and beauty made on those who saw her here, is still retained by many, and justifies the glowing picture which is given in the following sketch. The description may be relied on, for it is furnished by one who knew her in her happiness, and who deserted her not when she was sick and dying. Through the same kind instrumentality, a neat marble monument was placed over the dead. On the southern side of the die, a figure in relief, of beautiful workmanship, by Launitz, represents her bereaved warrior, attempting to hide, while he betrays his grief. Upon another side is the record of her parentage:

DO-HUM-ME,
DAUGHTER OF
NAN-NOUCE-PUSH-EE-TOE,
A CHIEF OF THE SAC INDIANS.

A third side is thus inscribed :

DO-HUM-ME,
WIFE OF
COW-HICK-KEE,
A YOUNG WARRIOR OF THE IOWAS.

Upon the fourth side is the following inscription :

DIED
IN NEW YORK,
MARCH 9TH, 1843,
AGED 18 YEARS.

"Thou'rt happy now, for thou hast past
The cold, dark journey of the grave;
And in the land of light at last,
Hast join'd the good, the fair, the brave."

SKETCH OF DO-HUM-ME.

BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

DO-HUM-ME, as her monument briefly sets forth, was the daughter of a chieftain of the Sacs, and the wife of a young war-chief of the Iowas. But from the obscurity which always, to a certain extent, rests over the history of individuals of savage nations, her biography, with all the aids which have been obtained from those who knew her, must necessarily be but a meager outline.

Of her childhood little is known, save that its one great bereavement, the death of her mother, left her, at the early age of seven years, cut off from all that watchful care, those tender endearments, which make childhood so happy, and which none but a mother knows so well how

to render. But He who seeth the wants of the lowliest of his children, knoweth also how to provide for them; and He awoke in the breast of the remaining parent of Do-hum-me, a strange, subduing tenderness, which to the Indian warrior is all unwonted; and the heart of the stern old chief, whose necklace numbered more scalplocks than that of any other of his tribe, grew soft as a woman's, when he looked upon his motherless child, until even the hunting-path and the council-fire were forgotten for her sake. No toil was too exhausting, no sacrifice too great to be endured for her.

Thus, under the eye of paternal watchfulness, Do-hum-me, silently as the flowers of her own bright prairies, sprang up to womanhood. Possessing in an uncommon degree those traits of beauty most prized by her race—ever gentle and good-humored—she was the idol of her father, and the favorite of her tribe. Monotonous and uneventful her life must necessarily have been until her eighteenth year, when a new, and, as it eventuated, fatal era occurred in her existence.

Prompted partly by a desire of adjusting some land difficulties at Washington, partly by a curiosity to behold the great cities of the white men, and partly by the artful and interested representations of the designing and needy, a delegation of the Sacs and Iowas came to the determination of visiting our Atlantic shores. Do-hum-me, under her father's care, with two other females much older than herself, one of whom was a niece of the celebrated Black-hawk, accompanied them.

During their journey from the Far West, an affection sprang up between the youthful subject of this sketch and a young chief of the Iowas, which soon ripened into an intimacy ending in marriage. The interesting ceremony which united them, was performed at Paterson, according to their own rites, and in the presence of their tribe, and a

number of white persons who had become interested by the beauty and amiable deportment of the youthful couple. Soon after their marriage they arrived in New York, where they attracted great attention, not less by their beauty and gracefulness, than by their undisguised affection for one another. They were never separated;—proud of each other, loving and happy, the animated smile of the bridegroom, and the gay, musical laugh of the bride, were a joy to all beholders. Gifts were showered upon them from all quarters, and the jewelry of Do-hum-me might have been coveted by many a fairer-hued bride.

But a dark cloud arose on the horizon of their wedded bliss, and their marriage-torch went suddenly out in darkness. Unaccustomed alike to the luxuries of civilized life, which by well-meaning but misjudging friends were too lavishly heaped upon them, and the whirl and bustle by which they were continually surrounded, Do-hum-me suddenly fell a victim to her new and false position. A violent cold, contracted one stormy evening to which they were exposed, superadded to indisposition produced by the causes already alluded to, at once assumed the alarming character of inflammation; congestion ensued, and in a few brief hours, all was over.

Thus died Do-hum-me, a stranger, and in a strange land. Far away from all familiar things and places, in a little more than four weeks from her bridal, she passed to her burial. Almost deserted in her death,—for the two females who had accompanied her from her home had already found a grave, the one dying in a hospital of Philadelphia, the other but three weeks before in New York,—and the thousands who had come around them to gaze and wonder, at the rumor of a contagious disease having broken out among the hapless company, had without exception taken flight,—one only of her own sex, whose sym-

pathies were stronger than all fear, stood by her side, to administer to her wants, to soothe her last moments, and to close her eyes when all was over.

An attempt to describe this last sad scene, would be utterly futile. The helpless bewilderment—the agony, almost despair, of the doting father and husband—their piteous wails and sobs—the irrepressible tears which, unwiped, flowed down their dusky cheeks, altogether formed a picture which can never be forgotten, and which forever disproves the oft-told tale of the Indian's coldness and stoicism.

In the same gay ornaments with which, with a girlish pride, Dohum-me had adorned herself for her bridal, she was again decked for the grave; and it was with no other feeling than that of reverence and grief, that the hand of civilization aided that of the savage, in braiding the dark locks, and circling the neck of the bride of death, with the sparkling chain and gay and flashing gem. She was followed to her last resting-place by those dearest to her in life, as well as by that friend whom Providence directed to her bedside in the last bitter hour of dissolution. There, in a spot aptly chosen for the grave of the forest-girl, she reposes in the last, dreamless slumber. She hears not the ocean-winds that sigh around her green-roofed dwelling; the footsteps of the frequent pilgrim disturb her not;—for, let us believe that, according to her own simple faith, her spirit is lovingly, patiently waiting, in some far-off but happy sphere, till those she so loved on earth shall join her, never more to be separated.

THE FOREST-CHILD.

BY MRS. SAWYER.

By the banks of Sylvan Water,
Where the Green-Wood shadows rest,
Sleepeth Iowa's young daughter,
In a mournful mother's breast!
In a mother's breast that never
Groweth harsh, or stern, or cold,—
Lock'd in arms that will forever
Tenderly their child enfold!

Summer winds above her sighing,
Softly kiss the drooping flowers;
Summer rains, like lutes replying,
Make sweet music to the hours!
Winter snows, around her falling,
Robe the dell, the copse, and hill;
Spirits through the storm are calling—
But the maiden sleepeth still!

In a far-land, where the prairie,
Stretch'd in boundless beauty, lies,
Lovely as a woodland fairy,
Open'd she at first her eyes;
Many a sweet flower, round her springing,
Gladness to her bosom lent;
Many a bright bird o'er her winging,
With her own its carol blent!

Eyes that watch'd her sinless childhood,
Brighter beam'd when she appear'd,
Hearts that braved for her the wildwood,
Toil or peril never fear'd!
Thus, with sky and forest o'er her,
Grew to maidenhood the child,
While the light of love before her,
On her path in beauty smiled!

From that far-land came she hither;
Hearts long loved were by her side;
But we saw her fade and wither,
Till, like summer flowers, she died!
To her sylvan couch we bore her,
When the twilight shadows fell;
Softly smooth'd the green turf o'er her,
Where in death she slumbers well!

Stricken bride! amid the places
Thou didst love, thy grave should be,—
Here, of all the pale-hued faces,
Who, save one, has wept for thee?
Lo! I hear a sound of anguish
From the far Missouri's shore—
'Tis the voice of those who languish,
That they see thy face no more!

There thy sire all lowly sitteth,
Weeping sadly and alone;
There thy hunter still forgetteth
Those that live for one that's gone!
Peace be round their lonely pillow,
In that far-off, western wild!
Thou, beside the ocean-willow,
Sweetly sleep, poor Forest-child!

BAY-GROVE HILL.

"The city bright below ; and far away,
Sparkling in golden light, his own romantic bay.

* * * * *

Tall spire, and glittering roof, and battlement,
And banners floating in the sunny air ;
And white sails o'er the bright blue waters bent ;
Green isle, and circling shore, are blended there,
In wild reality."

Two of the plates in this number are representations of tombs situated near the summit of Bay-grove Hill. The material, the elaborate execution, and more than all, the commanding position of these structures, make them particularly prominent and attractive. The beautiful eminence which they occupy, is not far from the entrance. The view from this spot will detain the visitor a moment. An opening on his left reveals to him the lower bay, Staten Island, and the Narrows. Another, in front, reaches across the harbor, and is bounded by the masts, spires, and dwellings of New York and Brooklyn. The little dell which he has just passed, with its shady water, is immediately below. Here, with a city of the living before him, and another of the dead growing up around, the charm of contrast is felt in its power. Here are presented, as it were, side by side, art and nature—bustle and repose—life and death ;—while each quiet sail, moving but noiseless, seems a fit medium of communication between them.

"To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes."

The remains of DE WITT CLINTON repose temporarily in one of the tombs on Bay-grove Hill. They were laid here in the expectation that they would soon find a final resting-place in some commanding portion of the ground, and beneath a monument worthy of his great name, and of the city and commonwealth which owe so much to him. But this tribute to the memory and services of her most distinguished benefactor, New York has yet to pay. A beginning, indeed, has been effected by the proffer of a few liberal contributions, but no general and earnest call has yet been made. To such a call, this great and wealthy community will doubtless respond with its wonted liberality.

As this duty, which has too long remained unfulfilled, may soon be urged anew, a brief glance at the services and character of Clinton, may serve to remind some, and to inform others, of his pre-eminent claims to such commemoration.

DE WITT CLINTON was born 1769, at Little Britain, a small town in the pastoral valley of the Walkill. His grandfather, Charles Clinton, though of English descent, came to this country from Ireland, in 1729. At the capture of Fort Frontenac, during the French and Indian war, he was at the head of a regiment, while two of his sons, James, the father of De Witt, and George, afterward Governor of New York, and Vice-president of the United States, held subordinate commands. In the war of Independence, James Clinton was a general officer, and again did his country service.

Thus honored in his origin and connections, De Witt gave early promise of eminence on his own account. He was one of the first class graduated at Columbia College, after it was reopened subse-

quently to the Revolution. He studied law with the celebrated Samuel Jones, and in due course was admitted to the bar. At this conjuncture, his uncle, George Clinton, then Governor of New York, proposed to him to become his private secretary. Yielding his golden prospects in the law, to considerations of duty and gratitude, he accepted the place, and thus plunged at once into the restless sea of political life. Adopting, from conviction, the anti-federal opinions of his uncle, he defended them as a matter of duty; and it is highly creditable to his power as a writer, that he was thought by multitudes to maintain his ground, although his antagonists were the immortal authors of the "Federalist." From 1797 to 1801, he was a member of the state legislature, and the acknowledged leader of his party. He was opposed, generally, to the national administration of that period, but not with a bitter or indiscriminating hostility. In 1801, being only thirty-two years old, he was elected senator of the United States. In this august body, he at once took high rank as a statesman and debater. In 1803 he was appointed mayor of New York, and, with the exception of two years, continued to hold that responsible post until 1815.

By virtue of this office, as then constituted, he was the head of the city police, chief judge of the criminal court and common-pleas, and chairman of the board of health, with a large patronage at his sole disposal. In the discharge of these various and onerous duties, his course seems to have been uniformly firm, and able, and honest. During a large portion of the same period, he was also a member of the New York legislature. Though sharing largely in the political conflicts of those exciting times, he gave to objects of public and lasting utility, his great personal and official influence.

Statesmanship was, with him, no narrow, selfish policy, looking only

to the advancement of individual interests, or the extension and consolidation of party power. To every scheme of benevolence and improvement, well intended and well devised, he lent his willing aid. The weather-beaten old sailor, resting at last in his "Snug Harbor," with the name of Randall may gratefully join that of Clinton, as having made secure to him his comfortable home. The Bloomingdale Asylum for the Insane was founded by grants, which Clinton proposed and carried. The first establishment in New York for the encouragement of the fine arts, obtained its charter through his agency, and was ever after an object of his care. Many instances of his benevolence and public spirit are of necessity omitted; but one great benefaction, belonging to this period of his life, must not be passed by. The Free School Society, which became the seminal principle and the nucleus of that great system of public instruction, by which the state now gives an education to her million of children, was devised by De Witt Clinton. By his exertions a charter was obtained—private subscriptions were secured—the city corporation was enlisted in its favor—and finally, a liberal grant was made by the state. How humble the beginning,—how magnificent the result! It may well be doubted whether even the far-reaching mind which conceived the plan, ever anticipated the mighty issue of this generous endeavor to provide free schools for the neglected children of New York. To every wise and well-meant effort for human improvement, this example is a perpetual voice of cheering and promise.

Though enough has been adduced in even these brief details, to show that De Witt Clinton might well rank among the great and good, it is not on these grounds that his renown chiefly rests. His attention seems to have been first turned to the subject of improving the internal

communications of New York, in 1809. Being at that time the acknowledged leader of the democratic party in the state senate, he was invited by Judge Platt, who held the same position on the federal side, to co-operate in procuring the appointment of a commission for examining and surveying the country between the Hudson and Lake Erie, with reference to uniting these waters by a canal. He assented, and these rival aspirants,—would that such spectacle might be oftener seen!—rising above the selfishness and jealousies of party, joined heart and hand in this great undertaking. In the following summer, as one of the commissioners, he examined the entire route, and from that time, never doubted the importance or feasibility of the work. In 1812, the prospects of the enterprise, which, up to that time, had been highly auspicious, were interrupted by the commencement of hostilities with England. In 1815 the storm of war had passed away, but the position of parties and of individuals was, in many instances, greatly altered. The fluctuating tide of popular favor, on whose topmost wave Clinton had so long ridden, had now subsided, leaving him stranded on the shore. But though out of office—though discarded by the party which he had served and led—he possessed still that better influence, which high talent, well and steadily devoted to the public good, never fails to acquire. This soon became manifest. He drew up a memorial, exhibiting the practicability and usefulness of the proposed canal; the expediency of constructing it, though it should yield no revenue; the probable cost, and the unquestionable ability of the state to meet it. Its lucid statements and convincing argument, carried conviction everywhere. Its presentation to the legislature was soon followed by the act of 17th April, 1816, “to provide for the improvement of the internal navigation of the state.” He was appointed one of the five com-

missioners constituted by this act, and entered forthwith upon the work.

The star of Clinton was clearly again in the ascendant. The office of governor having become vacant in 1817, he was raised to the chair by a vote nearly unanimous. The change was wonderful. Old party lines could no longer be found. The golden age had returned. Such was the pleasing dream of many who beheld the treacherous calm. But not then, assuredly, had parties in New York acquired the graceful art,

"To rise with dignity, with temper fall."

The sweet harmony of consenting voices, which had so lately charmed all ears, was soon changed to harsh discord. Discontents arose. New combinations of party were formed. Governor Clinton and his measures were strongly opposed. Even the canal was not spared. Faction, in its frothy violence, could find for this most magnificent of human enterprises, no worthier designation than that of "the big ditch."

From this acrimonious contest Clinton came out victorious, but with a diminished majority. His second term of office was one protracted battle. A majority of the legislature was unfriendly. His political opponents were able, as well as numerous and active. Weary, at length, of the unprofitable struggle and thankless honor, he declined a third trial, and retired to private life.

During all these fluctuations of the political world, the canal, that great object of his care and ambition, went steadily forward. His able and unpaid services as senior commissioner, had been devoted to the work through its whole progress. Yet in 1824, when it was nearly completed,—when it had already become a source of revenue

to the state, and of unexampled prosperity to the regions which it traversed, and those which it connected, Clinton, to whom this great success was almost wholly due, was removed by a legislative vote, from his place as canal commissioner. No want of capacity or fidelity was, or could be alleged. Not even a pretext was assigned. It was the sovereign act of politicians in power, mistaking, for the moment, the character and sentiments of a great people. No leading-strings of party could drag them to approve what seemed a manifest injustice. The indignation was general. Clinton was immediately put in nomination for the chief magistracy; and his election by an overwhelming majority, assured him that gratitude and honor yet survived.

In October, 1826, the final completion of the Erie canal was celebrated with great rejoicings. It is easier to conceive than to describe the emotions which must have swelled the heart of Clinton, during that long, triumphal voyage from Buffalo to New York, when the virgin Nereid of our great inland seas was conducted to her bridal with the Ocean-king. It was the consummation of that enterprise to which, for more than fourteen years, he had consecrated his time and strength, his pen and voice. To effect it, he had endured not only anxiety and fatigue, but even obloquy and proscription. Now, with evidence so ample that, at last, those exertions were widely and deeply appreciated, the measure of his actual fame might well fill even his great ambition. And still he must have known that the benefits of the canal with which his name was now inseparably twined, had only begun to be felt. Rich as was the freight which it already wafted to the sea, its commerce was as yet but the mountain rivulet, which, swelled at length by a thousand tributaries, would roll on, a mighty tide, and freshen the Atlantic with its Amazon of waters.



GREEN-WOOD ILLUSTRATED.

THOUGH the occupation and improvement of Green-Wood Cemetery have been rapid beyond example; though it is visited daily, during the open season, by great and increasing numbers; and though it is becoming an object of wider and deeper interest with every addition made to its inmates;—yet to the vast population of New York, it is still but partially known. Indeed, it is no easy thing to make an extensive impression on so great a mass. It is even more difficult to break the tyranny of fashion, though its dictates be repulsive to taste, and shocking to our better feelings. But the change has begun. Few can visit a spot like Green-Wood, and see and feel its quiet beauty, without a conviction that such are the only fit resting-places of the dead. Moreover, almost every new occupant of these grounds may be said, like the emigrant from foreign shores, to draw others after him. Even fashion will ere long give up its walled enclosure, and its dark, damp, crowded city vault, for the pure air, the cheerful lights, the subdued glooms, the verdant and blooming freshness of the rural burying-place.

In presenting to the public the present work on Green-Wood, we would willingly hasten, if we may, such a consummation. We would show, as well as pen and pencil can, how art and nature are there combining to form an attractive and fitting place of burial. The views to be given will be faithful transcripts, for the reality here needs no embellishment. It is intended that the drawings and engravings shall be in the highest style of the respective arts, and from the best talents among us. The literary portion will consist of descriptive and biographical notices, with occasional remarks on subjects kindred to the main design. In fine, it is hoped that the work now offered to the proprietors of these grounds, and the public generally, will, in all its artistic and mechanical details, be worthy of the scenes and objects which it presents; that it will be an ornament for the table—a suitable tribute to distant friends—and a valued memorial with all those to whom Green-Wood and its garnered dust have now become sacred.

PLAN OF PUBLICATION.

The Work will be published in Parts, each containing three beautiful Line Engravings, for 50 cents, or proof impressions, on large paper, for \$1,—to be completed in six Parts, making the whole expense \$3 for the general, and \$6 for the proof edition. *Payable on delivery of each Part.*

It is sold to subscribers at a rate so near the cost of publication, that the public may rest assured that it will never be obtained for less than the present price.

The Work being published under the auspices of the Green-Wood Institution, is not issued under the ordinary circumstances of booksellers' publications, and will only be furnished to those who pre-engage it before completion. It will contain, at the end, a catalogue of the names of every individual possessor of the work.

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IN
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AND
MONUMENTAL VIEWS,

In Highly Finished Line Engraving.

FROM DRAWINGS TAKEN ON THE SPOT.

BY JAMES SMILLIE.

THE DESCRIPTIVE NOTICES

BY N. CLEAVELAND.

NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY R. MARTIN.
29 JOHN-STREET.

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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS IN FAVOR OF R. MARTIN'S PUBLICATION.

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We trust that a work so pious in design, just in conception and taste, and admirable in execution, will be continued from time to time, as monuments increase, until it shall include a history in which every family may feel to have an interest, and a civic record to which the honest and virtuous citizen may turn with pride and pleasure.—PROTESTANT CHURCHMAN, Sept. 19, 1846.

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The artists engaged upon this work appear to be running a race for public favor. Every branch is done to perfection.—N. Y. ALBION, Jan. 2, 1847.

This work is decidedly the best specimen of American engraving and letter-press that we have ever met with. As a gift-book, or an ornament to the centre-table, it may vie with any of the superb English annuals. Success attend it.—N. Y. CHRISTIAN MESSENGER, Aug. 22, 1846.

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THE GREEN-WOOD SERIES.—This very beautiful work is rapidly exceeding the warm commendations with which we hailed its first appearance. The fourth number is nearly ready, and the magnificent superiority of the publication is now confessed by all beholders. Six parts, at 50 cents each, will complete the Green-Wood views, with nineteen engravings, and a superbly illustrated map of the cemetery grounds.—ANGLO-AMERICAN, Jan. 2, 1847.

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Each number contains three engravings, which are exquisite as works of art, and represent some of the most remarkable spots in Green-Wood.

The style in which this work is got up,—its superior engravings, the paper and design, are all to be commended it to general favor.—N. Y. COUR. & ENQ. Aug. 4, 1846.

THE RURAL CEMETERIES OF AMERICA.—The third number of the Green-Wood series of this splendid work is just published. Such magnificent engraving and printing must be seen to be believed. It is indeed a truly national work, sacred to the preservation of patriotism, social affections, and religious sentiment.—N. Y. SUN, Dec. 19, 1846.

The engravings are of the finest kind, finished in the most elegant style. We should think our citizens would patronise this work extensively.—JERSEY-CITY EVENING SENTINEL, Dec. 16, 1846.

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This work is decidedly the best specimen of American engraving and letter-press that we have ever met with. As a gift-book, or an ornament to the centre-table, it may vie with any of the superb English annuals. Success attend it!—N. Y. CHRISTIAN MESSENGER, Aug. 22, 1846.

PART 3.

Supplied to Subscribers Only.

PRICE 100 CTS.

GREEN-WOOD

ILLUSTRATED;

IN

A SERIES OF PICTURESQUE

AND

MONUMENTAL VIEWS,

In Highly Finished Line Engraving.

FROM DRAWINGS TAKEN ON THE SPOT.

BY JAMES SMILLIE.

THE LITERARY DEPARTMENT

BY N. CLEVELAND.

NEW YORK:

PUBLISHED BY R. MARTIN.

1846.

W. F. SMITH, PRINTER OF THE ENGRAVING.

G. W. WOOD, PRINTER OF THE LETTER-PRESS.

THE RURAL CEMETERIES OF AMERICA.

It has been invidiously asserted by some writers, that America is a land for the *living only*, and that due respect and veneration for the dead have no place in the memory and affections of the American people. The *truth* is, however, that in no other country has the desire to provide suitable repositories for the mortal remains of departed friends, been more generally or more *tastefully* displayed. Travellers, indeed, on visiting our shores, are now compelled to admit that the **RURAL CEMETERIES OF AMERICA** excel, beyond comparison, those of any other country, both in the natural beauty of their scenery, and in the great extent of their grounds, as well as in the tasteful and liberal manner in which they are embellished and conducted.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS

IN FAVOR OF R. MARTIN'S PUBLICATION.

THE RURAL CEMETERIES OF AMERICA.—This subject possesses such a sacred and tender interest with many of us, that a publication like this of Mr. Martin's cannot fail of being successful. The views are in highly finished line engraving, and the letter-press is a worthy companion to them in the work.—**CHRISTIAN ENQUIRER**, Dec. 19, 1846.

THE GREEN-WOOD SERIES.—The ordinary cant phrases used in the criticism (?) of new works, such as "a beautiful publication," etc., fail in their application when a *really* elegant thing appears, like this superb *Green-Wood Illustrated*. The first number is embellished with an engraving of the Entrance to the Cemetery, another of the Keeper's Lodge, another of Post's Mound, and a fourth of Ocean Hill,—all of surpassing truth and fineness. The peculiarities of that Beautiful Place of Graves are preserved in each of them; the sombre shade of the trees even, and the heavy pall, drooping, as it were, the atmosphere there. We love to see the multiplying of such places as *Green-Wood*. We love to see the publication of a work imbued with a kindred spirit. The drawings in *Green-Wood Illustrated* were taken on the spot by James Smillie, and the literary department is by N. Cleveland.—**BROOKLYN EAGLE**, Aug. 15, 1846.

THE GREEN-WOOD SERIES.—We have examined the first number of a work with this title, designed to illustrate, by a series of views, the scenic and monumental beauties of the *Green-Wood Cemetery*. The drawings are taken by Smillie, and the finely finished line engravings by the artist. They are executed in his best manner. Of the many claims this noble cemetery has upon us all in our civic and social relations, of its value and utility as a resting-place for the remains of the dead, and of its varied and beautiful scenery, it is needless to speak. Surely there are none who number departed friends among those who have been laid in this lovely sepulchre, but will feel a melancholy interest in possessing these accurate and exquisite illustrations, as a memorial of a place and a nobly preserved to those who are unable to visit the hallowed spot.

We trust that a work so plain in design, just in conception and taste, and admirable in execution, will be preserved from time to time, as monuments increase, until it shall include a history in which every family may feel to have an interest, and a civic record to which the honest and virtuous citizen may turn with pride and pleasure.—**PROTESTANT CHURCHMAN**, Sept. 19, 1846.

THE RURAL CEMETERIES OF AMERICA.—This is a book of the most perfect style. The engravings are equal to the best ever produced in Europe.—**N. Y. SUN**, Aug. 22, 1846.

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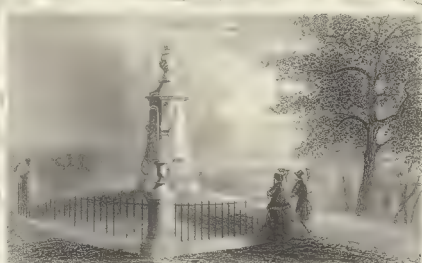
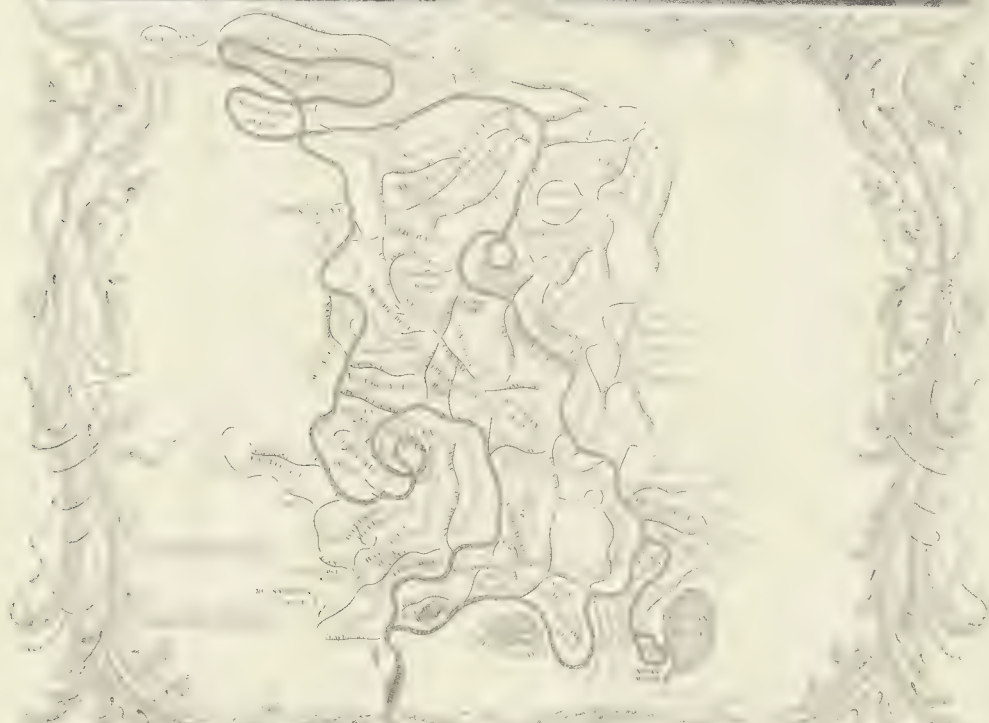
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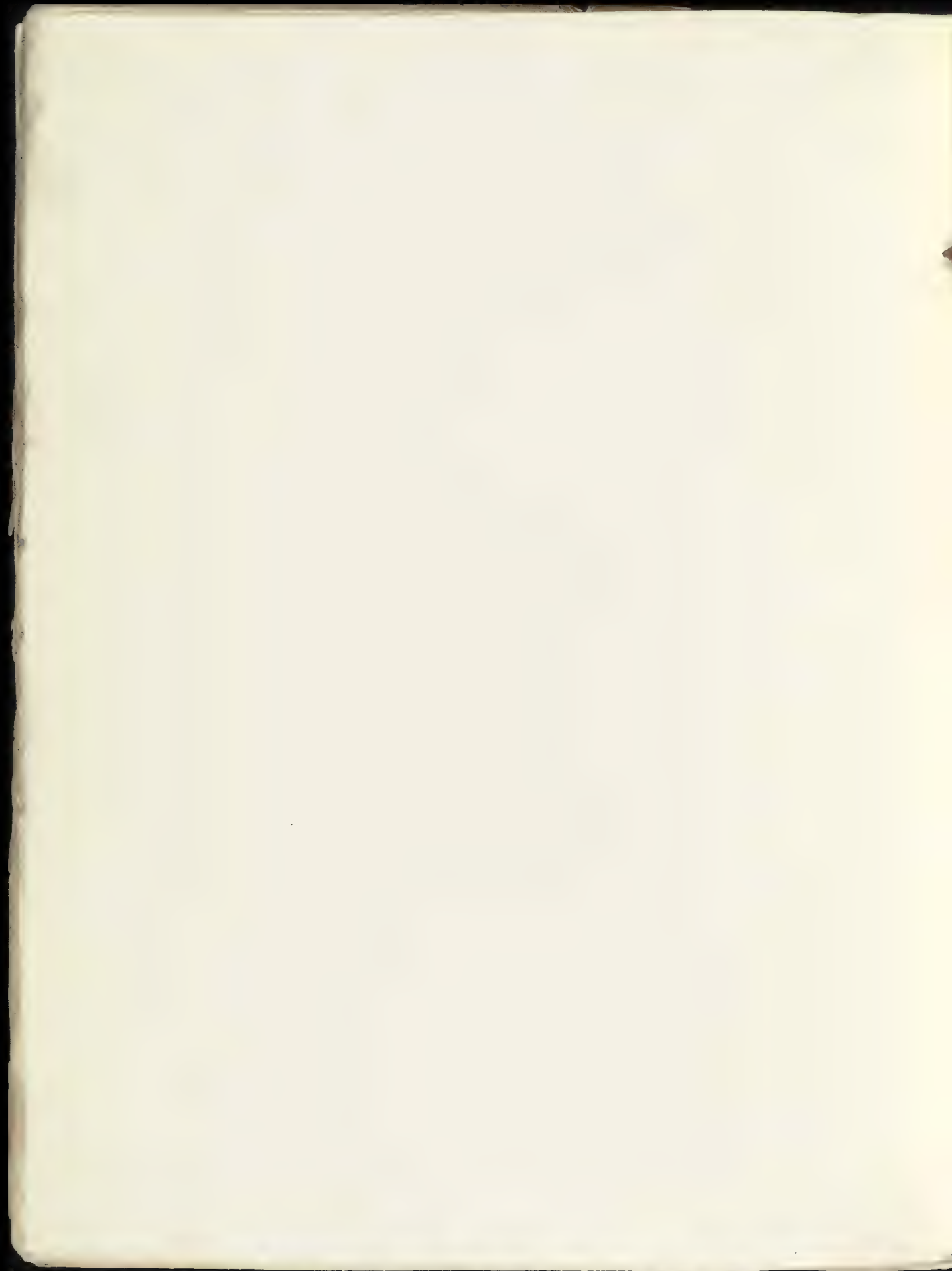
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His useful career was now approaching its close. Again elected to the chief magistracy, he entered on his last term of office in 1827. In the autumn of that year his health began to fail. His disease did not, however, prevent him from attending to his official and daily duties, down to the very hour of his departure, which occurred suddenly, February 15, 1828. No palsied energies, no streams of dotage, marked the closing scene. He was still high in station and respect;—still cheered by the gratitude and admiration of his countrymen;—full as ever of benevolent and sagacious plans and deeds—when the summons came. From that height of undiminished usefulness, of influence, and fame, he dropped into the tomb.

Twenty years have passed since Clinton died. Time, magic healer! has salved the wounds of political strife, and the sober light of historic truth, neither dimmed nor deflected by the mists of contemporary prejudice, shines at length upon his life and character. Interested partisans have ceased to lavish on his name praises not deserved, and disappointed enemies no longer denounce it.

That his abilities were of a high order, was perhaps never questioned. The well-contested fields of party strife,—the stations of honorable and laborious responsibility which he adorned and dignified,—the enterprises of broad and permanent usefulness which he achieved, establish the point. There have been ordinary men of popular and plausible talents, who have gained a short-lived reputation for greatness. Such was the case with some of Clinton's successful competitors for power and place. What are they now! Hardly can we say, "*stat nominis umbra!*" But Clinton was of another stamp. His ideas were vast, and his works, commensurate with the conceptions in which they originated, retain the impress of a master-hand. His re-

noun, accordingly, was no ephemeral growth. The tree, deep-rooted and wide-branching, while it has expanded and grown fairer in the air and sunshine, has also been tested and strengthened by the very blasts that have shaken it.

His mind was distinguished by its massive strength, rather than by variety or flexibility of power. It could grasp strongly subjects of high import and wide extent, retaining and revolving them, until it had mastered their minutest details. The cast of his intellect was decidedly practical. His imagination, if not naturally feeble, had lost its activity under early and habitual restraint. All the more, perhaps, was his judgment cool and discriminating. His untiring industry enabled him to bring to his investigations all that learning could contribute, while his power to analyze and recombine, helped him to turn those treasures to the most effective account. Hence the wisdom of his plans, and his almost prophetic anticipation of results. Hence he had none of the dreams of the mere visionary, nor the dazzling schemes of an enthusiast. How different might have been the issue of the canal enterprise in New York, had not the wild notions and specious eloquence of Gouverneur Morris been counteracted by the clear head, and strong good sense of De Witt Clinton! That vast project, which, under favorable auspices, became the boast and wonder of the age, might have perished, a still-born folly, or, if attempted, could have ended only in utter failure.

The wisdom which was so conspicuous in selecting the points to be connected, and the region to be traversed by the proposed canal, as well as in the plan and prosecution of the work, was even more signally manifest in that financial basis upon which, through the same influence, it was made to rest. To the exertions of Clinton, New York

owes it, that, adopting the only honest and safe course in such matters, she has retained her credit as well as prosperity,—while other states, following the example of her improvements, but trusting to the income from their works, for the liquidation of their debts, have involved themselves in perplexing and discreditable embarrassment.

Though eminent as a statesman,—though unequalled in that ability which could devise and execute works of public and lasting benefit,—his merit was not confined to these departments. He had a strong predilection for scientific pursuits, and found time to investigate successfully some of the branches of natural history. His contributions on these subjects were made public, and still bear testimony to his zeal and assiduity. Of his talents as a writer, evidence remains not only in numerous state-papers, but in published addresses, delivered on literary and civil occasions. The style of his oratory seems to have partaken of the general character of his mind. He owed something to personal appearance, much to his weight of character, still more to the substantial merits of his discourse. His elocution, if not particularly graceful, was impressive and dignified.

Clinton's success as a political man, must be ascribed to higher merits than affability of manners, or the winning arts of the demagogue. In his public communications, and in social intercourse, where not closely intimate, his habits were stately and reserved. He had never studied in the school of modern non-committalism, nor would he seek, by an insinuating address, or by chicane and intrigue, the influence which argument and right had failed to gain.

In person he was tall and well-proportioned, while on his Roman brow and lip, as of one born to command, sat the firmness of self-possession, and the dignity of conscious power.

But it is when we contemplate Clinton as a man, faithful and true in every domestic and social relation ;—as a patriot, self-sacrificing and devoted ;—as a statesman and judge, virtuous and incorruptible ;—as a benefactor to his own and coming times, rarely surpassed, that his name shines most brightly, and will be longest remembered. He was not, indeed, faultless. We recall with regret that devotion to party, which on the one hand, blinded him to the faults of his political friends, and on the other, made him sometimes unjust and uncharitable toward his opponents. Through his whole course we discern too much, perhaps, of that “sin, by which fell the angels.”

But we must not forget the trying character of those times. The tides of party violence ran high. Besides that great strife which agitated the whole country, and shook the Union to its centre, New York, herself “imperium in imperio,” was never without some fierce struggle of her own. Like Jupiter with his moons, she formed an entire, though subordinate planetary system, and her intestine perturbations were neither few nor small. To the political pilots of those stormy years let us forgive something, if their barks occasionally drifted with the currents which they undertook to stem.

Clinton's hostility as a politician, however severe, was not personal. To this point we have the testimony of one of his most illustrious antagonists. When the news of his decease reached Washington, the New York delegation in Congress held a meeting, to express their sense of the public loss. Mr. Van Buren, then of the senate, offered the resolutions, and paid the following tribute to his worth—a tribute which must have been as affecting as it is just and beautiful.

“I can,” said Mr. V. B., “say nothing of the deceased that is not familiar to you all. To all he was personally known, and to many of

us, intimately and familiarly from our earliest infancy. The high order of his talents, the untiring zeal and great success with which those talents have, through a series of years, been devoted to the prosecution of plans of great public utility, are also known to you all, and by all, I am satisfied, duly appreciated. The subject can derive no additional interest or importance from any eulogy of mine. All other considerations out of view, the single fact that the greatest public improvement of the age in which we live, was commenced under the guidance of his counsels, and splendidly accomplished under his immediate auspices, is of itself sufficient to fill the ambition of any man, and to give glory to any name. But, as has been justly said, his life, and character, and conduct have become the property of the historian; and there is no reason to doubt that history will do him justice. The triumph of his talents and patriotism, cannot fail to become monuments of high and enduring fame. We cannot, indeed, but remember, that in our public career, collisions of opinion and action, at once extensive, earnest, and enduring, have arisen between the deceased and many of us. For myself, sir, it gives me a deep-felt though melancholy satisfaction to know, and more so, to be conscious, that the deceased also felt and acknowledged, that our political differences had been wholly free from that most venomous and corroding of all poisons, personal hatred.

"But in other respects, it is now immaterial what was the character of those collisions. They have been turned to nothing, and less than nothing, by the event we deplore; and I doubt not that we shall, with one voice and one heart, yield to his memory the well-deserved tribute of our respect for his name, and our warmest gratitude for his great and signal services. For myself, sir, so strong, so sincere, and so engrossing is that feeling, that I, who, while he lived, never, no, never envied him

any thing, now that he is fallen, am greatly tempted to envy him his grave, with its honors."

But there is other and better extenuation for the errors into which the heat of political conflict sometimes hurried this great man. Though a partisan of the warmest temperament, his devotion to party objects was never selfish. Whatever else may be said, he was not of that class of narrow men,

"Who to party give up what was meant for mankind."

To his praise be it remembered, that personal aggrandizement was not the ruling motive of his life. Though his official position gave him multiplied opportunities to enrich himself and his family, he resolutely scorned them all, and died as he lived, a rare example of Aristidean virtue. He contended earnestly for power, but it was the power to do good. He *was* ambitious, but it was ambition in its brightest phase, and scarcely can we find it in our hearts to chide the aspiring vice, which was so noble in purpose, and so beneficent in act.

Envy has sometimes denied the paramount merit of Clinton in the great enterprise of the Erie Canal. But the question is not, whether he first made the suggestion of a navigable communication between the lakes and the Hudson. It is a fact of historic certainty, that the adoption, the prosecution, and the accomplishment of that gigantic undertaking, were owing mainly to his convincing statements, his vast influence, and indomitable perseverance. What other man was there then, or has there been since, who would have accomplished the same? Who, that has watched the course of events in New York, and the fluctuations of party legislation on this very subject, the canal,—but may well question, whether, without the agency just named, it would

to this day have been begun? To Clinton, then, as an honored instrument in higher hands, be the praise awarded! Citizens of this imperial state, whose numerical power the canal has doubled, and whose wealth it has augmented in a ratio that defies estimation, cherish and perpetuate his name! You enjoy the rich fruits which his foresight anticipated, and his toils secured. Let him rest no longer in an undistinguished grave. True, a name like Clinton's cannot die! It is written on that long, deep line with which he channelled the broad bosom of his native state;—it is heard at every watery stair, as the floating burden sinks or rises with the gushing stream;—it is borne on each of the thousand boats that make the long, inland voyage;—and it shines, entwined with Fulton's, on all the steam-towed fleets of barges, which sweep in almost continuous train, the surface of the Hudson. But these are the traces of his own hand. It is your duty and privilege to record it too. Engrave it, then, in ever-during stone. Embody your sense of his merits in the massive pile. From the loftiest height of beautiful Green-Wood let the structure rise, a beacon at once to the city and the sea. Severe in beauty, and grand in proportions, it should be emblematical of the man and of his works. Such a monument will be a perpetual remembrancer of Clinton's name, and of his inappreciable services; and will stand for ages, the fit expression of your gratitude and of his glory.

OAKEN BLUFF.

"A voice within us speaks that startling word,
 'Man, thou shalt never die!' Celestial voices
 Hymn it unto our souls: according harps,
 By angel fingers touch'd, when the mid stars
 Of morning sang together, sound forth still
 The song of our great immortality:
 Thick clustering orbs, and this our fair domain,
 The tall, dark mountains, and the deep-toned seas,
 Join in this solemn, universal song.
 Oh, listen ye, our spirits; drink it in
 From all the air."

THE monument on Oaken Bluff is almost upon the woody brow of Sylvan Water. It is composed of the same beautiful brown stone as those on Ocean Hill, already described. Its style also is similar, although somewhat more pyramidal, from the greater breadth of base. The corners of the die, and the roof are enriched, and the latter is surmounted by an urn.

On the right is seen a tomb-front, of the same material. The detail is Roman, and the proportions are massive. A strong pier at each of the front corners, terminates in an urn of bold outline.

Both of these structures present an aspect of great solidity, and a promise of permanence, which will doubtless be made good. This rare but most important character they derive partly from form and material, and partly from the perfection of the masonry.

FERN-HILL.

"And those who come because they loved
The mouldering frame that lies below,
Shall find their anguish half removed,
While that sweet spot shall sooth their wo.
The notes of happy birds alone
Shall there disturb the silent air,
And when the cheerful sun goes down,
His beams shall linger longest there."

THE monument on Fern-Hill is an obelisk of unique character. The outline diminishes from the base upward, in successive stages of slight curvation, and the figure furnishes an agreeable variety in this very popular class of sepulchral decorations. The stone is a hard and very dark sienitic or trap rock from Staten Island; it is polished throughout,—and its entire aspect is impressive and becoming. The workmanship of this structure is admirable. As in the old Athenian masonry, the separate stones are so nicely adjusted, that they require no intervening cement. This obelisk occupies the centre of a large, circular lot, and its position is commanding and beautiful.

6

MONUMENTS.

"Why call we, then, the square-built monument,
The upright column, and the low-laid slab,
Tokens of death, memorials of decay?
Stand in this solemn, still assembly, man,
And learn thy proper nature; for thou seest
In these shaped stones and letter'd tables, figures
Of life;

—types are these

Of thine eternity."

THE establishment of rural cemeteries has awakened, by natural consequence, a livelier interest in the whole subject of sepulchral monuments. The feeling which prompts the erection of some memorial over the ashes of a friend, is undoubtedly a dictate of our common humanity. A great philosophic poet ascribes the custom to that consciousness of immortality, which he believes to be universal, and which is but aided and confirmed by the teachings of religion. Whatever the cause, its observance has marked every race and age in man's whole history, and appears not less in the "frail memorial," than in the gorgeous mausoleum; in the simple Indian mound, than in the "star-pointing pyramid." The supposed necessities of city life, or its poor and heartless conventionalities, alone have been able to check or divert for a time the expression of this spontaneous sentiment. But these interments in towns must be discontinued; and the expectation is not preposterous, that the crowded charnel-houses which have so long re-

ceived the dead to loathsome crypts, and nameless oblivion, will soon be closed forever.

Well, then, may the introduction of the rural cemetery be hailed as the revival of a better taste, and the return to more healthy usages. It is something—it is much—to have transferred the resting-place of the departed from the blank and grim enclosures, the thoughtless and fierce turmoil of the city, to some retired and beautiful spot,—even though many continue to cling to their old associations, and, notwithstanding the necessity has ceased, still retain the tomb. “Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.” How shall this inevitable condition be fulfilled most completely and naturally,—with the highest degree of safety to the living, and of security from desecration, to the dead? The question, however various may be the practice, admits, it is believed, of but one answer. That answer is, by single interments in the free soil. Nature, reason, experience, utter the response, and taste reiterates and confirms it. To this conviction the public mind seems to be gradually, but surely coming. With the progress of this change, we witness an increasing attention to commemorative memorials, and evident improvement in their forms and modes of erection. Such improvement was greatly needed. Bear witness a thousand grave-yards, but too emblematic of decay and dissolution! Witness ten thousand tablets, once bearing the names and virtues of the lamented dead, and fondly reared to their “memory,” now mossy, mouldering, inclined, or prostrate, puzzling the groping visiter, and sometimes baffling even antiquarian patience! Witness especially, those heaps unsightly of brick and mortar, formerly veneered with costly marble, now half denuded, or entirely fallen, with their recorded “hic jacet” doubly true. It is almost impossible to find a monument composed of several pieces united

by masonry, which has stood twenty years, without more or less of dilapidation and displacement. This evil has been too palpable not to be widely felt, and the wonder is, that spectacles so discreditable should have been endured so long.

Of the beautiful cemeteries lately formed among us, we hope better things. That the hope be not delusive, will require untiring vigilance on the part of those who conduct these establishments, and the use of every precaution, by those who occupy the grounds. In the comparatively modern Père la Chaise, this evil has already become great, and even in some of the still more recent English cemeteries, is beginning to be matter of complaint. Climate, the main source of the difficulty, is probably not more favorable here than it is in France and England. We are subject to the extremes of heat and cold, of moisture and dryness; to intense frosts and sudden thaws. No material that can be used for monuments, has yet been found perfectly proof against these potent influences. But although there is not one, perhaps, of the stones in architectural use, which, exposed to the weather, is wholly invulnerable, it is certain that they differ widely in respect of durability. Ignorance or disregard of this fact has led to much of the decay and unsightliness which have so long characterized our places of sepulture. This is not, however, the only cause.

The whole subject of monumental erections, as a question both of taste and durability, must interest not only those who contemplate making such improvements in Green-Wood, but all who would preserve from deformities and desolation, a scene of unrivalled, and, as yet, undisfigured beauty.

Regarded as an affair of taste, the subject is one of some delicacy, and we venture upon it with becoming deference. We do not forget

the right of each individual to have his own way in such matters, nor those maxims of universal currency, which rest upon the assumption, that in all this wide province there are no fundamental principles. We set up no invariable standard, nor would we, if in our power, enforce uniformity,—variety being essential to pleasing effect. But we have, notwithstanding, an unalterable conviction that all considerations of this sort rest upon certain laws of fitness and propriety, which cannot be violated, without a shock to every mind of just perceptions, and powers rightly cultivated. If it be a question of form only, the lines of beauty and deformity are not so easily decided. Yet even here there is less of latitude than is often supposed. There is a voice—the generally harmonious voice of cultivated taste. It has the sanction of numbers and of ages, and may not lightly be disregarded.

The simplest, cheapest form of sepulchral memorial, is the common head-stone. This, in its usual character of a thin tabular slab, merely inserted in the earth, is not allowed in Green-Wood, for the sufficient reason, that it cannot be made to retain an erect position. Particular graves are sometimes marked by tablets placed horizontally, and sometimes by thick stones at the ends, rising but a little from the surface. But the head-stone proper is not excluded. To give the required durability, it needs only be made sufficiently thick to rest firmly upon a well-supported base. This class of monuments is susceptible of many pleasing forms, and being modest and unexpensive, will be likely to suit the taste and means of not a few.

Of the more elaborate structures it will not be possible to treat in much detail. A few suggestions, of a general nature, will alone be attempted. In most of our rural cemeteries, the popular taste, ever prone to a servile imitation, has shown a strong predilection for pyramidal forms.

The chief objection is to the multiplication of one thing, producing, as it must, a wearisome sameness. We have seen a ground so full of pyramids and obelisks, that one could almost fancy it a gigantic cabinet of minerals, being all crystals set on end. But there are other considerations which should weigh in this matter. The great pyramid of Gizeh excites emotions of grandeur by its vast height and bulk. Reduce it to a model six feet high: the sublimity is gone, and there is no special beauty in the object to compensate for the loss. Those vast monolithal, acicular pyramids called obelisks, their summits piercing the skies, and their adamantine surfaces embossed with hieroglyphics, attract our gaze as marvels of patience and power. But what particular atoning charm have our petty and unsuccessful imitations of them, that they should usurp and fill so much space?

These remarks, it is scarcely necessary to add, urge not the exclusion of this class of monuments, but only a more sparing and sensible use of them. Set here and there among other diversified and graceful forms, these geometric solids might produce a happy effect. The dark conical fir-tree, judiciously planted amid masses of irregular and bright foliage, shows well in contrast, and pleases every eye. But who would fancy a park of firs?

Those whose hearts are set on pyramids and obelisks, will of course gratify that taste. While so doing, it may be well to remember, that in their angular measures, and in the relative dimensions of the monolith and pedestal, these seemingly monotonous structures differ very considerably,—often betraying, by their clumsiness, the bungling ignorance of those who designed them. In shape and proportions they should assuredly be consonant with the best forms of ancient art, unless indeed modern genius can improve upon those.

Among other antique forms still used, the sarcophagus and column are prominent. These are more susceptible of variety, and to lines of higher beauty, add the charm of classic associations. To the former of these, as a monument for the open air, it may perhaps be objected, that as commonly placed, it is too low for impressive effect. Properly elevated on a massive base, it could scarcely fail to be imposing. To the simple pillar, likewise, as we usually see it, a similar objection holds. It is too slender; it lacks dignity; it does not fill the eye. To give it an effective diameter, would require a height which might be inconvenient or too expensive. The short rectangular pillar, or elongated pedestal, with regular base, die, and cornice, and supporting an urn, or some similar ornament, is a much more substantial object. This has been long in use among us, and seems to have been often resorted to, when it was proposed to have something particularly grand in the sepulchral line. Being executed generally in the style of mantel-work, the lines are for the most part rectilinear, meager in detail, and homely in expression. These monuments, with their brick cores and marble skins, are rapidly disappearing. Peace to their ruins! Let no presumptuous mortal attempt to reconstruct them!

But this kind of structure becomes a very different affair, when reared of solid material, and of stone, which yields to the chisel, and can defy the elements. Several monuments of this class, both square and tripodal, have been put up in Green-Wood, and have done much toward giving the improvements there a character for originality and beauty,—evinced, as they do, great capability, in the way of variety, of dignity, and of grace.

Numerous declivities in the grounds greatly facilitate the excavation and the use of tombs, and by consequence, render their fronts con-

spicuous. A cursory observation of the different entrances, is sufficient to show that there is, even in these humble façades, considerable scope as well as call for architectural skill. The conditions which we would see fulfilled, and which are actually attained here in many instances, are an appearance of perfect security and strength,—symmetrical proportions,—and that air of quiet solemnity, which becomes the entrance to a house of the dead.

The subject of monuments and devices strictly symbolical, opens a field for consideration, wider than we can now explore. Within the whole range of mortuary memorials, there is probably nothing which gives so complete satisfaction, as this embodiment of thought in marble speech, when it is felicitously conceived, and properly executed. Sculpture has won her greenest and most enduring crown, when, with mute eloquence, she tells the story of faith triumphant over mortal anguish,—and, with immortality written on her beaming brow, stands pointing heavenward. But in proportion to the greatness and gladness of that success which rewards the high endeavor, are the disappointment and disgrace which tread on the heels of failure. The eye of taste and the heart of sensibility are shocked by attempts, which convert into objects of ridicule and contempt, what ought only to solemnize and elevate the mind. In reference, then, to all original conceptions of a symbolic nature, the path of prudence seems plain. He who meditates a work of this description, ought surely to consider well before he decides, lest peradventure he record some expensive folly, in a material whose durability would then be its greatest misfortune. Such a work should bring into requisition the choicest talent and the highest skill. Genius and piety should furnish the design, and judgment and taste should superintend the task.



THE
RURAL CEMETERIES OF AMERICA.

It has been invidiously asserted by some writers, that America is a land for the *living only*, and that due respect and veneration for the dead have no place in the memory and affections of the American people. The *truth* is, however, that in no other country has the desire to provide suitable repositories for the mortal remains of departed friends, been more generally or more *tastefully* displayed. Travellers, indeed, on visiting our shores, are now compelled to admit that the RURAL CEMETERIES OF AMERICA excel, beyond comparison, those of any other country, both in the natural beauty of their scenery, and in the great extent of their grounds, as well as in the tasteful and liberal manner in which they are embellished and conducted.

The abundance of our territory, and the grandeur of our scenery, have prompted the selection of several eligible spots for the purposes of Cemeteries. Nothing but the most exalted state of the arts of engraving and printing, can do justice to the distinctive merits of these hallowed grounds, consecrated as they are by the memory of the past, the importance of the present, and the hope of the future. Mount Auburn, Laurel Hill, Mount Hope, Green-Mount, (and many others, possessing great claims upon public attention, irrespectively of their size,) afford, each and all, views of monumental architecture among landscapes of exquisite beauty, suggesting revelations of intense interest from biography and history.

Our work, therefore, will be one of a decidedly national character, combining the beauty and freshness of the present scene, with the sacred solemnity of the memorials of departed worth. Public and private considerations, patriotism and tenderness, beauty and bravery, wealth and poverty, advanced age and buoyant youth, will universally agree in the pleasurable contemplation of such a book.

The publisher begs leave to assure the subscribers that every effort will be made to maintain the high reputation already obtained for the "Illustrations of Green-Wood." To complete a national work, involving such enormous expenses, the publisher can only be proportionately sustained by a prompt subscription from all sections of the country, growing with their growth, and progressing with their progress.

The work will be published in parts, containing three beautiful line engravings, price 50 cents a part, or proof impressions, on large paper, price \$1. Payable on the delivery of each part.

PART 1.

PRICE 100 CENTS.

THE

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OF AMERICA:

ILLUSTRATED

IN A SERIES OF

PICTURESQUE AND MONUMENTAL VIEWS,

In Highly Finished Line Engraving.

FROM DRAWINGS TAKEN ON THE SPOT,

BY

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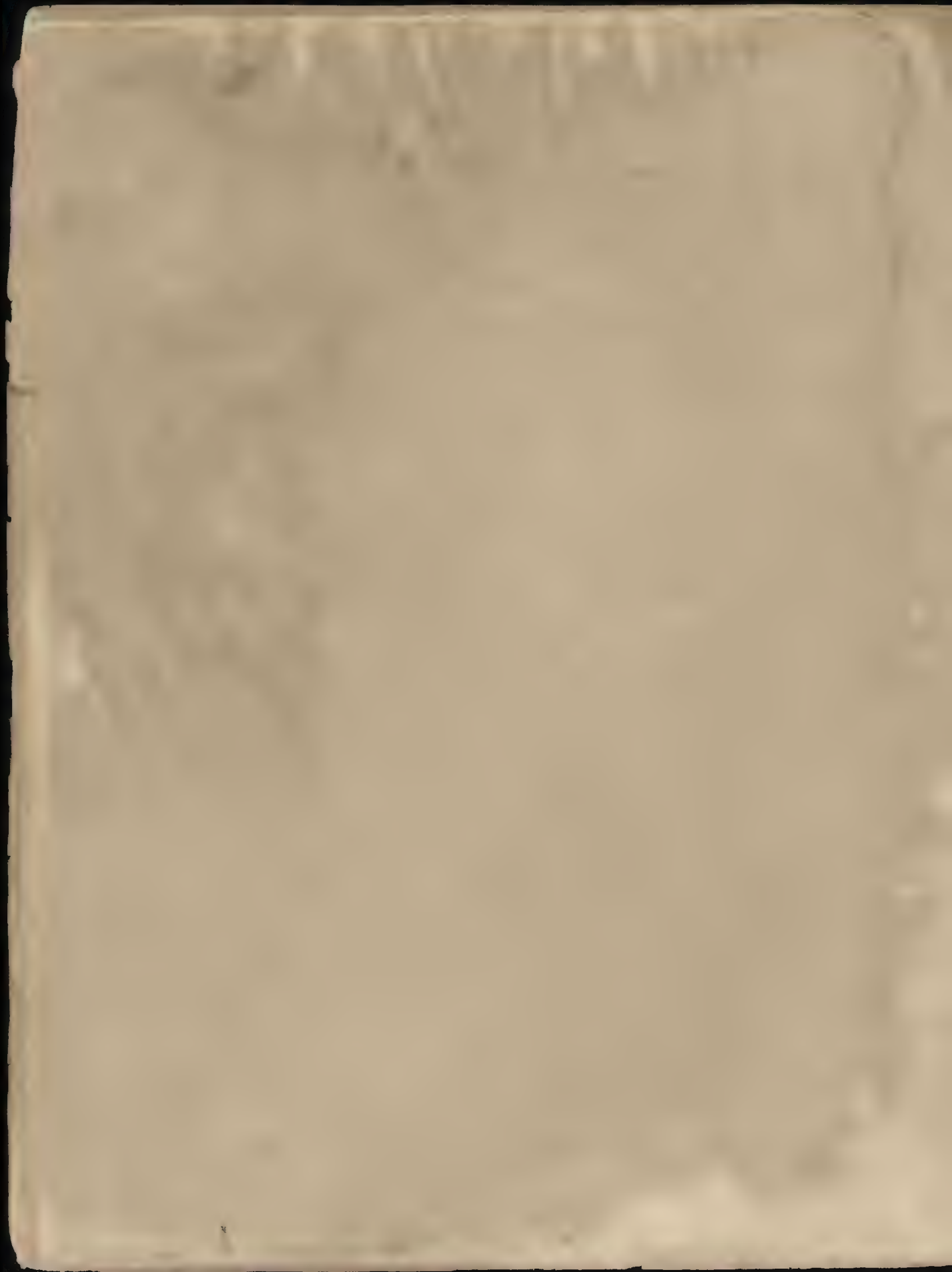
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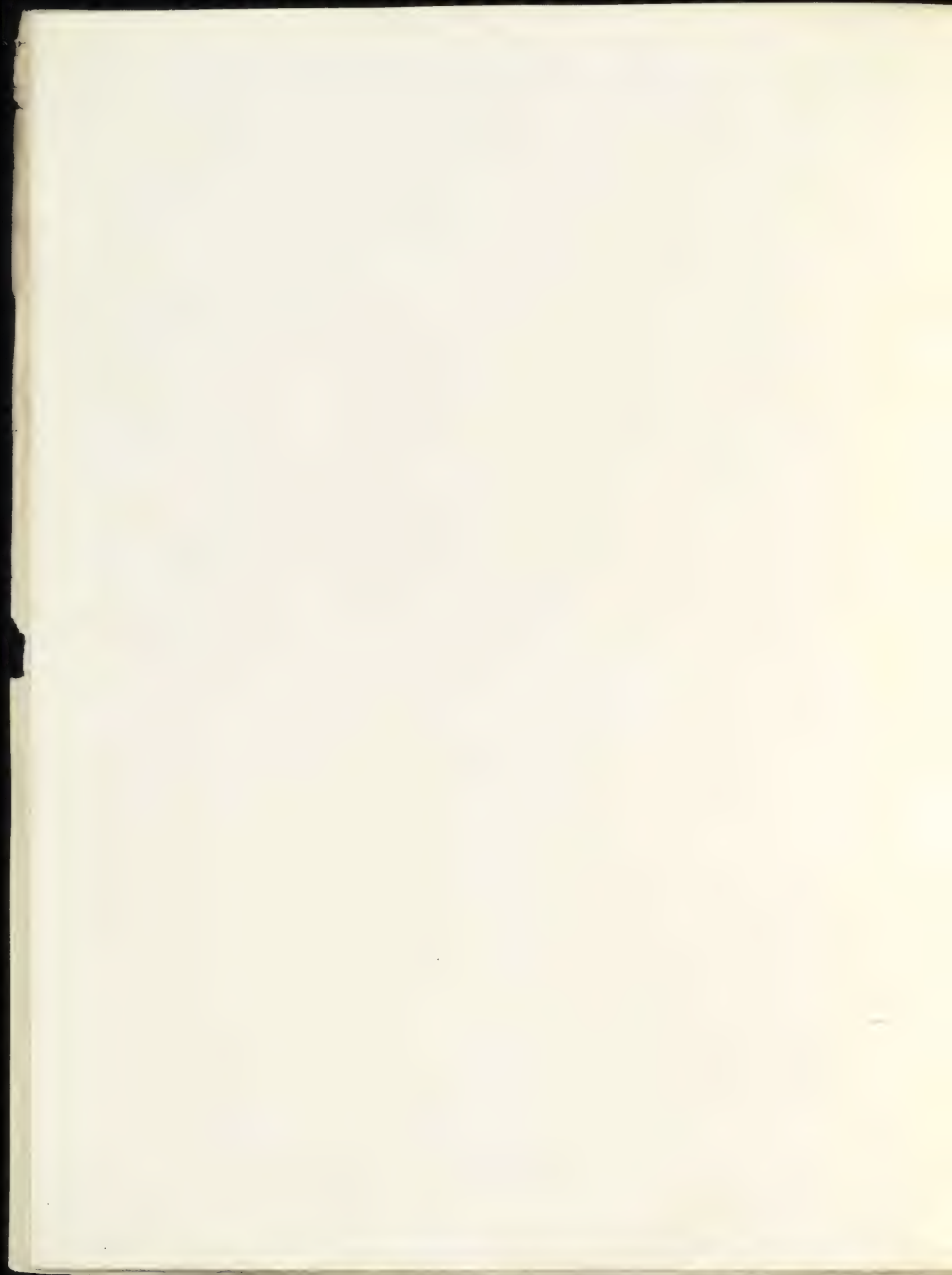
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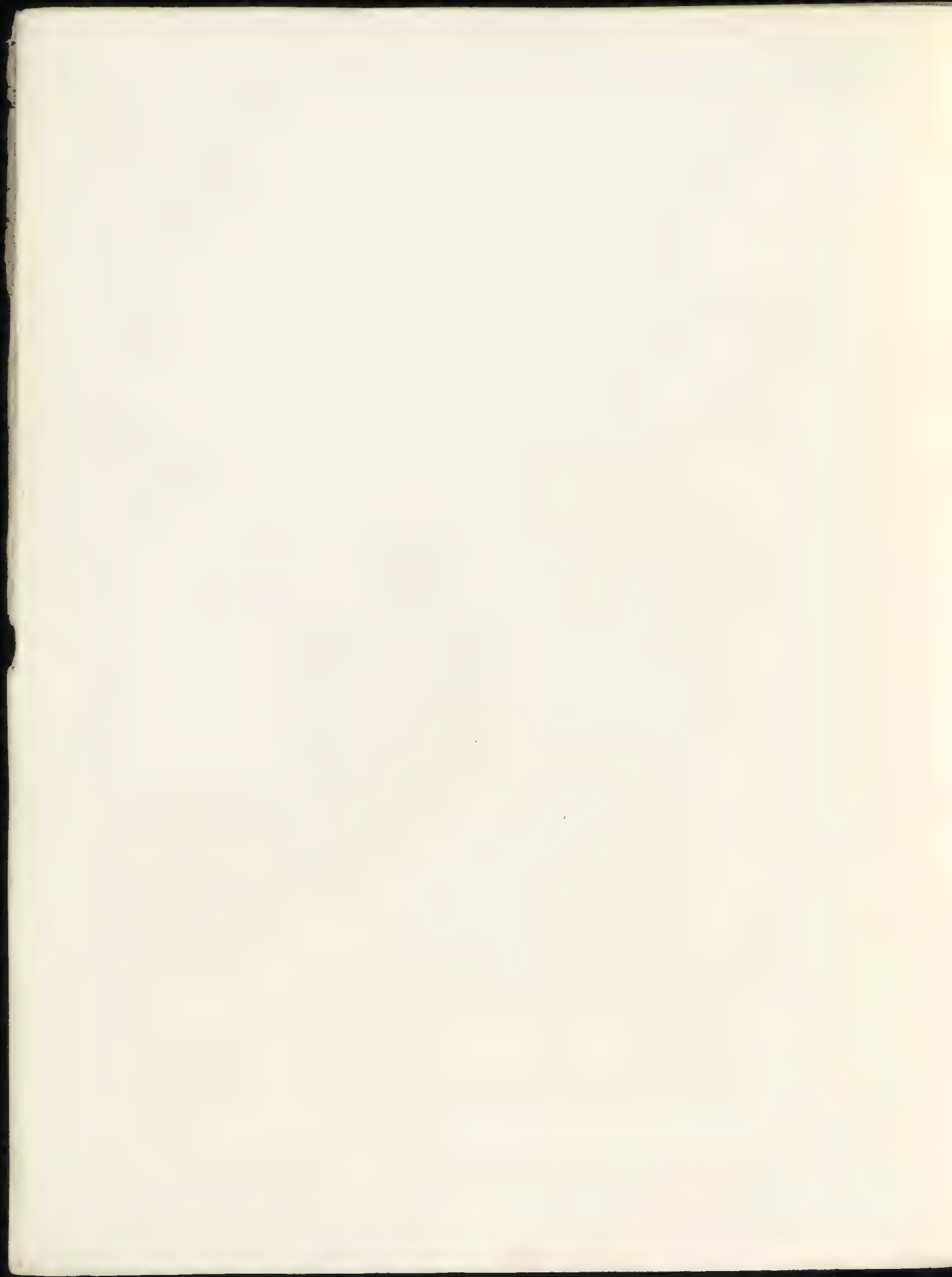
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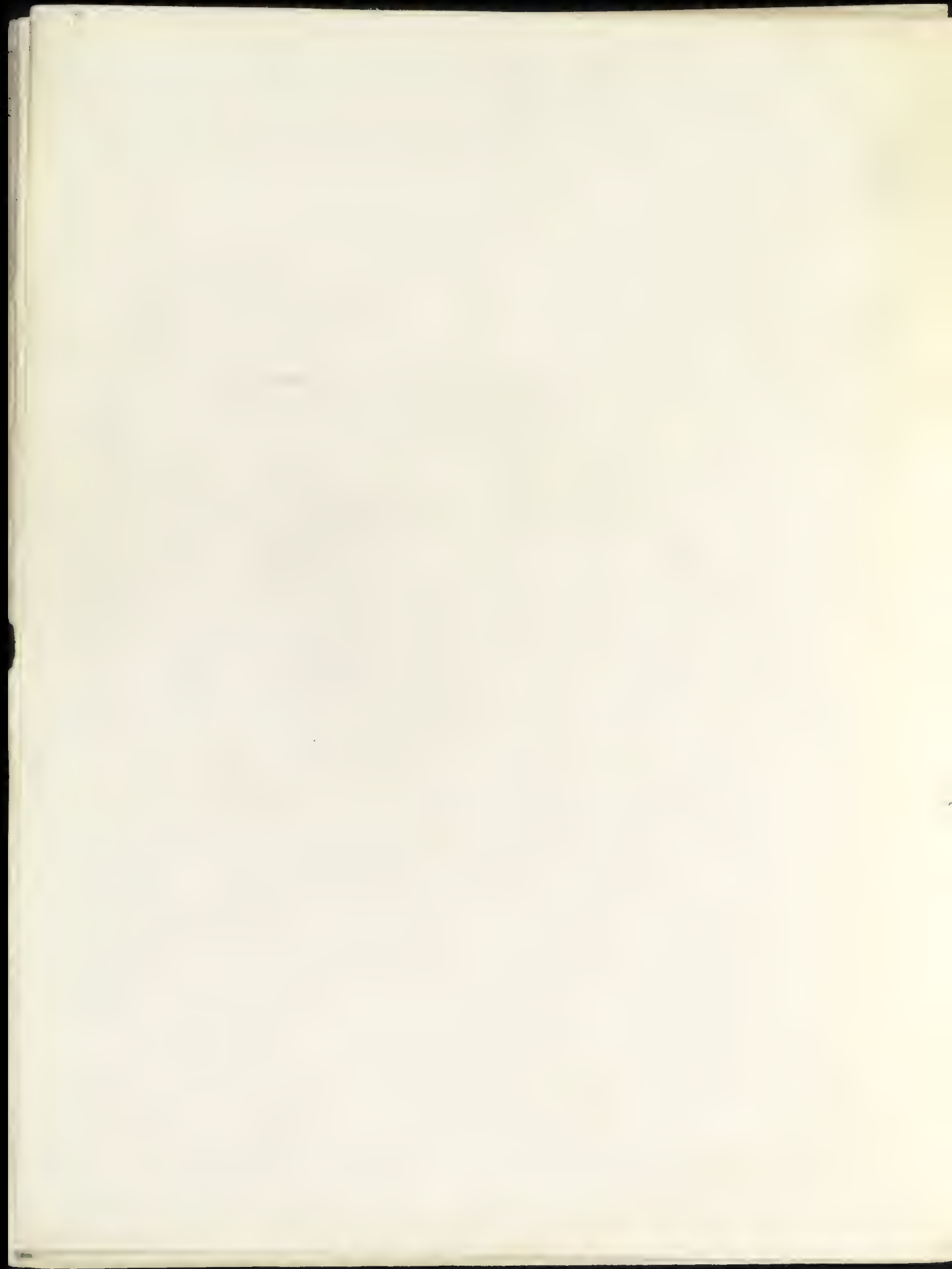












For those who, in such matters, are content to copy the notions or works of others, the course is easier and safer. The public voice,—the voice, perhaps, of centuries,—may be considered as having passed sentence of approval on the forms which have been so often repeated or imitated. And yet how many even of these significant representations, fail to meet the demands of a chastened taste, or lack the sanction of reason and scripture. Angelic forms, for instance, have been favorite subjects of monumental sculpture. It could, indeed, hardly be otherwise. Our earliest and most cherished associations have accustomed us to blend some image of cherub or seraph, with every thought of the spiritual world. Sacred verse, from the nursery rhyme to the lofty epic, has made these winged messengers of heaven seem almost familiar to our senses. The Bible itself, through its whole course, from the sad, primeval hour, when

"all in bright array,
The cherubim descended,"

to close and guard the gate of Paradise, to that night of gladness, in which

"sworded seraphim"
Were "seen in glittering ranks, with wings display'd,
Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes, to heaven's new-born heir ;"—

is one continuous record of angelic visitations. In no way, perhaps, have the painter and sculptor more fully exhibited the power of genius and art, than in those happy efforts by which they have given to the eye these shapes of transcendent beauty and goodness. But such are the exceptions. Too often, these attempted personifications in stone, or on the canvass, do not even approach the bright conceptions with

which poetry and inspiration have filled our imaginations. When the subject is thus elevated, nothing short of the highest attainment can satisfy our expectations; and with painful disappointment we turn away from the grotesque expression or incongruous attitude.

"Though sculptors, with mistaken art,
Place weeping angels round the tomb,
Yet when the great and good depart,
These shout to bear their conquerors home.

"Glad they survey their labors o'er,
And hail them to their native skies;
Attend their passage to the shore,
And with their mounting spirits rise.

"If, then, the wounded marble bear
Celestial forms to grace the urn,
Let triumph in their eyes appear,
Nor dare to make an angel mourn."

Of these imitations, the emblems most used are of Greek or Egyptian origin. To the dignity of age, some of them add that beauty of device and form, which Grecian genius could so well impart. No one can doubt that in their own time and place, these symbols were natural and appropriate, as well as beautiful. But are they so still? Seen among the cypresses of an Ionian cemetery, or over the ashes of some beloved and lamented Athenian youth, the fragmentary column, or the torch reversed and going out in darkness, was a fit expression of the popular belief, and truly symbolized a sorrow in which hope had neither lot nor part. To the mourners of pagan antiquity, death was extinction. To them, no voice from heaven had spoken. For them, no page of revelation shone. No seer divine had taught them those lessons of faith, which alone can give to the bereaved and sorrowing,

assurance of immortality and reunion; when the broken pillar will be more than restored, and the extinguished blaze shall be relumined, never to fade again. With some reason might *they* plant upon the tomb, the tokens of crushed affections and hopeless grief. But when a Christian weeps for departed loveliness, or would raise some memorial for one who has died in the faith and peace of the gospel, are these the emblems which he should adopt? Shall he upon whose eye has beamed the star that first shed a radiance on the grave, and still lights up the once dark realms beyond, employ the same symbols with the pagan and the infidel? As a question of religious consistency—of simple propriety—of mere taste, even,—has this matter been sufficiently considered? We pretend not to suggest the forms which should either constitute or embellish the mementoes that rise for the dead in a Christian land. Happily there is no lack of those which are both beautiful and appropriate. They will readily be found by such as seek for them. Those who will use the gloomy hieroglyphics of some perished creed, should at least place near them the cheering emblems of a living faith. If Death be represented with downcast look and inverted flame, let Immortality, as in the fine group of Thorwaldsen, stand by his side, with torch high blazing, and eyes upturned in love and rapture.

A strong disposition has of late been prevalent, to revive, for civil, monumental, and religious purposes, the architecture of the ancient world. When man builds for his own accommodation, or for objects purely civil and secular, the questions which he is called to settle are those of utility and beauty mainly. But when he rears a temple to God, or a memorial for the dead, there are other considerations which demand a hearing. In determining the style of erections designed to

express and to cherish emotions of tenderness and piety, it is not wise—it is not safe to disregard those influences which belong to associated thought, and to time-hallowed memories. We are creatures of sentiment and sympathy. A few, in their superior illumination, may profess indifference to the power of circumstances so trivial. But these are not “the people.” However they may doubt or deny the reality, the world yet rolls on, and round,—and causes, not the less irresistible that they are unseen and despised, still move the rising and retiring tides of human passion.

It is in disregard of such influences as those above referred to, that some modern philanthropists have thought it a good speculation, both pecuniary and religious, to purchase theatres, and convert them into houses of public worship. Has the experiment worked well? Not so did the early Christians. When Rome was converted from idolatry to the religion of the cross, thousands of temples were abandoned by their worshippers. Here were structures ready furnished to their hands. Did their Grecian symmetry—their pillars of polished marble and porphyry—their tessellated floors—or their magnificent cornices and colonnades—tempt the followers of Jesus within their walls? Nay, they knew too well the power of old associations, to set up a pure and spiritual worship, on pavements lately wet with libations to Bacchus and Venus,—where altars had smoked to Jupiter and Mars,—and where every familiar object must have been redolent of error and impurity. And is Christian architecture so poor and scanty,—is modern genius so sterile, that we must seek the models of our churches in “superstitious” Athens, and derive the forms of our sepulchral monuments, gateways, and chapels, from calf-adoring Egypt?

An American writer, who had noticed the strong predilection for

the antique manifested in the oldest of our cemeteries, has happily expounded the principles of taste and feeling which should prevail in sepulchral architecture. We quote from the *North American Review* for October, 1836 :

"It is very doubtful whether the Egyptian style is most appropriate to a Christian burial-place. It certainly has no connection with our religion. In its characteristics it is anterior to civilization ; and therefore is not beautiful in itself. No one will deny the superiority of the Grecian in mere point of beauty. But more than this, Egyptian architecture reminds us of the religion which called it into being,—the most degraded and revolting paganism which ever existed. It is the architecture of embalmed cats and deified crocodiles : solid, stupendous, and time-defying, we allow ; but associated in our minds with all that is disgusting and absurd in superstition. Now, there is certainly no place, not even the church itself, where it is more desirable that our religion should be present to the mind, than the cemetery, which must be regarded either as the end of all things,—the last, melancholy, hopeless resort of perishing humanity,—the sad and fearful portion of man, which is to involve body and soul alike in endless night ; or, on the other hand, as the gateway to a glorious immortality,—the passage to a brighter world, whose splendors beam even upon the dark chambers of the tomb. It is from the very brink of the grave, where rest in eternal sleep the mortal remains of those whom we have best loved, that Christianity speaks to us, in its most triumphant, soul-exalting words, of victory over death, and a life to come. Surely, then, all that man places over the tomb should, in a measure, speak the same language. The monuments of the burial-ground should remind us that this is not our final abode : they should, as far as

of all sepulchral memorials, some safe and becoming shelter must be provided for them.

The need of a chapel in Green-Wood, for the accommodation of those who would prefer to have some religious service on the ground, has been felt from the first. Nothing, it is supposed, but expenses deemed still more exigent, have prevented the government of the Institution from erecting, ere this, such a structure. Whatever of cogency there may have been in these reasons, it is respectfully suggested whether the chapel be not now the first and highest want of the Cemetery. When the great number of interments made in it is considered, it cannot be doubted, that there are many families, summoned by these mournful errands to the grave, to whom such a building would be a great accommodation. Nowhere, certainly, could the last rites of love and religion be more decently paid, than in such a place, set apart for funereal purposes; while, at the same time, the afflicted home might be relieved from what is too often the intrusive bustle of a crowded funeral. A cemetery chapel might also, we believe, be greatly useful, by furnishing a place where the friends of the deceased could, at the appointed hour, privately assemble; removing thus the supposed necessity of providing a long train of carriages,—a custom which involves much idle parade, and not unfrequently an oppressive expense.

But not to dwell on considerations which deserve a separate discussion, let us return to the thought which brought the chapel before us. The idea of using the structure proposed to be erected for burial services, to receive, also, and preserve delicate statuary and reliefs, was suggested in an article appended to a published statement of the Comptroller for 1845. The considerations then suggested have lost none of

their weight. Already may be seen upon the ground sculpture of exquisite delicacy, seeking, as it were, the protection which it cannot find. The plan of a chapel for Green-Wood should be of a magnitude commensurate with the future prospects of this great institution. But the whole is not required at first, and we cannot permit ourselves to doubt, that a wing or portion of the needed fabric will soon adorn the ground.

Allusion was made, in the beginning of this essay, to the perishable nature of some of the materials used for monuments, and to the influence of atmospheric changes upon them all. This point has received less attention than its importance merits. Strength and durability are indeed proverbial attributes of stone; but they are possessed, by the numerous varieties in use, in widely-differing degrees. In the United States, stone has not been employed for architectural purposes either so long, or in such variety, as to furnish the means of deciding the question of comparative durability, though something may be learned from even our limited experience. In the old world the case is different. There the influences of time and weather have been fully tested. In the serene skies of southern Europe and of western Asia, may be seen many a marble pillar, over which two thousand winters have swept, without leaving a spot on their virgin purity, or dimming their original polish. But how unlike to this are the effects of northern skies! A few years since, an obelisk brought from Luxor in Egypt, was set up in the French capital. The material is a granite of almost impracticable hardness, and its highly-wrought pictured surfaces had suffered no injury from thirty centuries of African exposure. Already it has been found necessary to cover its sides with coatings of caoutchouc, to preserve them from the corrosive influence of a Parisian atmosphere. In England, the defacement of many stone structures

THE TOUR,

FROM OCEAN HILL.

"I now shall be peopled from life's busy sphere ;
Ye may roam, but the end of your journey is here.
I shall call ! I shall call ! and the many will come
From the heart of your crowds, to so peaceful a home ;
The great and the good, and the young and the old,
In death's dreamless slumbers, my mansions will hold."

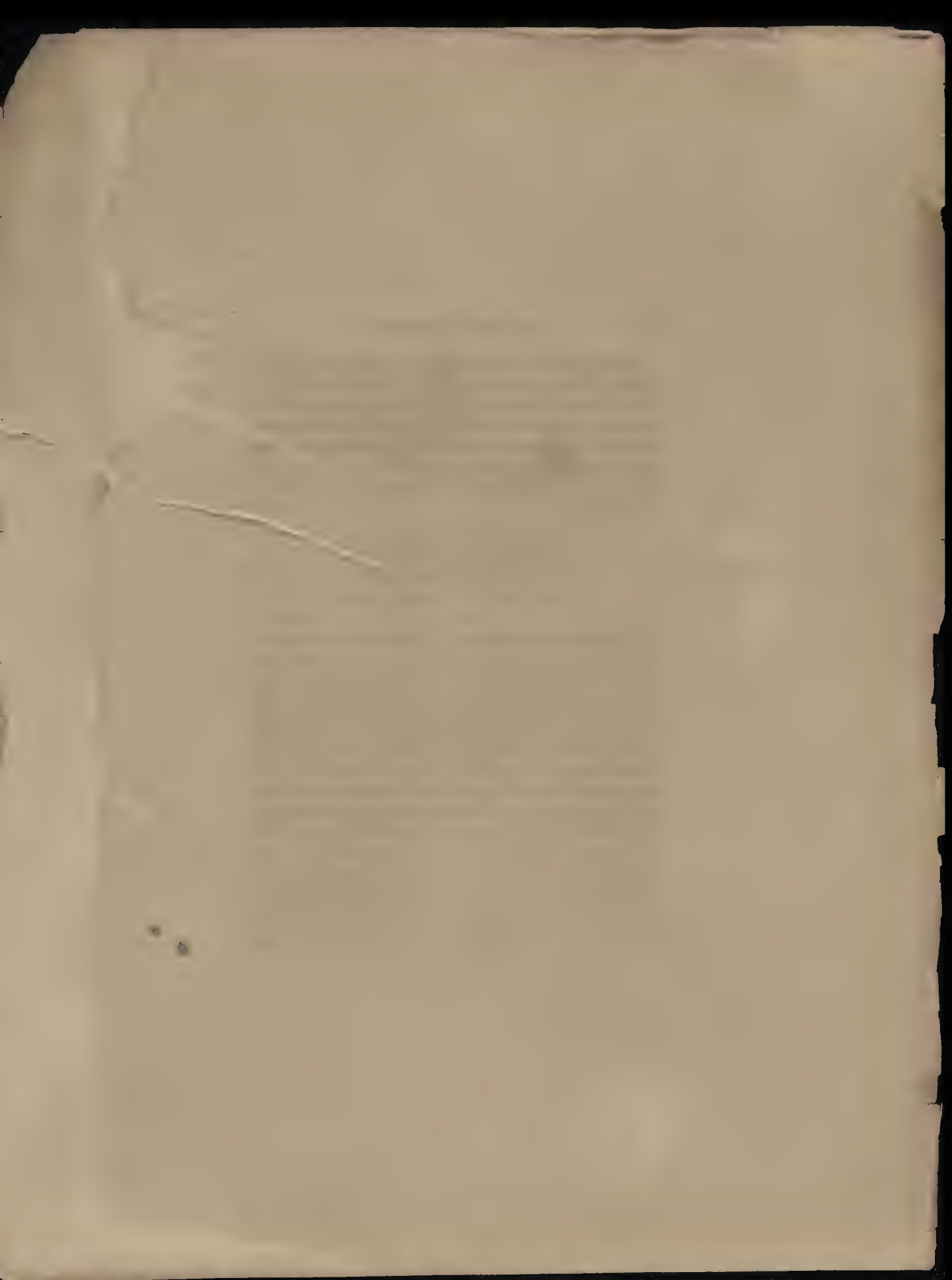
THE plate presents one of those views of quiet beauty which are so numerous in the grounds of this cemetery. The spectator stands among the trees on the sharp, western side of Ocean Hill. A glade of considerable extent is spread out before him. Its waving border is darkly fringed with foliage,—while its gentle declivities of various inclination lie warm and bright in the broad eye of day. The Tour, winding round in serpentine length and slowness, is lost finally in the distant copse. The whole character of the landscape accords perfectly with the spirit of the place. Here are rural beauty and repose. No human dwelling is within view, if we except the still mansions of the dead. Neither sight nor sound is here to remind us of the noisy, living world. Not unfrequently the long funereal train, moving on with the slow pace of wo, and with phantom-like stillness, gives the picture a melancholy but finishing touch.

SYLVAN CLIFF.

A mansion! rear'd with cost and care,
Of quaint device and aspect fair.
Its walls in rocky strength secure,
Its massive portal fast and sure:
And, all intrusion to foreclose,
Reclining near in grim repose,
Two guards canine forever wait,
Cerberian warders of the gate.
Hold fast, ye stones, your treasured clay,
Though wasting ages roll away;
Cling closely round the honor'd trust,
Nor yield one particle of dust!
Yet ye shall hear a voice at last,
Quaking beneath a clarion-blast!
Your dead shall hear that voice and rise,
And seek, on angel-wings, the skies!

A MONUMENTAL tomb in the early English style of Gothic architecture. The material is the New Jersey sand-stone, from the quarry at Little Falls. Its roof rests upon an arch, and is covered with stone tiles, cut and laid diamond-wise. The front is gabled, and a quatrefoil in relief, on the stone door, bears the date of erection. The apex of the gable is enriched by a bold finial. At each corner is a supporting buttress,—and the sides are still further sustained by walls that keep up the earth.

This tomb occupies a commanding position in the Tour, being on the high bluff over Sylvan Lake. This is one of the earliest tomb-fronts, of decided architectural character, erected on the grounds. It has attracted particular notice, as a new style for such erections. A blending of strength with beauty—an air of solemnity and repose—pervade the structure, and render it impressive.



THE RURAL CEMETERIES OF AMERICA.

It has been invidiously asserted by some writers, that America is a land for the *living only*, and that due respect and veneration for the dead have no place in the memory and affections of the American people. The *truth* is, however, that in no other country has the desire to provide suitable repositories for the mortal remains of departed friends, been more generally or more *tastefully* displayed. Travellers, indeed, on visiting our shores, are now compelled to admit that the RURAL CEMETERIES OF AMERICA excel, beyond comparison, those of any other country, both in the natural beauty of their scenery, and in the great extent of their grounds, as well as in the *tasteful* and liberal manner in which they are embellished and conducted.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS IN FAVOR OF R. MARTIN'S PUBLICATION.

THE RURAL CEMETERIES OF AMERICA.—This subject possesses such a sacred and tender interest with many of us, that a publication like this of Mr. Martin's cannot fail of being successful. The views are in highly finished line engraving, and the letter-press is a worthy companion to them in the work.—CHRISTIAN ENQUIRER, Dec. 19, 1846.

THE GREEN-WOOD SERIES.—The ordinary cant phrases used in the criticism (?) of new works, such as "a beautiful publication," etc., fail in their application when a *really* elegant thing appears, like this superb Green-Wood Illustrated. The first number is embellished with an engraving of the Entrance to the Cemetery, another of the Keeper's Lodge, another of Paul's Mound, and a fourth of Ocean Hill,—all of surpassing truth and fineness. The peculiarities of that beautiful scene of graves are preserved in each of them: the sombre shade of the trees even, and the heavy pall, draping, as it were, the atmosphere there. We love to see the multiplying of such places as Green-Wood. We love to see the publication of a work imbued with a kindred spirit. The drawings in Green-Wood Illustrated were taken on the spot by James Smilie, and the literary department is by N. Cleveland.—BROOKLYN EAGLE, Aug. 15, 1846.

THE GREEN-WOOD SERIES.—We have examined the first number of a work with this title, designed to illustrate, by a series of views, the scenic and monumental beauties of the Green-Wood Cemetery. The drawings are taken by Smilie, and the highly finished line engravings by the same artist, are executed in his best manner. Of the many claims this noble cemetery has upon us all in our civic and social relations, of its value and utility as a resting-place for the remains of the dead, and of its varied and beautiful scenery, it is needless to speak. Surely there are none who number departed friends among those who have been laid in this lovely sepulchre, but will feel a melancholy interest in possessing these accurate and exquisite illustrations, as a memorial, ever at hand, and refreshingly precious to those who are unable to visit the hallowed spot.

We trust that a work so pious in design, just in conception and taste, and admirable in execution, will be continued from time to time, as monuments increase, until it shall include a history in which every family may feel to have an interest, and a civic record to which the honest and virtuous citizen may take with pride and pleasure.—PROTESTANT CHURCHMAN, Sept. 19, 1846.

THE RURAL CEMETERIES OF AMERICA.—This is a book of the most perfect style. The engravings are equal to the best ever produced in Europe.—N. Y. SUN, Aug. 3, 1846.

THE RURAL CEMETERIES OF AMERICA.—The magnificent style in which every department of this work is performed, renders it altogether the cheapest and best book we have ever seen produced in America.—N. Y. TRUE SUN, Dec. 31, 1846.

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Each number contains three engravings, which are exquisite as works of art, and represent some of the most remarkable spots in Green-Wood.

The style in which this work is got up,—its superior engravings, fine paper, and clear type,—cannot fail to recommend it to general favor.—N. Y. COUR. & ENQ. Aug. 4, 1846.

THE RURAL CEMETERIES OF AMERICA.—The third number of the Green-Wood series of this splendid work is just published. Such magnificent engraving and printing must be seen to be believed. It is indeed a truly national work, sacred to the preservation of patriotism, social affections, and religious sentiment.—N. Y. SUN, Dec. 19, 1846.

The engravings are of the finest kind, finished in the most elegant style. We should think our citizens would patronize this work extensively.—JERSEY-CITY EVENING SENTINEL, Dec. 16, 1846.

The artists engaged upon this work appear to be running a race for public favor. Every branch is done to perfection.—N. Y. ALBION, Jan. 2, 1847.

This work is decidedly the best specimen of American engraving and letter-press that we have ever met with. As a gift-book, or an ornament to the centre-table, it may vie with any of the superb English annuals. Success attend it!—N. Y. CHRISTIAN MESSENGER, Aug. 22, 1846.

PART 5.

PRICE 100 CENTS.

THE

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NEW YORK:

PUBLISHED BY R. MARTIN, 29 JOHN-ST.

1846.



To our Subscribers.

THE general interest created by the beautiful series of engravings entitled "GREEN-WOOD ILLUSTRATED," aided by the recommendations of numerous subscribers and friends, has induced the publisher to extend that series by the addition of six numbers, comprising as many different views of the Cemetery at Mount Auburn.

The additional cost of the work by this extension, will be very trifling, as the expense of binding will be no greater for the double series than it would for that of Green-Wood alone; and, independently of its intrinsic value, by the additional views of the picturesque and beautiful scenery of Mount Auburn, it will have the further advantage of assuming that character of *nationality* which its admirers so much desire that it should possess.

The publisher feels proud to say that he has been enabled to carry to a successful issue the first illustrated work in line-engraving among the many that have been attempted in this country, and which hitherto have always been abandoned, with heavy loss. The style in which the Green-Wood series has been published, is a convincing proof that there is no lack of talent to produce works of engraving in the highest degree of excellence; and, with the fostering care of a generous and enlightened public, works will ere long be produced which will place that branch of the fine arts in this country on an unrivalled eminence.

HILL.

resting-place.
or couldst thou wish

uated on the Tour, in the immersion of this hill is enclosed by way opening to the east. The

This beautiful spot has been es, by the Church of the Saviour. ude to this wise and Christian l more closely together, by the grave, those who meet and wor- not that a heaven-born charity, while living, but, with delicate r nature, provides for them *such* aed, and who have accomplished

vn lots in Green-Wood, but no osed a tract for common occu- spots admirably adapted to such y of the two hundred churches, Wood their place of burial, take

VISTA HILL.

"Yet not to thine eternal resting-place,
Shalt thou retire alone; nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent."

VISTA HILL is a gentle elevation, situated on the Tour, in the immediate vicinity of Cedar Grove. A portion of this hill is enclosed by an iron paling, with a handsome gateway opening to the east. The spacious enclosure is slightly elliptical. This beautiful spot has been secured and set apart for burial purposes, by the Church of the Saviour. We have already had occasion to allude to this wise and Christian appropriation. Is it not wise to bind more closely together, by the solemn and tender associations of the grave, those who meet and worship in the same sanctuary? And is not that a heaven-born charity, which not only remembers the poor while living, but, with delicate regard to the tenderest feelings of our nature, provides for them *such* sepulture? Praise to those who designed, and who have accomplished the work!

One or two other congregations own lots in Green-Wood, but no other one has appropriated and enclosed a tract for common occupancy. The Cemetery still contains spots admirably adapted to such a use. Will not some, will not many of the two hundred churches, which are destined to make Green-Wood their place of burial, take

care to secure these choice positions, before they shall be preoccupied by individual proprietors? That every church should have its own burying-ground, is consonant as well to natural fitness and religious propriety, as to long experience. The dead may indeed no longer rest under or around the sacred walls which were so dear to them in life. Yet the place of sepulture may be hallowed by solemn assembly and religious rite. As pastor and people—the young and the old—the rich and the poor, cluster together there, how precious, how holy will the place become! What more can it need to consecrate and endear it, than its own simple charms, associated, as they will then be, with so many treasures of the heart,—so many tender memories and consolatory hopes?

The enclosure on Vista Hill was consecrated in the presence of a large assembly, on the 18th September, 1845. A mild autumnal day gave additional beauty and interest to the scene, and to the services. From the address delivered on this occasion by the pastor, Rev. Mr. FARLEY, we have been permitted to make the following extracts:—

“And I rejoice especially that it is here,—here, among these verdant groves, and lawns, and solemn shades. How surprising it seems, that in some of the older parts of our country, among a people by no means wanting in the warm and deep affections of our nature, we can find so many instances where ‘the bleak hill-side,’ or ‘bare common, without shrub or tree,’ is the spot selected as the burial-place of the dead!—nay, more: where no care is given to replacing the falling headstones, or repairing the decaying tombs, or even the broken fences!

“I admit that, despite these apparent and sad intimations of neglect,

the memory of the dead is there cherished with as much sensibility, at least, as ever prompted the erection of the costliest mausoleum, or planted and watched the 'forget-me-nots' and 'immortelles,' as they bloomed by the graves of the departed. But affection is not exhausted or weakened, by giving to it expression, nor the fount of feeling dried up, by embodying its appropriate signs; and for one, I confess to a good deal of reverence and tender regard, not only for the memory of the dead, but for the perishing body—the fleshly tabernacle in which the immortal spirit had sojourned.

"In this, I see the signet of the great and divine Architect, as well as on that which inhabited it. It is the dictate of nature to love it. We press it to our arms when living; we seal it with our kisses when dead. The dear who are absent, come to our imaginations in the hour of revery and solitude, clothed in the material forms which are so familiar; and in them are the dead who have been buried, remembered. Nay, when we think of them in that higher home, to which our Christian faith points us, in those spiritual bodies of which the Apostle speaks, whatever else be our ideas, the same eye seems to beam on us, the same smile to lighten the same features, the same hand to beckon us on. Hence, we find the remains of the dead sacred among all people; the violation of the grave, everywhere regarded as sacrilege. Hence, our complacency at seeing a portion of the wealth which is lavished on palaces for the living, appropriated to provide for, and fitly adorn, the habitations of the dead. Honor, reverence, affection, we would say, then, to that curious, wondrous, beautiful mechanism of God, the body, when it has fulfilled its office! Glad let us be to lay it in the virgin soil of this fair spot! Soft fall the rays of the rising and setting sun, as they shine upon the green turf which covers it! The

grateful shade of these noble trees, the odor and beauty of sweet flowers, shall add their fragrance and loveliness to the place; and whatever monument, or stone, or marble, may hereafter be raised here, we will find our plea for doing it, in the natural and strong promptings of the heart. But beyond this, there are high moral uses to be found in the place of graves, where that is well-selected and well-ordered. It is not only grateful to the mourner in the early freshness of grief, but may be full of blessed influences to all the living. I am strongly tempted to say, that whoever can come to such a place as this where we stand, and the entire Cemetery to which it belongs, and not be impressed, and impressed deeply, by these influences, must be largely wanting in the common seriousness of our nature. I know not the place which unites in its natural aspect, and in its great capabilities, more fitness at once for the main design for which it was chosen, and more fulness of material for instructive and useful lessons to the living, as the dwelling-place of the dead, than this fair domain. All that is needed to this latter end is, that when we come here, we surrender ourselves, in a suitable frame of mind, to the spirit of the place. And for this, I do not think it necessary that we should enter it always in the funeral train, when the passing bell, solemn and touching as it is, chimes out its requiem to the departed. It is enough that the place is set apart and secured, as far as human contrivance and law can go, for the purposes of a Cemetery, that is, as the word imports, a sleeping or resting-place for the dead.

“In its singular quiet, presenting a striking contrast to the noise and stir of the great cities close by; in its easy access, yet secluded position, almost washed by the solitary sea; in its diversified surface of hill and dale, glen and plain, woodland and copse, land and water; in its

exquisite natural beauties, and its large extent, it is remarkably fitted in itself for these purposes. As year after year passes, and more and more of the living who have been accustomed to thread its avenues, are gathered within its bosom; as art and affection, from generation to generation, shall combine to do honor to the dead, rich and most affecting to the soul rightly disposed, will be the associations which shall cluster around it. And then to pause amid its still shades and think:— Here, indeed, is the place of the dead! The dust which the living have worn, is here mingling again with the dust. As years come and go, here will be gathered more and more, 'the mighty congregation of the dead.' The voice of spring will be heard in the gentle breeze, or the blast of winter will wail among these then naked branches, with every opening or dying year, long after the thousands who now throng the streets of yonder cities, shall have gone to swell its ranks!

"What a lesson is here read to us, by every little mound of earth that marks the bed of a sleeper, every monument that tells his name, on the folly and vanity of all human designs! Could the dead that lie buried within these graves, now rise and speak to us, how sobered should we find the tongue of frivolity; how careless of human fame the ambitious; how weak the passionate; how serious the worldling and the fop; how humble and sincere the proud and the pretender!

"There is another lesson to be learned here; and that relates to what survives, and is imperishable. The monuments of departed heroes, in the groves of the Academia, without the walls of the City of Minerva, would not permit Themistocles to sleep, so did the thought of their great deeds fire his soul! How much more should the place of the Christian dead, stir and wake us, as we pause amid its shades, to a holy emulation of their high and more than heroic graces! What

has passed, or is now passing away, is daily of less and less importance,—while what remains is imperishable.

“The affections are immortal. The reunion of Christian friends after death, is a truth sanctioned by the entire teaching and spirit of the Gospel. Every virtue which graced the character of the departed; every pure wish and holy purpose; every sincere and holy prayer; every disinterested, honest, generous deed,—all that really endeared them to our hearts, are now like garlands of amaranth upon their tombs, and cannot die. The baptism of death has put them beyond the reach of temptation and sin. And when we stand by the spot where their dust reposes, we seem adjured, in tones that pierce the soul, by motives too mighty to be resisted, to be good, pure, faithful, even unto death, that when we too come to die, we, like them, may rest from our labors, and our good works follow us.

“Ever sacred, then, be this spot to the pious uses for which it is set apart! Ever precious in presence and in memory, to the mourner! Ever blessed and subduing in its influences and associations, to the prosperous and the happy! May it serve, dearly beloved, as a new bond to keep us together, a united and Christian flock! Whenever our feet bend their way hither, either to perform the last offices of Christian affection and piety, or to strengthen our spirits amid the sober meditations which befit the place, and are inspired by it, may we, one and all, be prompted to an increased fidelity to the church and cause of Christ while living, that we may share with the sainted dead, the heaven he promised!

“I must be indulged a word in reference to the entire Cemetery around us, since already some of you have a special interest in it beyond this enclosure, and as I value it, beyond all price, as another

proof of our advancing civilization as a people, and as a most wisely selected and beautifully disposed burial-place for the dead, for our own and our sister city. It is a word of hope, that these lovely grounds may henceforth, throughout their whole extent, wear only those adornments which befit or express the Christian's faith. I regret that any heathen emblems—emblems rather of a religion of doubt or despair, than of one which inspires a well-grounded trust, a joyous expectation,—should ever have been blazoned on its monuments and headstones.* The inverted torch, the broken column, no more become the cemeteries of a Christian people, than some of the sad inscriptions in the famous Père la Chaise, which travellers read there:—‘A husband inconsolable’—‘A disconsolate wife’—‘Broken-hearted parents:’ the appropriate language of hopeless grief alone! I would have words full of hope, and confiding faith, and cloudless trust, and filial submission, and a serene, cheerful piety. I do not so much object to the obelisk, Egyptian though it be, and savoring, as some think, of an idolatrous homage of the sun; because its tall shaft, with its pyramidal apex, losing itself in the air, and pointing to the sky, may seem to speak to the living of the heavenly home which their departed friends have entered. But I prefer the cross, the symbol of Christ's victory over death and the grave. I prefer the words of Holy Scripture, which speak of ‘the resurrection and the life.’ So that, as we wander here to meditate and commune with the righteous dead, heaven itself shall seem nearer—the

* I fear the above remarks may be misconstrued, or give unnecessary pain to some who have erected such monuments as are alluded to. Nothing was farther from my intention. *As works of art* only, do I feel that they are open to criticism. It is not they who paid for them, who are censured. Unhappily it is too frequently the case, that he who furnishes the design, seeks only to meet *the eye* of the employer, and there is too little consideration with both parties, as to the significance of the emblems chosen.

terrors of the last hour be scattered—the loved who have been taken, come back to our remembrance in all their spiritual beauty,—and our souls, chastened and sobered, be the better prepared for what remains of life's duties, and its last hour."

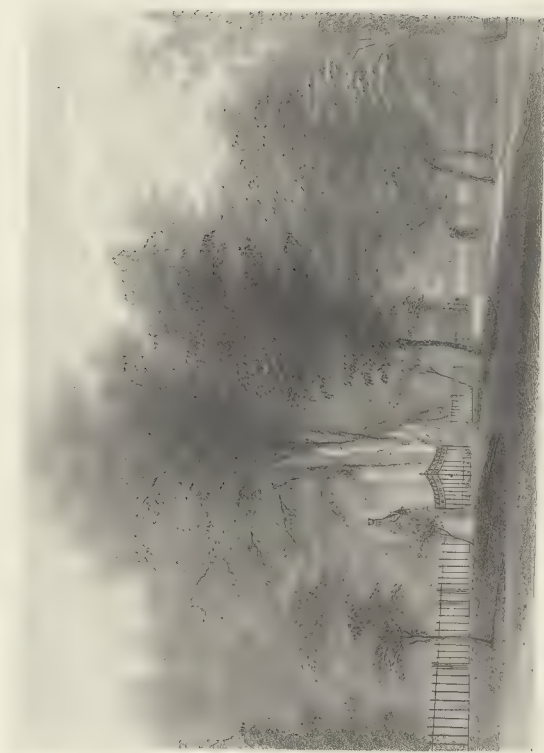
The Rev. JOHN PIERPONT assisted in these exercises; and the following words from his pen,—to which we are indebted for many Christian lyrics of unsurpassed excellence,—were sung by the assembly, and most appropriately closed the scene:—

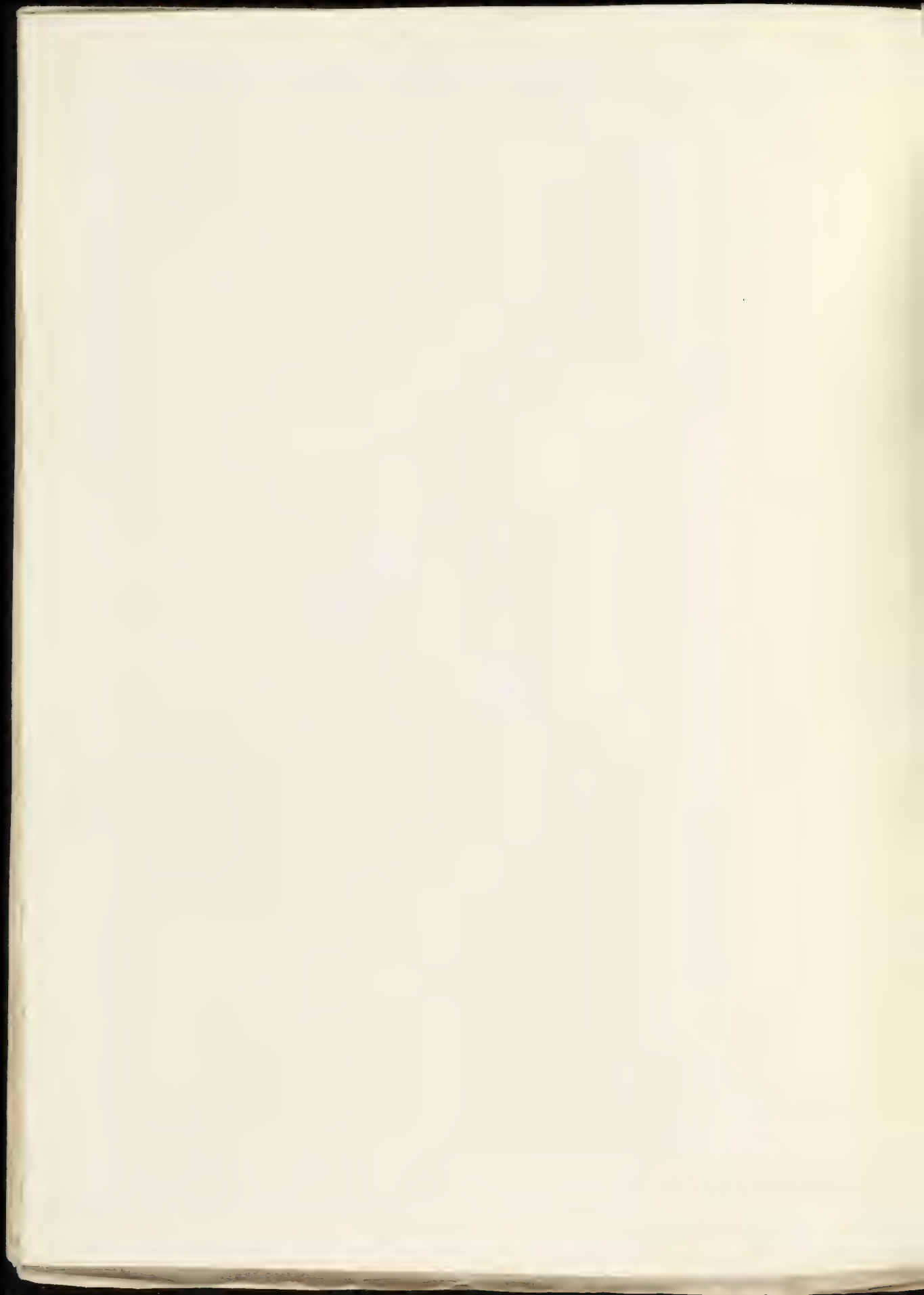
"O God! beneath this Green-Wood shade,—
Beneath this blue, autumnal sky,
Would we, by those we love, be laid,
Whene'er it is our time to die.

"The glory of this woodland scene,—
These leaves, that came at summer's call,—
These leaves, so lately young and green,
Even now begin to fade and fall.

"So shall we fade and fall at length:
Youth's blooming cheek—the silvery hair
Of reverend age—and manhood's strength,
Shall here repose;—Then hear our prayer,

"O Thou, who by thy Son hast said,—
From fear of death to set us free,—
'God is the God, not of the dead,'
That we, for aye, may live in Thee!"













OCEAN HILL.

"They have not perished,—no!
Kind words—remember'd voices, once so sweet—
Smiles radiant long ago -
And features, tho' great soul's apparent seat,—
All shall come back; each tie
Of pure affection shall be knit again."

WE have in this view an obelisk of considerable height, and in some respects peculiar. The shaft is surrounded by several narrow fillets slightly raised, and connected with other ornaments. Just above the base, on the front side, is a female bust in high relief. A tablet below records the name, virtues, and premature decease of a young wife and mother. The material is brown stone, and the work is finely executed.

Hard by, and just seen through the foliage, is a laborer's cottage. Two of these structures, unlike in form, but both highly picturesque, already adorn the grounds. Others will from time to time be added, until, like a cordon of sentinels, they will surround the Cemetery, enhancing at the same time its security and its beauty.

In happy unison with the immediate scene, and with the thoughts it naturally suggests, mark through the leafy openings those unpretending churches at Flatbush! As seen from this solemn high-place, a sort of Sabbath stillness seems to rest on and around them; while themselves

may be deemed fit emblems of the piety and peace they were reared to promote. Still farther to expand and fill the soul, behold where, in the dim, blue distance, stretches far away the mighty sea,—

—— “boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of Eternity.”

At a short distance from the spot which has just passed under our notice, lie the remains of the Rev. DAVID ABEEL, and a monument will soon rise above them. A brief commemorative notice in these pages, of this distinguished missionary and most exemplary man, will not, it is believed, be unacceptable.

David Abeel was born in New Brunswick, N. J., A. D. 1804. His father served as an officer in the American navy during the war of the Revolution. The Rev. Dr. Abeel, for many years a distinguished clergyman of the Dutch Collegiate churches in the city of New York, was his uncle. The subject of this sketch was distinguished, even in youth, by unflinching firmness of purpose and action. He early became a keen sportsman, and found health and strength in the exciting toil. The medical profession was his first choice; and he had already made some progress in the study, when new views of life and duty induced him to change his contemplated pursuit, for what he deemed a higher sphere of benevolent action. He entered at once upon the study of divinity, in the Theological School of his church at New Brunswick, and in due time completed the required course, with a reputation for learning and piety, which gave promise of high usefulness.

He was soon settled as pastor of the Dutch Church, just then formed in Athens, N. Y. Here he devoted himself so assiduously to his du-

ties, that a year had not elapsed before his health gave way under the combined exhaustion of excitement and fatigue. To recruit his failing powers, and still serve the cause to which he had consecrated them, he accepted a proposal to minister, during the winter, to a church of his own persuasion in the island of St. Thomas. He returned to the United States; but no entreaties could induce him again to accept a permanent station at home. The miserable degradation and spiritual wants of the heathen world had filled his imagination, and more than touched his heart. Especially had his sympathies long turned towards that mighty empire on the other side of the globe, whose teeming provinces contain one-third part of the human race.

He went first to Canton, in the capacity of chaplain to the numerous seamen who congregate at that port. Soon after he became a regular missionary, under appointment of the board of commissioners for foreign missions, and was stationed at Bankok, in Siam. An enervating climate, and his own toilsome life, soon compelled him to quit his post. After several short voyages for his health, he returned to China, and settled at Macao. But his difficulties returned. He again tried voyaging in the Indian Archipelago. But this had ceased to afford relief; and he reluctantly consented to set out for home. He returned by the way of England. Though so feeble when he sailed, as to be conveyed on a couch to the ship, the passage across the Atlantic proved highly beneficial.

With improving health, his zeal and activity returned. He traversed the land, a missionary apostle, communicating to multitudes some portion of his own earnest benevolence. After a year thus usefully employed, he resolved, in despite of all remonstrance, to return to China. He arrived at Macao previous to the commencement of hos-

tilities on the part of England. He was there during the continuance of that extraordinary war, and was ready, at its close, to avail himself of the strange and new position in which it placed the affairs of China. By a succession of events equally rapid and unexpected, he saw prostrated to the ground, the barriers which custom and prejudice had so long maintained around that singular people. Whatever might be thought of the motive and principles which led to this result, or of the means by which it was effected, there seemed no reason to doubt that it would be mutually beneficial to China and the world. To the Christian philanthropist especially, whose heart had long bled for so many millions, "perishing for lack of vision," the event must have seemed a most auspicious providence. To none could the occurrence have been more welcome than to the devoted Abeel. For years he had been laboring almost single-handed. An exhausting climate—impaired health—the acquisition of a difficult language—and more than all, the proverbial exclusiveness of the Chinese, were obstacles sufficient to cool aught but that fervid zeal and love, which the Christian's faith can alone inspire.

He could now write and speak the language. His prudence, his conciliatory address and most exemplary character, had given him high consideration with many of the natives;—and now, at length, the cannon of the Ocean Queen had been made instrumental in levelling what seemed the last, great barrier to missionary enterprise. He stationed himself at Amoy, with the intent of entering in earnest on the great work for which he had so long been preparing. But it was not so to be. He, who needs not our service, and who often teaches man a lesson of humility and dependence, as well as of faith and duty, by removing the most efficient human instruments, saw fit again to reduce

him to extreme weakness. Again he was put on board ship, bound for America, but with no expectation, on the part of his friends, that he would ever reach her shore. He did, however, survive the voyage.

But little more remains to be told. With a characteristic energy of will, which seemed to triumph over physical debility, he visited different and distant parts of the United States. The warmest welcome, the kindest attentions, everywhere awaited this meek and worn-out soldier of the cross. But change of climate, travel, medical skill, and assiduous care, were alike powerless to arrest the progress of disease. A nervous irritability, more difficult, perhaps, than even pain to bear, was his constant attendant. Yet no disturbance of the material organization ruffled his ever even temper, or marred the beauty of his Christian graces. His last days were spent at the house of his friend, Mr. Van Rensselaer, of Albany; and there, on the 6th September, 1846, he quietly expired.

"Serene, serene,
He press'd the crumbling verge of this terrestrial scene;
Breathed soft, in childlike trust,
The parting groan;
Gave back to dust its dust—
To heaven its own."

It could have been no common-place character, no ordinary virtues of mind and heart, which won for the subject of our memoir, an esteem so general and enduring. Intellectually, he was clear and discriminating, with great readiness and appropriateness of thought. Resolute of purpose, and energetic in act, he could accomplish a large amount of labor. He was a man of unvarying prudence, and the most considerate kindness. The sincerity and warmth of his good-will, written on his face, embodied in words of affectionate earnestness, and

breathed in tones of the gentlest persuasion, possessed a logic and eloquence that seldom failed to reach the heart. He was distinguished, not so much by any one outshining quality, as by the balanced harmony of all his powers. His was that excellent and rare gift of Heaven, *good sense*. All the sweet urbanities of life he knew and practised; and the high virtues of the Christian missionary, certainly lose none of their lustre, by being associated, as in his case, with those of the gentleman and scholar.

It must be manifest, that a character and life such as we have depicted, could have been inspired and sustained only by a deep-seated and healthy piety. It was this which nerved a sensitive invalid to those circumnavigations of charity,—which sustained him under the depressing fervors of a tropical sun,—which encouraged him along the toilsome task of learning the language,—and which, when friends, and physicians, and fainting nature herself, counselled retirement and repose, carried him again and again from the bed to the field. And what but this, amid the disappointment of long-cherished hopes, and wearisome infirmities of the flesh, could impart that meek resignation and cheerful trust, which made his last hours a scene of perfect peace?

To human view a death like this seems, at first thought, disastrous and premature. It is, however, only the close of a life which should be measured by its intensity, rather than duration. And if,

"To live in hearts we leave behind,
Is not to die,"

then Abeel still lives;—lives in those words of his which yet survive in memory;—lives in his great example of self-denial and love,—in the very mound that swells above his ashes,—and in each memorial that bears his name.

BATTLE HILL.

"Once this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,
Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,
And fiery hearts and armed hands,
Encounter'd in the battle-cloud.

"Ah! never shall the land forget,
How gush'd the life-blood of her brave,—
Gush'd, warm with hope and courage yet,
Upon the soil they fought to save."

INDEPENDENTLY of their present and prospective claims to regard, Green-Wood and its vicinage must ever possess a strong interest, derived from the past. In that vicinity,—upon ground traversed in part by every visiter to the Cemetery, and lying immediately below and around it,—occurred the first serious conflict between the British and American troops, on the memorable 26th of August, 1776. There is indeed reason to believe, that the very spot presented in the plate, was stained that day with patriot blood. It seems strange that the events of that occasion, and the localities of those events, have commanded so little attention. In general, our countrymen have shown any thing but indifference to the spots which were hallowed by the struggles and blood of their fathers. There was scarcely a petty skirmish in New England, which has not had its historian. Every rood of ground trod by hostile feet, has been traced and identified. Upon anniversary re-

turns, thousands have assembled to collect the scattered bones of the glorious dead,—to hear their eulogy from eloquent lips,—and to rear some enduring monument, that shall transmit their names and deeds. What battle, since that of Marathon, has ever concentrated upon one small spot of earth, an interest like that which, for seventy years, has clung round Bunker Hill? How have the historian and the novelist, the painter and the architect, the poet and the orator, conspired to enhance its glory! How many millions have visited the spot, to see with their own eyes that "sepulchre of mighty dead," and to press with their own feet, the sod which was wet with Warren's gore!

In contrast with all this, what a story of neglect is that of the battleground in Brooklyn! How few of the vast population in its vicinity, know or care aught about it! How very few could even designate the fields where Sullivan and Prescott, until overpowered by an enemy in their rear, fought, with their raw levies, the veterans of Europe, not less bravely than did Prescott at Charlestown, or Stark at Bennington!

Important differences, it is true, distinguish the cases. The engagement at Brooklyn, like that of Bunker Hill, was a defeat—but not, like that, more glorious than most victories. Instead of inspiriting the defenders of freedom, its consequences were depressing and disastrous; and the day was long thought of, as one of mistakes, if not of disgrace. The ground itself came at once into the possession of the British, and so continued to the end of the war. The standard of general intelligence on the island, was neither then, nor for a good while thereafter, very high, while that of patriotism was decidedly low. The popular enthusiasm, so ardent elsewhere, was here unfelt, or for so long a time repressed, that silence and indifference in regard to the matters in question became habitual, and have never been disturbed. Such, it is



THE RURAL CEMETERIES OF AMERICA.

It has been invidiously asserted by some writers, that America is a land for the *living only*, and that due respect and veneration for the dead have no place in the memory and affections of the American people. The *truth* is, however, that in no other country has the desire to provide suitable repositories for the mortal remains of departed friends, been more generally or more *tastefully* displayed. Travellers, indeed, on visiting our shores, are now compelled to admit that the RURAL CEMETERIES OF AMERICA excel, beyond comparison, those of any other country, both in the natural beauty of their scenery, and in the great extent of their grounds, as well as in the tasteful and liberal manner in which they are embellished and conducted.

OPINIONS OF GREAT PERSONS

IN FAVOR OF R. MARTIN'S PUBLICATION.

THE RURAL CEMETERIES OF AMERICA.—This subject possesses such a sacred and tender interest with many of us, that a publication like this of Mr. Martin's cannot fail of being successful. The views are in highly finished line engraving, and the letter-press is a worthy companion to them in the work.—CHRISTIAN ENQUIRER, Dec. 19, 1846.

THE GREEN-WOOD SERIES.—The ordinary cant phrases used in the criticism (?) of new works, such as "a beautiful publication," etc., fail in their application when a *really* elegant thing appears, like this superb Green-Wood Illustrated. The first number is embellished with an engraving of the Entrance to the Cemetery, another of the Keeper's Lodge, another of Poet's Mound, and a fourth of Ocean Hill, —all of surpassing truth and fineness. The peculiarities of that Beautiful Place of Graves are preserved in each of them; the sombre shade of the trees even, and the heavy pull, draping, as it were, the atmosphere there. We love to see the multiplying of such places as Green-Wood. We love to see the publication of a work imbued with a kindred spirit. The engravings in Green-Wood Illustrated were taken, as the poet says, by JAMES SMILEY, and the artist's portrait is by N. Cleaveland.—BROOKLYN EAGLE, Aug. 15, 1846.

THE GREEN-WOOD SERIES.—We have examined the first number of a work with this title, designed to illustrate, by a series of views, the scenery and landscape in the vicinity of the Green-Wood Cemetery. The drawings are taken by Smiley, and executed by artist. The engravings are the same artist, are executed in his best manner. Of the many claims this noble cemetery has upon us all in our civic and social relations, of its value and utility as a resting-place for the remains of the dead, and of its varied and beautiful scenery, it is needless to speak. Surely there are none who number departed friends among those who have been buried in this lovely sepulchre, but will feel a melancholy interest in possessing these accurate and exquisite illustrations, as a memorial ever before their eyes, reminding them of those who are buried in this sacred spot.

We trust that a work so pious in design, just in conception and execution, and so carefully executed, will be a blessing to the community. It is a work which every family may feel to have an interest, and a civic record to which the honest and virtuous citizen may feel proud to add his name.—PROTESTANT CHURCHMAN, Sept. 19, 1846.

THE RURAL CEMETERIES OF AMERICA.—This is a book of the most perfect style. The engravings are equal to the best ever produced in Europe.—N. Y. SUN, Aug. 3, 1846.

THE RURAL CEMETERIES OF AMERICA.—The magnificent style in which this splendid work is produced, is such a tribute to the art of the engraver, and the book we have ever seen produced in America.—N. Y. TRUE SUN, Dec. 31, 1846.

THE GREEN-WOOD SERIES.—It is very beautiful work, is rapidly increasing the warm commendations which have hailed its first appearance. The fourth number is nearly ready, and the magnificent superiority of the publication is now confessed by all who read it. Six parts, at 50 cents each, will complete the Green-Wood views, with nineteen engravings, and a superbly illustrated map of the cemetery grounds.—ANGLO AMERICAN, Jan. 2, 1847.

Lonely and solemn Green-Wood may now live in its classic beauty in the drawing-room, and by the family fireside.—N. Y. SUN, Dec. 16, 1846.

THE GREEN-WOOD SERIES.—This is a very beautiful publication, to be completed in six numbers, at 50 cents each, or sent each for two cent among proof impressions and printed on one page.

Each number contains three page vignettes, which are exquisite as works of art, and represent some of the most remarkable spots in Green-Wood.

The style in which this work is got up,—its superior engravings, fine paper, and clear type,—cannot fail to recommend it to general favor.—N. Y. COUR. & ENQ. Aug. 4, 1846.

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The engravings are of the first kind, and of the most elegant style. We shall think, therefore, would purchase this work extensively.—JERSEY CITY EVENING SENTINEL, Dec. 16, 1846.

The artists engaged upon this work appear to be running a race for public favor. Every branch is done to perfection.—N. Y. ALBION, Jan. 2, 1847.

This work is decidedly the best specimen of American engraving and letter-press that we have ever seen. As a gift-book, or an ornament to the centre-table, it may vie with any other such elegant work. Success attend it!—N. Y. CHRISTIAN MESSENGER, Aug. 22, 1846.

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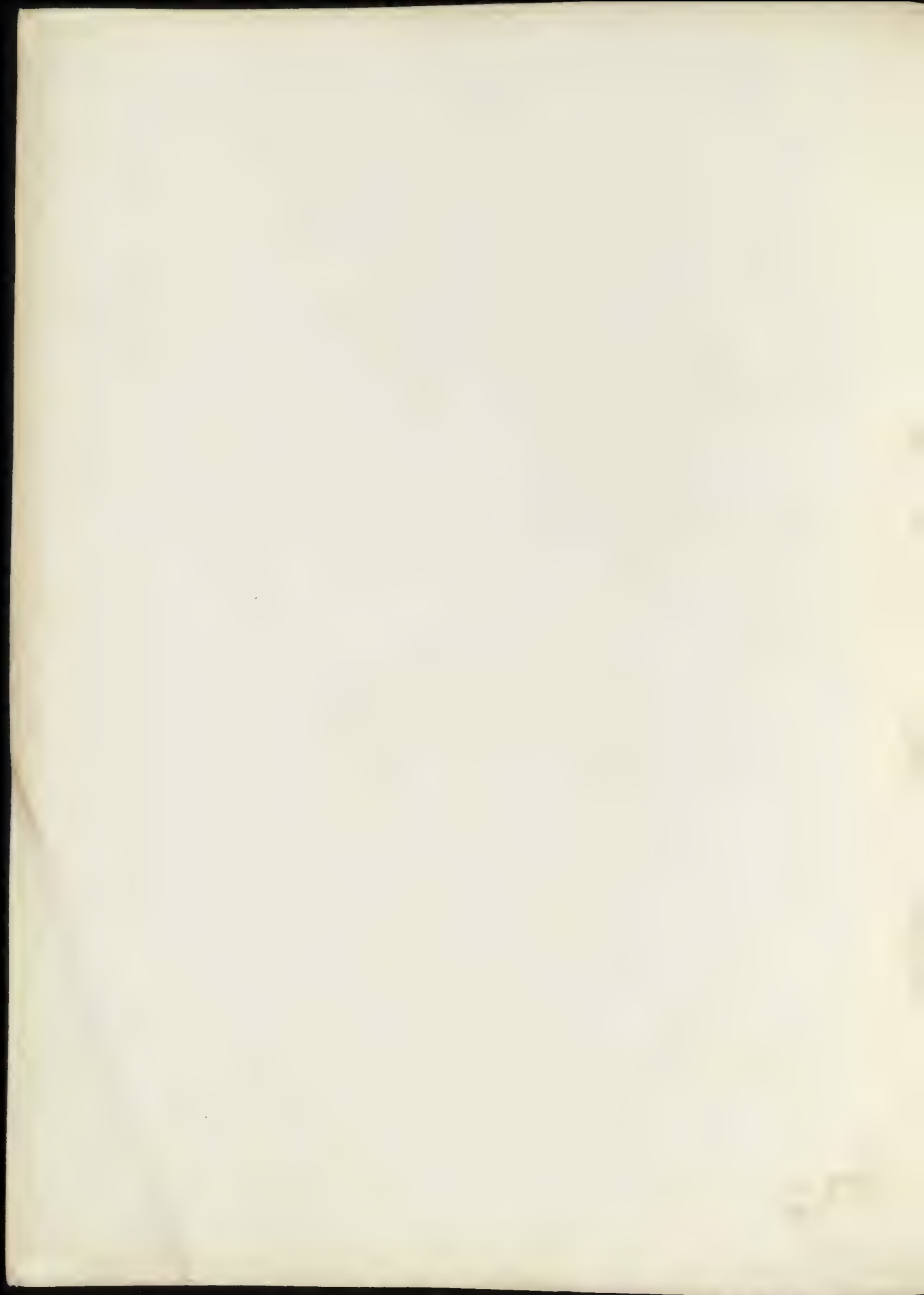
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IN

Highly Finished Line Engraving,

FROM DRAWINGS TAKEN ON THE SPOT.

BY JAMES SMILLIE.

WITH

DESCRIPTIVE NOTICES,

BY NEHEMIAH CLEAVELAND.

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believed, are some of the causes of a neglect which is more easily accounted for than justified.

It is due to the brave combatants of that day, that their names and deeds should be remembered and commemorated, in common with many others—more distinguished, only because they were more fortunate. To this end we contribute our mite. We would induce some of the countless visitors of Green-Wood to turn aside, and stand upon the spot where their fathers once stood, "shoulder to shoulder in the strife for their country." At least we would have them know, as they ride along, that the very earth beneath them was reddened in the conflict, which secured to them their great and fair inheritance.

The unsparing hand of improvement is fast sweeping away, not only the vestiges of all the old defences, but the very hills on which they were raised, at such expense of treasure and toil. Even the more distant grounds, beyond the lines of circumvallation, upon which the fight occurred, have in some instances been materially changed. The actors in those scenes are all gone. Of traditionary information but little can now be gleaned, and that little will soon have perished.

That the British would make an early and vigorous effort to obtain possession of the waters and city of New York, was anticipated, almost at the commencement of the struggle. The difficulty of defending it against a powerful army and fleet, which resulted from its position, was not diminished by the well-known disaffection to the revolutionary cause, that existed among the inhabitants. But the object was regarded as of pre-eminent importance. The magnitude of the city itself,—its convenient and accessible waters,—and particularly its position of command, at one extremity of the great communicating line between the

Atlantic and Canada,—were deemed reasons sufficient for maintaining the place at almost any hazard.

As early as February, 1776, General Lee was ordered, with a small force, to New York, to guard against apprehended danger from Sir Henry Clinton and the tories. Defensive works were begun under his direction, and continued to be prosecuted by Lord Stirling and others, until the arrival of Washington in April. For four months more, the work of fortifying went on under his eye, and the most strenuous efforts were made to provide a sufficient defence against the expected attack. At the end of June the British fleet and army began to arrive, and took immediate possession of Staten Island. By the first of August, a powerful fleet and thirty thousand men were stationed on and around it. It was this strong naval and land armament which the American general was expected to oppose and repel. The advantage seemed to be greatly on the side of the enemy. An army mostly of militia-men, who had seen no service, and knew little of discipline,—poorly clothed and ill paid,—with few of the comforts, or even necessities of the camp,—scantily provided with the arms and munitions which such a service requires, and unsupported by a single war-ship,—were to make good their ground against numbers greatly superior,—accustomed to all the duties of the drill and the field,—and completely furnished with the whole materiel of war.

Being in total uncertainty as to the point of attack, the American commander was compelled to scatter his forces, and to man a great extent of lines. In addition to the defences on Governor's Island, and on both sides of the island of New York, extending up the Hudson and East rivers for many miles, it was thought necessary to guard the western shore of Long Island, where it approaches and commands the

city. A series of strong intrenchments stretched from Red Hook quite across to the Wallabout. The woody ridge which extends along nearly the whole eastern side of Brooklyn, was guarded by detachments and pickets posted at all the openings.

Such was the position of affairs when, on the 22d of August, the British commenced landing their troops at New Utrecht, near the spot where Fort Hamilton now stands. Four days afterward, their centre, composed of Hessians, under De Hiester, was at Flatbush; the right wing, commanded by Lords Cornwallis and Percy, extended towards Flatlands; while the left wing, under General Grant, rested on the coast. From the American camp the British centre was four miles, and each of the wings about six miles distant. Very early in the morning of the 27th, two brigades under General Grant, advancing, partly along the coast-road, and partly by Martensis' Lane, which now forms the southern boundary of Green-wood, drove back the regiment stationed in that neighborhood. Lord Stirling, with two regiments of southern troops, was dispatched to oppose them. The day broke as he came in sight of his foe, whose front, on the Gowanus road, was then a little in advance of the present avenue to the Cemetery. The regiment under Col. Atlee, which was retiring before the advancing column, was immediately stationed on the left of the road, near the point where Eighteenth-street intersects it. The other two regiments were planted farther to the left, on the hill now included between Eighteenth and Twentieth-streets. A company of riflemen was posted, partly on the edge of the wood, and partly along a hedge near the foot of the hill. Some relics of this temporary shelter may still be seen,—

"There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose."

Having made his arrangements, and while momentarily expecting the attack, Lord Stirling thus addressed his men:—"The commander, soldiers, of that advancing column, is Major-general Grant. Not long since, I heard him boast, in parliament, that with five thousand men, he would undertake to march from one end of the continent to the other. He may have," added Lord S., "his five thousand men with him now. We are not so many: but I think we are enough to prevent his advancing farther on his march over the continent, than yonder mill-pond."

The British having brought forward a body of light troops, to within a hundred and fifty yards, opened their fire, which was returned with spirit. After two hours' fighting, the light troops retired to the main body. The contest was continued by cannonade for several hours longer, when the noise of firing in their rear, warned the Americans that an immediate retreat had become necessary.

Unfortunately, a pass on the extreme left of the American lines, had been left without any adequate guard. Secret foes, who knew but too well the ground, had apprized the enemy of this advantage. In the course of the night, the British right wing, making a detour through New Lotts, into the road leading from Jamaica to Bedford, was thus enabled to throw itself between the American detachments and their camp. The troops thus assailed by a fire in front and rear, mostly broke and fled. General Sullivan, with about 400 men, was posted on the heights immediately west of Flatbush. Though attacked by overwhelming forces on both sides, he bravely maintained the conflict for nearly three hours, yielding himself a prisoner only when farther resistance had become utterly futile.

While this calamitous affair was going on in the American right and

centre, Lord Cornwallis, with a strong force, was advancing toward Gowanus, and had already secured the causeway and bridge at the Upper Mills, when Lord Stirling, in his retreat, came in sight. His men could get back to the inner lines, only by crossing the marsh, and fording or swimming the creek, at some point below. To protect them in this difficult and dangerous operation, Stirling advanced against Cornwallis with 400 men—ordering all the rest to make their escape as best they could. The conflict of this forlorn hope with the veteran troops of Cornwallis, was exceedingly fierce, and at one time, all but successful. But new and overwhelming reinforcements of the enemy, rendered valor and patriotism alike unavailing. The scene of this struggle is supposed to have been principally in the neighborhood of the ancient Cortelyou house, still standing on the old road to Gowanus, with the date, 1699, in large figures on its gable. Numerous skeletons disinterred in its immediate vicinity—and some of them quite recently—leave little doubt respecting the locality.

Stirling, having by this engagement secured the safety of his main body, made an attempt to escape with his small surviving remnant. But he was now hemmed completely in, and submitting to his fate, he surrendered. Several historians,—and the traditions of the neighborhood, accredited even to this day,—have affirmed that large numbers perished in attempting to cross the marsh. The same statement was made by General Howe, in his official dispatch. It is, nevertheless, undoubtedly a mistake. A letter is extant, written a few weeks after the engagement, by Col. Haslet, who commanded a regiment in Stirling's brigade, and was one of those who crossed the marsh. He states, unequivocally, that the retreat over the marsh "was effected in good order, with the loss of one man drowned in passing."

There is no reason to suppose that there was much fighting within what is now the Cemetery enclosure. But sharpshooters are known to have been perched in and among the trees, which then covered thickly that whole range of hills; and tradition has it, that one small party of riflemen was surrounded and exterminated, on the very eminence presented in the plate. That these practised marksmen would find little mercy at the hands of an enemy, which had experienced the fatal precision of their aim, was only to be expected. In one instance, at least, a British officer, unwilling to remain the object of their too partial attentions, left his post and men, and took shelter in a neighboring farm-house.

As the bodies of the victims in this struggle were mostly interred where they fell, there can be little doubt that Green-wood is the sleeping-place of some of them. It is time that a spot were set apart, on its most commanding and beautiful eminence, in honor of these early martyrs for freedom. Here should be deposited the relics which have been, or from time to time shall be, recovered, in the numerous excavations now going on, within and around these grounds. It may be difficult, nay, impossible to distinguish friend from foe. It matters not. To the sturdy Briton, who in death remembered his dear island-home;—the poor, hired Hessian, whose last thoughts were of his wife and children on the far-distant Rhine;—and the patriot yeoman, whose dying hour was sweetened by the reflection that he fell in a righteous cause;—to each and all, an honorable burial.

“Gather him to his grave again,
And solemnly and softly lay,
Beneath the verdure of the plain,
The warrior's scatter'd bones away.”

And here we may allude to another act of justice and gratitude, which ought not longer to be delayed. It is well known that the remains of the American prisoners, who died in such numbers in the British prison-ships, and whose bodies were huddled into the earth on a hill in North Brooklyn, were a few years since piously rescued from desecration, and consigned to a vault not far from the entrance to the United States Navy Yard. This arrangement—the act of one generous individual—must, of necessity, be regarded as temporary. The spot and structure are destitute not only of security against future molestation, but of the dignity and solidity which become such a tomb. Some faint efforts have indeed been made to accomplish their removal to Green-wood. But, why await the tardy action of the General Government? Is there not enough of patriotism and gratitude in these two great and wealthy communities, to raise the means for a decent, nay, for a noble tribute to those unfortunate men, who died for their country as truly, as though they had fallen on the battle-field, and in the very hour of victory? Taken while defending that country's cause, were they less to be commiserated while living, or less to be honored and deplored in death,—that they were compelled to experience the pestilential damps and nauseous horrors of those dismal cabins, into which they were crowded like so many sheep? How many fond husbands and fathers,—how many well-beloved sons, amid those appalling scenes of want, sickness, and death, must have sighed for the comforts and the solace of the homes, which they were never more to see! But we forbear. Our strongest conception of such a scene, how far short must it fall of the stern reality! In that masterpiece of reasoning and eloquence, the Oration for the Crown, the incomparable orator, arguing the point, that well-meant endeavor, and not

success, is the test and proof of merit, reminds his countrymen that their funeral honors had ever been paid to all who fell in the service of Athens—the unsuccessful as well as the victorious brave. The citizens of a great and flourishing state, in the brightest era of civilization and Christianity, should learn a lesson here, from pagan Greece. Must some Demosthenes arise, with superhuman power, to explain and enforce their duty, before they will hear and obey its dictates?

The position assigned to Lord Stirling's troops and General Grant's brigade, in the plans of the battle which accompany Marshall's History, and Sparks' Washington,—a plan which has been lately copied, without correction, in Duer's Life of Stirling,—is very erroneous. On those plans, the contending forces are placed about opposite to Yellow Hook; whereas, in fact, Stirling did not advance beyond the middle of Gowanus Bay—nor farther south than a hill on Wyckoff's grounds, lying between what, in the future topography of the city, will be Eighteenth and Twentieth-streets. There was, however, if we may credit tradition, a little fighting in the neighborhood of Yellow Hook—a slight skirmish, not noticed in any of the published accounts, between the advancing British and Atlee's retiring regiment, in which a few lives were lost.

The Knickerbocker Magazine for April, 1839, contains an interesting article on the battle of Long Island, prepared from a discourse originally delivered before the New York Historical Society, by Samuel Ward, Jr. It is illustrated by an engraved sketch of the battleground, which is believed to be, by far, the most accurate of any yet published. The plan was drawn by Major D. B. Douglass, formerly of the U. S. army, from personal inspection. The major, to whose energy and taste Green-wood Cemetery is largely indebted, had

examined the entire battle-ground, with the eye of a soldier as well as surveyor, and the sketch which he furnished, may be relied on as authentic and complete.

Much has been written respecting the causes of this defeat. The sudden illness of General Greene, who had superintended the fortifications, and knew all the circumstances and necessities of the American position,—the neglect, consequent, perhaps, on the change of commanders, to guard properly the Jamaica road,—were doubtless the immediate causes of the surprise, the rout, the capture of two generals, and of so many soldiers.

But had it been otherwise,—had every precaution been taken,—little more could have been done, or was probably expected, than to check the advancing foe. The American forces might have retreated in good order, with comparatively small loss—but they must have retreated. Five thousand raw recruits—few of whom had ever been in battle, and most of whom must have fought without cover—could not long have resisted twenty thousand well-appointed veterans. The real wonder is, that they did so well. It was the first fight of the war, which took place in the open field. To no greater trial of courage could those patriot, but unpractised soldiers have been put. Praise to their memories!—most of them stood well the test. They boldly faced, or repeatedly charged the foe—and fled or yielded, only when longer resistance would have been madness, and utter extermination.

There is, perhaps, no period in the revolutionary struggle, to which we can recur more profitably, than to the anxious summer and the gloomy autumn of 1776. The courage which survived such disasters; the hope which lived on amid so many discouragements; the faith which no reverses nor difficulties could shake, and which finally rose

triumphant over them all,—have long commanded, and must ever command the wonder of the world. And shall they not awaken something more than admiration in us, to whose benefit they have inured so largely?

It was while chilled by these blasts of adversity,—while watered, as it were, by the tears of those great spirits, who for a long time could bring to the suffering cause little besides their own indomitable energies,—that the tree of freedom was sending its roots outward and downward, and gathering strength for that rapidly expanding growth, which marked the summer of its prosperity. It is not, be it ever remembered, the magnitude of armies—the masterly tactics by which mighty masses are made to march and countermarch—the brilliancy of the charge—the steady bravery of the repulse—or all the bloody statistics of the most ensanguined conflict, which can attach to military operations a true and lasting interest. A hundred terrible battles gave to Napoleon a fame unequalled in the annals of war, and that “name at which the world grew pale.” But they were unconnected with high principle,—they were followed by no great, benignant results,—and in the sober estimate of future times, will rank, in importance, far below those Fabian campaigns which laid the foundations of an empire, that already walks, with its rank unchallenged, among the foremost powers of earth.

Not in vain, then, was even the *defeat* of Brooklyn; not in vain, the anguish with which the usually calm spirit of Washington was that day torn. Not in vain were those two anxious days and nights which he passed on horseback, and which saved from death or captivity, nine thousand men. These, and more,—the reluctant abandonment of the city,—the cowardice and desertion of the militia,—the loss of the forts,

—and that sad retreat of the reduced, discouraged, barefooted, and half-naked army through the Jerseys,—were all needed. In the immortal letters and dispatches of the great commander, and in the painful annals of the time, we read the cost and the value of what we are now enjoying. Without these we had not fully known how inherent, how enduring and elastic is the power of an earnest and virtuous patriotism. Without them, even the transcendent name of Washington could not have filled the mighty measure of its fame.

THE GERMAN LOTS—THE ODD-FELLOWS' GROUNDS.

"Pilgrims that journey for a certain time,—
Weak birds of passage crossing stormy seas,
To reach a better and a brighter clime,—
We find our parallels and types in these!
Meanwhile, since death, and sorrow, and disease,
Bid helpless hearts a barren pity feel;
Why to the Poor should check'd compassion freeze?
BROTHERS, be gentle to that one appeal,—
Want is the only wo God gives you power to heal!"

THE enclosures presented in this plate, are upon Lawn Avenue. One of them is a public lot, where a single grave, at moderate cost, can always be had. Another, of about the same size, belongs to several German families. The ardor with which these emigrants cherish all the ties of kin and country, is well known. Far away from the homes and graveyards of their Fatherland, it is natural that they should cling together in life,—and that, in death, they should wish to lie side by side. Beyond the Public Lot extend, for a considerable distance, the grounds of the Odd-Fellows. Several Lodges of this charitable and great fraternity have here made provision for their last resting-place. This spot has already become populous; and hundreds of long low mounds, in close juxtaposition, betoken the aspect which, through its entire extent, Green-Wood must assume at no distant day.

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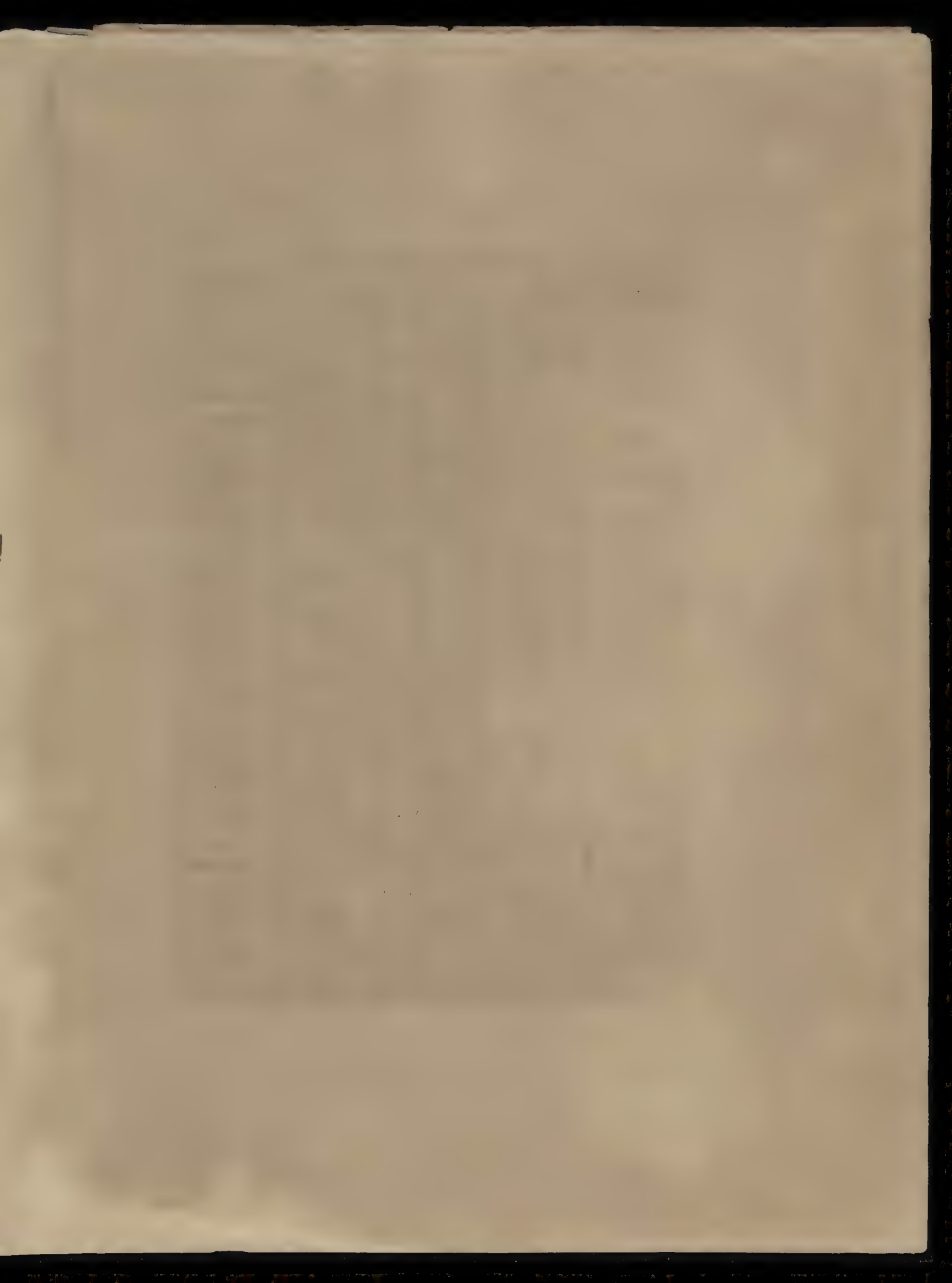
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THE RURAL CEMETERIES OF AMERICA.—This subject possesses such a sacred and tender interest with many of us, that a publication like this of Mr. Martin's cannot fail of being successful. The views are in highly finished line engraving, and the letter-press is a worthy companion to them in the work.—CHRISTIAN ENQUIRER, Dec. 19, 1846.

THE GREEN-WOOD SERIES.—The ordinary cant phrases used in the criticism (?) of new works, such as "a beautiful publication," etc., fail in their application when a *really* elegant thing appears, like this superb Green-Wood Illustrated. The first number is embellished with an engraving of the Entrance to the Cemetery, another of the Keeper's Lodge, another of Post's Mound, and a fourth of Ocean Hill,—all of surpassing truth and fineness. The peculiarities of that Beautiful Place of Graves are preserved in each of them; the sombre shade of the trees even, and the heavy pall, draping, as it were, the atmosphere there. We love to see the multiplicity of such pictures Green-Wood. We love to see the publication of a work imbued with a kindred spirit. The drawings in Green-Wood Illustrated were taken on the spot by James Smillie, and the literary department is by N. Cleveland.—BROOKLYN EAGLE, Aug. 15, 1846.

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PART 7.

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PRICE \$1 00.

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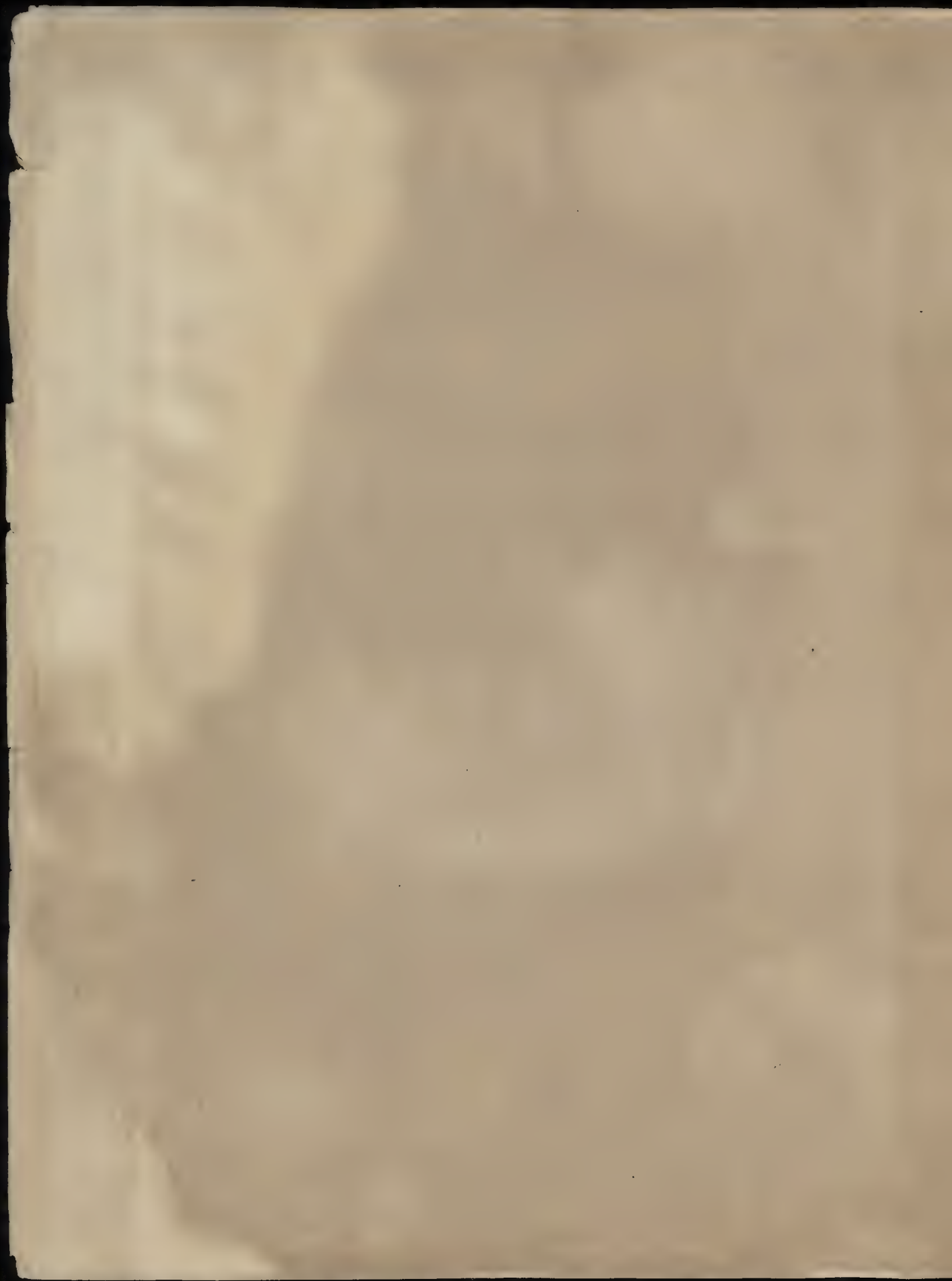
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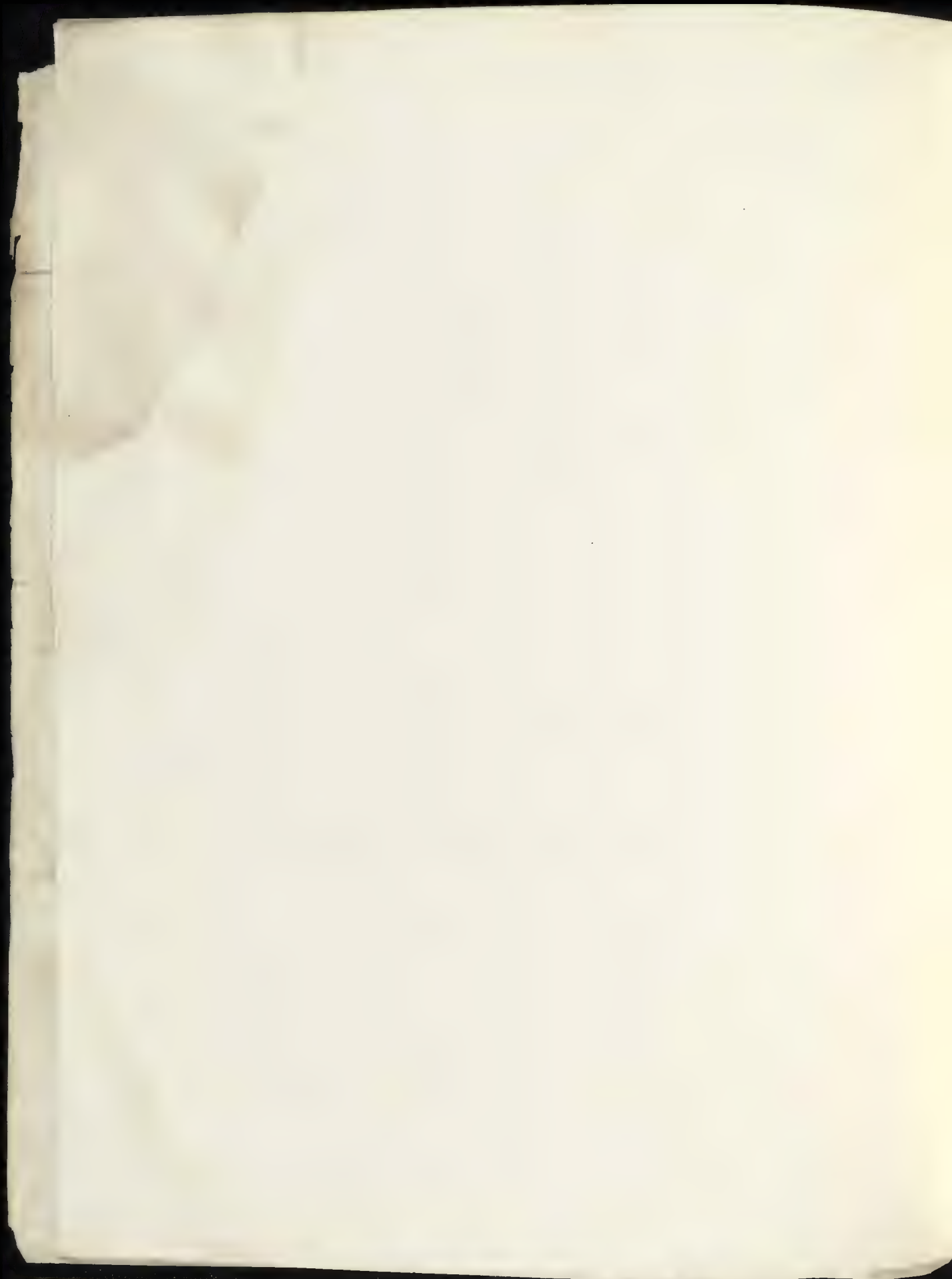
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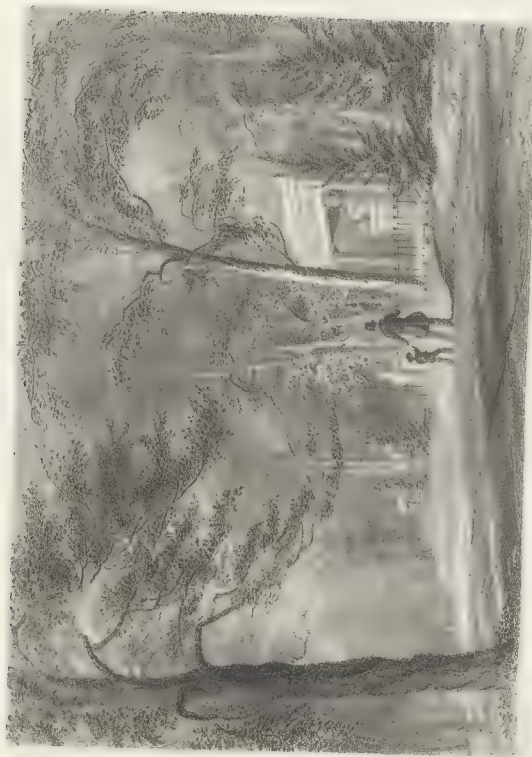
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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1947,

By ROBERT MARTIN,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

MOUNT AUBURN.

" Here I have 'scaped the city's stifling heat,
Its horrid sounds, and its polluted air ;
And, where the season's milder fervors beat,
And gales that sweep the forest borders, bear
The song of birds and sound of running stream,
Am come awhile to wander and to dream."

[BRYANT.]

" And northern pilgrims, with slow, lingering feet,
Stray round each vestige of thy loved retreat,
And spend in homage half one sunny day,
Before they pass upon their wandering way."

THE beautiful forest-tract which has been chosen, by so many of the citizens of Boston and its environs, as a fitting spot to be the last resting-place of the living when dust shall be returned to its original dust, has emphatically a history of its own—a history not more of data, possession, and original ownership, than of thoughts and contemplations. An unwritten history, it is true, it must ever be; but if those thickly wooded vales, yet fresh with the growth of centuries, could be endowed with language, many an ethical and pathetic story could they tell. Volumes of varied material might they give, woven of the heart-thoughts of countless wayfaring pilgrims, who have sought a couch and canopy under the spreading branches of the umbrageous trees, to meditate on present plans and future prospects, ere launching

their barks upon the ocean of life, and whilst nerving themselves to breast the adverse billows,—*hoping* to float calmly upon prosperous waves. “Anticipation shadows forth enjoyments which we never realize; and though hope should fill the chalice to overflowing, disappointment may draw off its waters whilst our parched lips are quivering at the brim.” *Happy hours*, however, dwell in the memory precisely as man has passed through them; and, as “a thing of beauty is a joy forever,” so those periods of meditation which have been derived from the enticements of Mount Auburn, will remain constantly fixed in the recollection, as bright oases in the pilgrimage of life. We have heard of a venerable octogenarian, who for sixty-five years made annual visits to this seat of many a boyish ramble, every summer bringing with it an increase of pleasure, even as time brought to the old man a decrease of strength. But the pleasure was in *contemplation*; the gratification was derived from his better views of life. In youth he sought the rustic spot, to chase the gray-squirrel from her nest,—to gather wild-flowers midst the dark green woods,—or to carve his name upon the bark of the noble trees, in a vain reaching after immortality;—in middle life, he found yet other pleasures amid strange vicissitudes;—and in old age, he had learned the lesson that “he who anticipates the enjoyment of high-raised hopes, builds castles in the air, calculates on a meteor, anchors in a cloud.” He had “a hope full of immortality,” and ere he drew his last breath, he saw the scene of his wanderings converted into a field of the dead! . Then he deeply realized that “all that we behold is full of blessings,” and he felt again a fulness of joy,—

“Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her.”

Life is full of changes; and Mount Auburn itself is an illustration of a change. A fairy region it has seemed to the traveller and student, who have sought its sequestration for the purposes of intellectual indulgence;—a terrestrial paradise it has proved to all seekers after the beautiful in nature; and, so enticing have been its groves, its scenery and associations, that it received long since, the significant appellation of "*Sweet Auburn*"—a name, as yet, unforgotten, though innovation has been at work, and the favorite resort of the promenading explorer, the inviting ground of the botanist, the charmed retreat of the thoughtful student, has become dedicated earth—a consecrated spot—a rural cemetery—a "garden of graves!" Who now will enter such a place, without the joy of elevated thought? FAITH interfuses itself throughout the whole of being, when we contemplate man's future destiny, and the soul's immortality; and, in walking abroad with nature, amidst the graves of a departing generation, there is, in the language of Wordsworth,

"A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thoughts,
And rolls through all things."

The eye of the mind never wilfully blinds itself amidst such a scene. Our very *faith* gives to us an awakened sense, and we are again well pleased, with the poet,

—————"to recognise
In nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of our purest thoughts; the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of our hearts, and soul
Of all our moral being."

That which was once an unappropriated woodland, known as

"Stone's Woods," and more lovingly designated as "Sweet Auburn," has become a burial-place for the dead, having a peculiar affinity with the spirit-land, even while amidst the very rank and range of mortal being. The acacia and the willow now emulate each other in their melancholy offices of love, and gently bend over the graves of the loved and lost, as they were wont to wave over the brow of contemplation; and they now shed the dew of morning and evening upon the *monuments* of genius, as they erst have shaken off the sparkling drops upon the mighty men, of which the enduring stone has become the meet memorial.

And it is indeed a fitting spot for such a purpose. The place which, as we have shown, has so courted the repose of the living, seems naturally to be appropriate for the sepulchre of the dead. The sombre shade of its groves, the solemn calm of all things around, appeal to the religious sense, and strike upon the mind as God's appointed indications of a "field of peace;" and the everywhere pervasive quiet is as an heaven-destined consecration for that "sleep which knows no waking."

And now, let us look again around us. We gaze upon the monuments, mounds, and tombs; we read the inscriptions and epitaphs with a pleasant feeling of veneration and reverence for those who have departed life in our own day and generation. The rural cemetery of Mount Auburn is too newly planned for *old* associations; and we wander over the verdant earth which encloses so much of recently departed life, with a tide of rushing recollections. Not as the traveller or modern Roman walks amongst the burial-ways of ancient Rome, and passes by the "nameless monuments of nameless existences, long since gone out amid the perpetual extinguishment of life;" but with a deep

and clinging interest, as though we walked amongst a multitudinous kindred, and held high and ennobling converse with the beatified spirits of those cherished ones who are not lost to us, but only "gone before." It is hallowed ground on which we tread, and the deep, dark wood is holy. The monuments of Mount Auburn mark an earthly sepulchre; but the spot itself, with its abundant and impressive beauties, is, as it were, the inscribed Monument of Nature to the never-fading greatness of the supreme Judge of both quick and dead—the invincible Arbiter of our fate, both here and hereafter! Heathen must be that heart which does not worship the Almighty amidst these consecrated fanes. To the true imagination, God should be *seen* in the bright light which beams in the noontide over those wavy forest-trees; he should be *heard* in the wind-murmurings which make the leaves rustle, and sway the tender grass; he should be *felt* "in the sorrows which, to the heart of sympathy, are living all around us, in the gentle sighings of bereft companions and friends!"

MOUNT AUBURN CEMETERY.

WE are "strangers and sojourners" here. We have need of "a possession of a burying-place that we may bury our dead out of our sight." Let us have "the field and the cave which is therein; and all the trees that are in the field, and that are in the borders round about;" and let them "be made sure for a possession of a burying-place."

It appears from the various published records, and it is gratefully admitted by a more than satisfied public, that Mount Auburn Cemetery owes its origin to DR. JACOB BIGELOW, of Boston, the present president of the Corporation—a gentleman who early became impressed with the impolicy of burials under churches or in churchyards approximating closely to the abodes of the living. By him the plan for the rural cemetery was first conceived, and the first meeting on the subject called at his house in November, 1825. The project met the favorable consideration of his friends, among whom were various individuals, whose judgment in such matters was known to be correct, and whose influence proved to be effective. Included in the number were the late Judge Story, the late John Lowell, Esq., the late George Bond, Esq., the Hon. Edward Everett, Wm. Sturgis, Esq., Gen. Dearborn, Nathan Hale, Esq., Thomas W. Ward, Esq., Samuel P. Gardner, Esq., John Tappan, Esq., and others.

No suitable place, however, was fixed upon until nearly five years afterwards, when Dr. Bigelow obtained from George W. Brimmer, Esq., the overture of the land then called "Sweet Auburn," for the purpose of

a cemetery. The Massachusetts Horticultural Society was established in 1829, and, whilst in its infancy, and when the project for the cemetery also was but in embryo, it was thought by the parties concerned, that by an union of the objects of each, the success and prosperity of both would be finally insured. The Horticultural Society, after due consideration, decided to purchase the land of Mr. Brimmer (then comprising about 72 acres) for \$6000, and it was determined to devote it to the purposes of a rural cemetery, and experimental garden. The ground was enclosed and consecrated in September, 1831. The Experimental Garden, owing to reasons unnecessary to introduce here, was subsequently relinquished; and, after a certain time, the proprietors of the Cemetery lots resolved to purchase the land from the Horticultural Society, and to appropriate its whole extent as a place of interment. This arrangement was amicably made, and an Act of Incorporation by the Legislature was obtained by the new proprietors in 1835, by which the Cemetery is exempted from public taxes, and its management vested in a Board of Trustees. From this moment the enterprise prospered, as so admirable an undertaking, and one so entirely divested of all selfish interests of pecuniary gain, might be expected to do.

The Rural Cemetery of Mount Auburn, in Massachusetts, has been the example and pattern of every similar institution in the United States. It was commenced long before any other was thought of, and it has struck a chord, the vibrations of which were destined to be felt throughout our country.

Besides the very important business of laying out the ground in avenues, paths, and lots, it was a part of the original design to build a suitable gateway, a building for the superintendent, a strong and

durable enclosure, a chapel, and an observatory on the top of the highest eminence; to procure the draining of some of the low land, so as to make it available for cemetery purposes, and to amass a permanent fund to keep it in good order. Most of these objects have been attained, as our after pages will show, and a permanent fund may be considered as already secure. Enough money to have formed such a fund has already been received over and above expenses; but it has wisely been thought advisable for the present, to appropriate such surplus to those permanent and utilitarian improvements, which would exhibit this pattern Cemetery to the world as a great and laudable undertaking—a wholly successful enterprise.

Ever since the first incorporation of the institution, much of its care has, by the Trustees, been vested in the discretion of Dr. Bigelow, and by him the designs of the stone gateway, the iron fence, and the new chapel, have been made.

That admirable man and eminent jurist, JOSEPH STORY, LL.D., was the first President, and gave his influential support to the establishment during its infancy. He delivered the consecrating address, he frequented its walks, and engaged in its concerns with a truly parental interest, which lasted while his life continued.

General H. A. S. DEARBORN gave his aid in a disinterested and indefatigable manner. By him the capacities of the ground were studied, and the avenues and paths chiefly laid out, whilst the belt of trees in front of the Cemetery was planted at his expense.

The late GEORGE W. BRIMMER, Esq., the proprietor of the seventy-two acres first obtained by the society, liberally disposed of it for its present purpose *at cost*, and freely bestowed both his time and cultivated taste upon its early improvement.

CHARLES P. CURTIS, Esq., by his financial and legal services rendered important assistance during the formation of the institution, and has been an active trustee from the beginning.

The late GEORGE BOND, Esq., was an early and ardent friend of the enterprise, and during his lifetime, performed many essential services in furtherance of the objects of the society.—Martin Brimmer, late Mayor of Boston, James Read, Isaac Parker, B. A. Gould, B. R. Curtis, Esqrs., and the late Joseph P. Bradlee, Esq., were its early and active supporters.

We mention these brief facts in proof that earnestness of purpose, combined with individual enthusiasm and perseverance, can securely carry into effect any laudable and practicable undertaking.

Mount Auburn Cemetery had a diligent and clear-sighted projector, and an influential board to carry out the necessary designs—who began with properly directed views in regard to the benefit of living humanity. It has therefore gone on and prospered. Already its limits have been extended by a new purchase of land, and it now covers one hundred and ten acres. Upwards of one thousand two hundred proprietors have purchased lots of varied extent, and there is room enough for vast additions to the numbers of the buried dead. "Mount Auburn," said the lamented Story, in his Consecration Address, "in the noblest sense, belongs no longer to the living, but to the dead. It is a sacred, it is an eternal trust. It is consecrated ground. May it remain forever, inviolate!"

The distance of Mount Auburn from the metropolis of Massachusetts is about four miles. It is partly within the limits of Cambridge and Watertown, and is situated on the south side of the main road leading from the first-named town to the last. The Cemetery is laid

out, thus far, in twenty-three intersecting avenues, and about seventy-four foot-paths; and here we may be permitted to re-appropriate the lines of the poet, in applying to *natural* beauty what he so properly condemns in the formal school of his time; and to say literally, in view of the forest umbrageousness of these numerous openings, that

"——— tree nods to tree,
Each alley has its brother."

The avenues are winding in their course and exceedingly beautiful in their gentle circuits, adapted picturesquely to the inequalities of the surface of the ground, and producing charming landscape effects from this natural arrangement, such as could never be had from straightness or regularity. Various small lakes, or ponds of different size and shape, embellish the grounds; and some of these have been so cleansed, deepened, and banked, as to present a pleasant feature in this widespread extent of forest loveliness—this ground of hallowed purpose. The gates of the enclosure are opened at sunrise and closed at sunset, and thither crowds go up to meditate, and to wander in a field of peace; to twine the votive garland around the simple headstone, or to sow the seed of floral life over the new-made grave—fit emblems of our own growth, decay, and death. Mount Auburn appears to be "the first example in modern times of so large a tract of ground being selected for its natural beauties, and submitted to the processes of landscape gardening, to prepare it for the reception of the dead."

The present price of a lot is \$100 for three hundred superficial square feet, and in proportion for a larger lot. The number of monuments already erected, amounts to nearly three hundred, many of

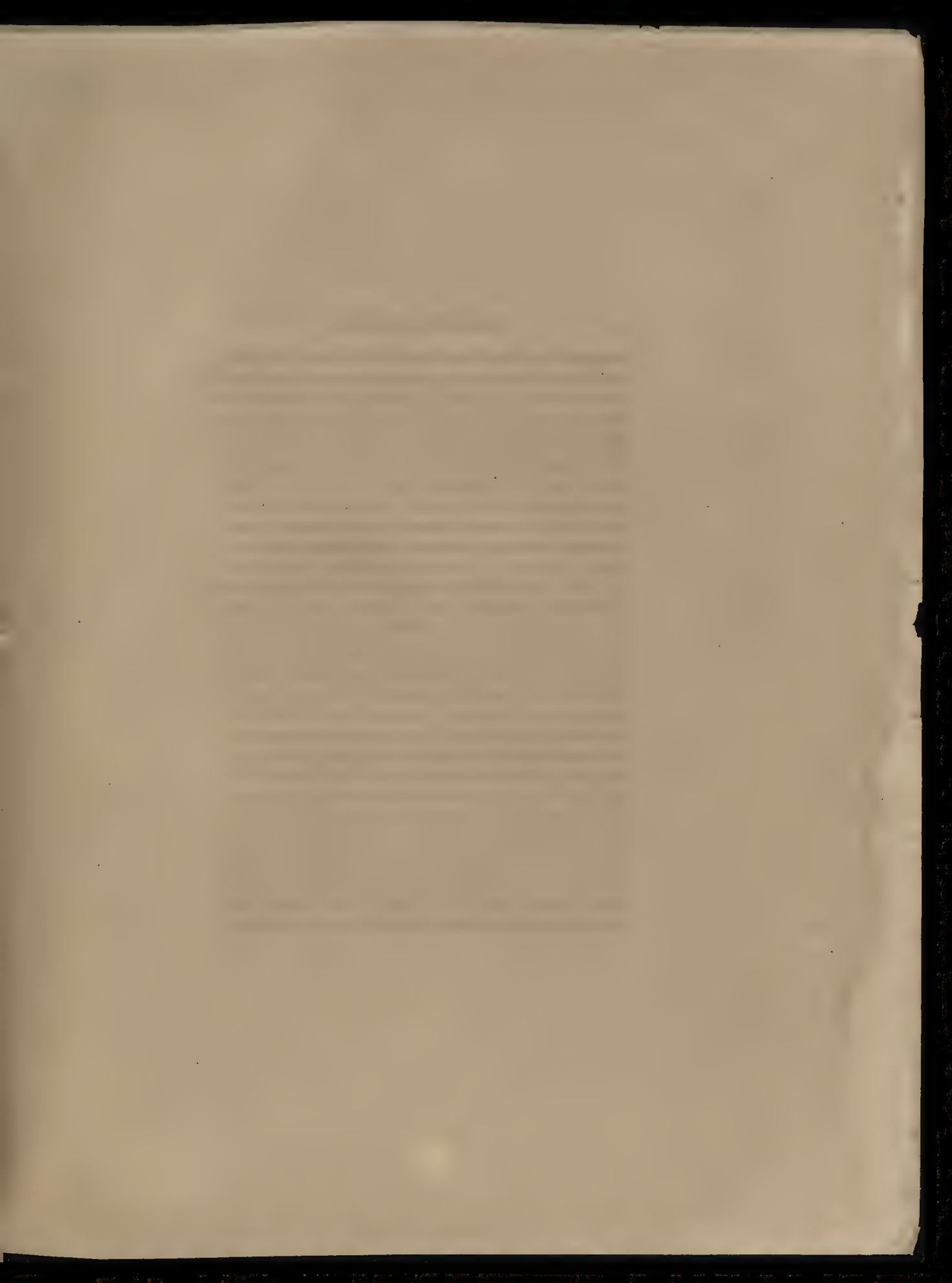
which are elegant and costly. Limited pecuniary means will probably ever be a reason why the majority of these tributes to the departed will be of a simple character, and erected at small expense. But *good taste*, happily, is not subservient to the power of gold, and should ever be consulted even in the simplest memorial. The wealth which justifies large expenditures is not always successfully applied, and we have seen sepulchral structures of high cost, which, to the beholder, admitted of no other feeling than that they were monuments of the bad taste of the designer. An understanding of purely classic forms, and a chaste taste, will cause an enduring memorial to be placed over a departed friend, which shall be a model of unpretending beauty; but a false taste will erect a clumsy mass of granite or marble, which shall exhibit, perhaps, a futile effort to surpass others, and be in reality an architectural abomination. The grassy and elevated mound duly planted with the flowers of the revolving seasons, and watered by the hand of affection, is a far better and more pleasing monument than an unsuccessful effort of the other kind, and infinitely more grateful to the traveller's eye. "I have seen," says the venerable Chateaubriand, "memorable monuments to Crassus and to Cæsar, but I prefer the airy tombs of the Indians, those mausoleums of flowers and verdure refreshed by the morning dew, embalmed and fanned by the breeze, and over which waves the same branch where the blackbird builds his nest, and utters forth his plaintive melody."

To render Mount Auburn or any other rural burial-place all that it ought to be in the way of monumental beauty, the utmost care should be paid to the classic selection and proper variety of its sepulchral devices—its cenotaphs, monoliths, and obelisks; and they should be constructed of material least calculated to be impaired by the

influences of time and weather. Neatness should always be observed in the cultivation of that floral growth which constitutes another kind of burial offering. The flowers planted on or around the spot of interment, whilst as far as possible maintaining their natural appearance, should never be permitted to run together and crowd like weeds, but should be so carefully trained, separated, and arranged, as to impress the passer-by with a sure feeling that those interred beneath, have a perpetual memory in the hearts of the survivors; that they are duly cared for as perennial memorials of the love of friends, or, what is more comforting still, as symbols and types of the resurrection!

"Then will we love the modest flower,
And cherish it with tears;
It minds us of our fleeting time,
Yet chases all our fears.

"And when our hour of rest shall be,
We will not weep our doom;
So angel-mission'd flowers may come
And gather round the tomb!"



THE RURAL CEMETERIES OF AMERICA.

It has been invidiously asserted by some writers, that America is a land for the *living only*, and that due respect and veneration for the dead have no place in the memory and affections of the American people. The *truth* is, however, that in no other country has the desire to provide suitable repositories for the mortal remains of departed friends, been more generally or more *tastefully* displayed. Travellers, indeed, on visiting our shores, are now compelled to admit that the RURAL CEMETERIES OF AMERICA excel, beyond comparison, those of any other country, both in the natural beauty of their scenery, and in the great extent of their grounds, as well as in the tasteful and liberal manner in which they are embellished and conducted.

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PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

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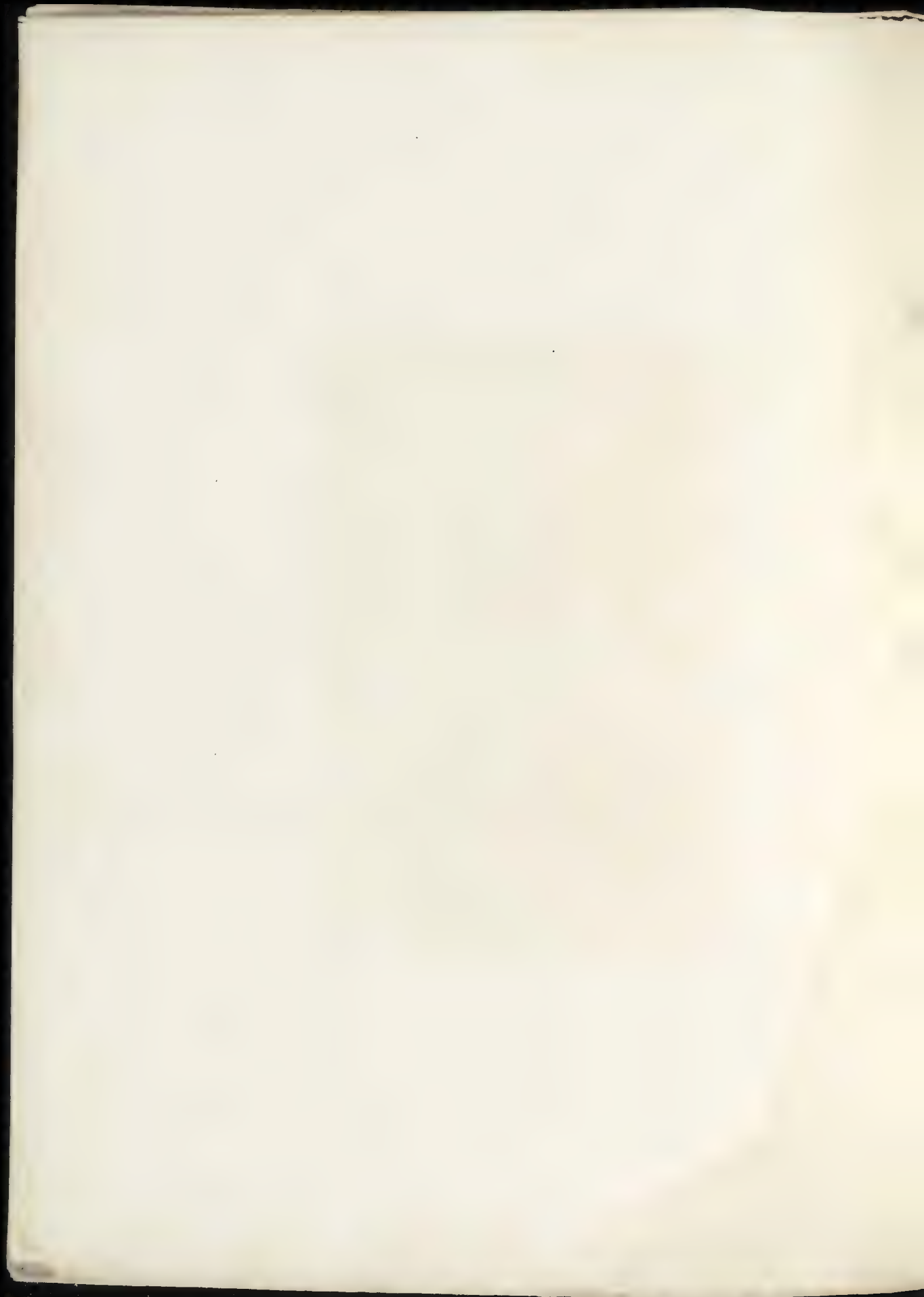
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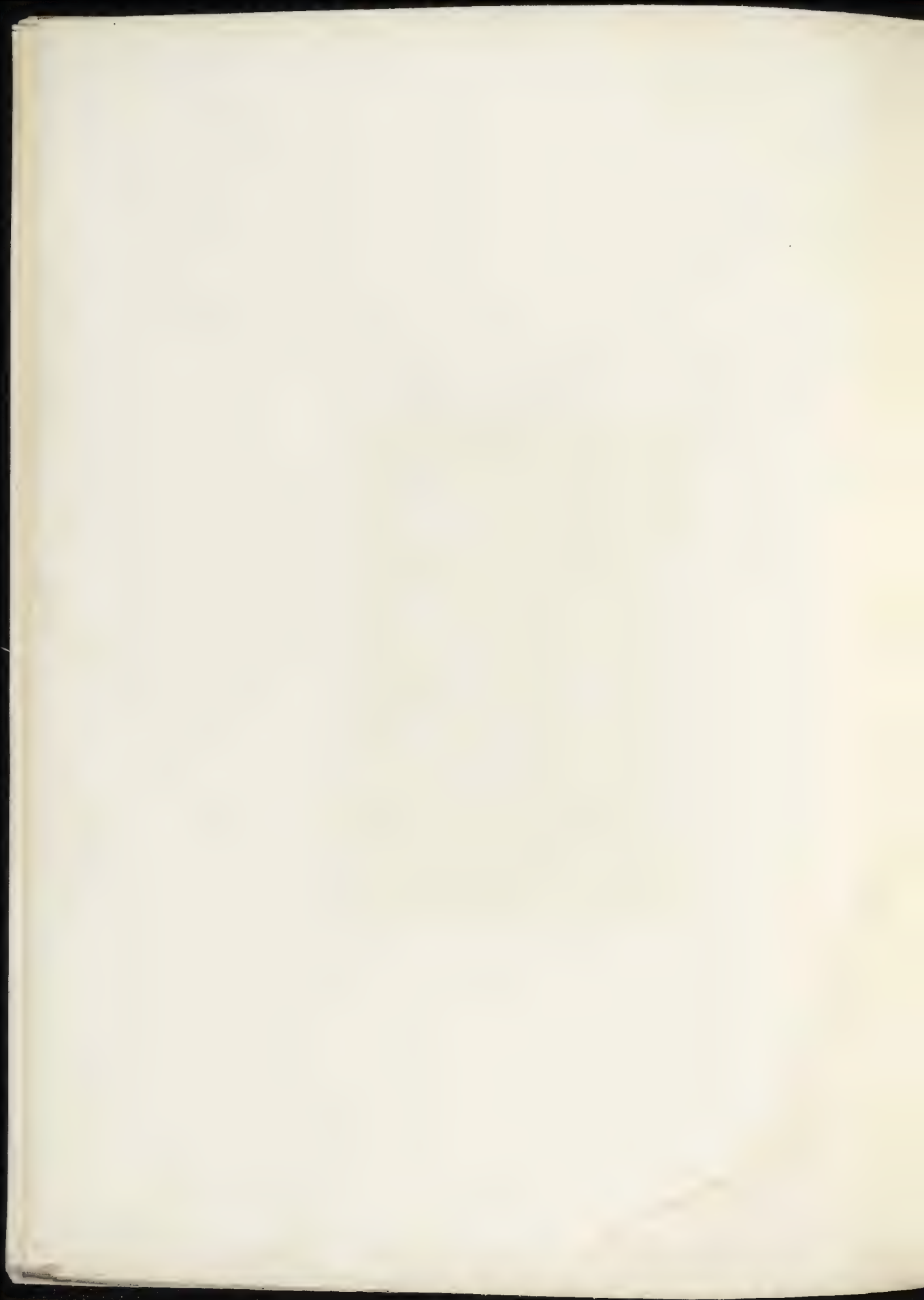
1847















THE PORTAL.

"Speak low! the place is holy to the breath
Of awful harmonies, of whisper'd prayer;
Tread lightly! for the sanctity of death
Broods with a voiceless influence on the air:
Stern, yet serene! a reconciling spell,
Each troubled billow of the soul to quell."

THE main entrance to this favored "haunt of nature"—this solemn, and now consecrated fane—exemplifies the beauty of adaptation to the dignity of a mighty sepulchre,—one of those forest-groves which the poet has called the "first temples" of the Almighty—one of those ancient sanctuaries, which had their being long

"Ere man had learn'd
To hew the shaft and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them."

Originally the portal was of wood, rough-cast, in imitation of stone, and the connected paling on either side was of wood also. The lofty entrance-gate has now been reconstructed, in granite, in the same style of architecture as at first—the Egyptian—and it presents to the

beholder an imposing structure, the very massiveness and complete workmanship of which, insures an almost eternal duration. It is less heavy, however, than the common examples of that style. Its piers have not the pyramidal or sloping form so common in Egyptian edifices, but are made vertically erect, like the more chaste examples in the great portals of Thebes and Denderah. The massive cornice by which it is surmounted is of a single stone, measuring 24 feet in height by 12 in breadth. It is ornamented with the "winged globe" and fluted foliage of the Egyptian style, and bears underneath this inscription, in raised letters, between its filleted mouldings:—

"THEN SHALL THE DUST RETURN TO THE EARTH AS IT WAS, AND THE SPIRIT SHALL
RETURN UNTO GOD WHO GAVE IT."

"MOUNT AUBURN.

CONSECRATED SEPTEMBER 24, 1831."

The two low structures at the sides, are rooms occupied as the porter's lodge, and the office of the superintendent.

As regards monuments or designs of the Egyptian style, for places of Christian interment, we are aware that an objection made to them has been, that they mark a period anterior to Christian civilization—a period of relative degradation and paganism; but it has ever been a pleasure with the thoughtful, to look beyond the actual *appearance* of a figure, to the right development of its original idea. The now mythologized doctrines of Egypt, seem to have been the original

source of others more ennobling; and hieroglyphical discoveries have traced, and are tracing them far beyond the era of the pyramids, to an unknown limit, but to a pure, sacred, and divine source. When the art of writing was unknown, the primeval Egyptians resorted to symbols and emblems to express their faith; and these, as correctly interpreted, certainly present many sublime ideas in connection with those great truths which in an after age constituted the doctrines of "*Christianity*." Some of their sculptures and paintings were undoubtedly symbolical of the resurrection of the soul, a dread of the final judgment, and a belief in Omnipotent justice. The very *pyramidal shape*, of which the Egyptians were so fond, is believed to indicate an idea not disgraceful to a wholly Christian era. The reason why this form was chosen for their tombs, is declared by the learned Rosellini to have been, because it represented *the mountain*, the holy hill, the divine sanctuary cut in the mountain, i. e., *the tomb*. The *mountain* was sacred among the Egyptians as the abode of the dead, and was identical with the *sepulchre*, the nether world, and their *Amenti*, the future state. The image or figure of a hill became an emblem of *death*, and the pyramidal form, which imitated it, was a funereal symbol—an object consecrated to the abode of the departed. The "winged globe," which is carved on the gateway of Mount Auburn, is a most beautiful emblem of benign protection. In the form of a sun, with outstretched wings, it covers the façades of most Egyptian buildings, and was the primitive type of the divine wisdom—the universal Protector. We do not know of a more fitting emblem than this for the abode of the dead, which we may well suppose to be overshadowed with the protecting wings of Him who is the great author of our being—the "giver of life and death."

The gateway of Mount Auburn opens from what is known as the old Cambridge road, and in front of Central Avenue, on the north boundary line of the Cemetery. This avenue forms a wide carriage-road, and is one of the most beautiful openings ever improved for such a purpose. With the exception of the necessary grading, levelling, and cutting down of the brushwood, and the planting of a few trees, it has been left as Nature has made it. On either side it is overshadowed by the foliage of forest-trees, firs, pines, and other evergreens; and here you first begin to see the monuments starting up from the surrounding verdure, like bright remembrances from the heart of earth.

In 1844, the increasing funds of the corporation justified a new expenditure for the plain but massy iron fence which encloses the front of the Cemetery. This fence is ten feet in height, and supported on granite posts extending four feet into the ground. It measures half a mile in length, and will, when completed, effectually preserve the Cemetery inviolate from any rude intrusion. The cost of the gateway was about \$10,000—the fence, \$15,000.

A continuation of the iron fence on the easterly side is now under contract, and a strong wooden palisade is, as we learn, to be erected on the remaining boundary during the present year.

THE BINNEY MONUMENT.

"A lovely shrine! a cherub form
Extended on its marble bed
As if the gentle dews of sleep
Had droop'd the little floweret's head.
Fair image! spotless as the snow;
Pure as the angel shape below,
When first that lifeless sleeper came,
In the brown mould to rest its frame."

THE monument of which the engraving gives so pleasing a view, is in Yarrow Path, and the figure itself is a most accurate resemblance of the cherub child of whose image it is the embodiment. It is the work of Henry Dexter, an artist of taste and reputation, and was taken just as the original lay on her pallet after death;—even the indenture on the bed, made by the body, is strikingly represented; the hands are crossed upon the breast, and the feet bare, and crossed likewise. When first finished, in all the shining purity of the marble, the statue, notwithstanding the coldness of the substance, seemed to have an actual life about it. In its recumbent posture, and with the pillowed head, it appears indeed like an infant sleeping:—

"She had no pulse, but death seem'd absent still."

The "marble bed" upon which this infant figure reposes, is surrounded with four small columns, and the finished work is a meet memo-

rial of departed innocence and beauty. It reminds us of the lost child of the Indian mother, whom Chateaubriand describes as coming to plant flowers upon the turf where reposed her departed infant, whom she thus addresses:—"Why should I deplore thy early grave, oh! my first-born? When the newly fledged bird first seeks his food, he finds many bitter grains. Thou hast never felt the pangs of sorrow, and thy heart was never polluted by the poisonous breath of man. The rose that is nipped in the bud, dies enclosed with all its perfumes, like thee, my child, with all thy innocence. Happy are those who die in infancy; they have never known the joys or sorrows of a mother."

This expression of chastened grief is as touching as it is pure. We cannot forget, in its connection, the promise of Him who said of little children, "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

This beautiful monument, so much visited by wanderers over Mount Auburn, exhibits the first marble statue executed in Boston, and it marks the lot of C. J. F. BINNEY, Esq., of Boston. There are now but two *personal* representations in Mount Auburn, and this is one of them. Monumental tributes of this class are as yet rare in our country, though no style can be more appropriate in memory of buried friends. The following verses form an impromptu tribute, on beholding the marble memorial in Yarrow Path:—

"The dread power of heaven alone can restore
That life to the dead, which it gave them before;
But man's lofty genius can rescue from death,
The last lovely look, the last smile, the last breath.

"The sculptor, in marble, a life can restore,
That never will perish till time be no more;
Thus the great, the ingenious, the lovely and pure,
For example, applause, and affection endure."

THE NAVAL MONUMENT.

"And long they look'd, but never spied
The welcome step again."

"Near the deep was the slaughter,
And there the sudden blow,
Brave blood pour'd out like water,—
The vengeance of the foe."

THE principal obelisk represented in the opposite engraving, is a lofty cenotaph of pure white marble, ornamented on the four sides with festoons of roses in relievo, and presenting altogether a monument of good proportion, strikingly chaste and simple. It is erected to the memory of four officers of the United States Exploring Expedition, the melancholy termination of whose lives is here briefly recorded by the surviving companions of their noble and perilous enterprise. Their melancholy fate was not met in the reckless pursuit of gain, nor in the mad chase after military glory; but in the nobler and equally

daring career of the pioneers of civilization, in extending the bounds of humanity and science, whilst surveying unknown seas for the benefit and security of those who were to come after them.

The fate of two of the young officers—passed midshipmen JAMES W. REID and FREDERIC A. BACON—whose names are recorded upon the marble, is shrouded in obscurity. Among the vessels of the expedition, were two New York pilot-boats, called the Flying-fish and the Seagull,—the latter commanded by Mr. Reid, who had with him Mr. Bacon and fifteen men. The other vessels having sailed from Orange Bay, near Cape Horn, on the 28th April, 1839, these two small vessels also took their departure for Valparaiso. A heavy gale came on during that night, and the Flying-fish returned to her anchorage, having lost sight of the Seagull. The other vessels arrived in safety, but the little Seagull was never heard of more. The commodore of the Pacific station, some time afterwards, dispatched a man-of-war to search the shores of Terra del Fuego—but it was in vain. She is supposed to have foundered in the boisterous seas off Cape Horn, when all on board must have perished. Lieut. Wilkes, commander of the expedition, speaks of these two officers as having no superiors in the squadron, for the station they occupied. "They brought with them into the expedition," he says, "a high character; and during the short period in which they were attached to it, they were distinguished for their devotedness to the arduous service in which they were engaged." Mr. Bacon was a native of Connecticut. Mr. Reid, a native of Georgia, son of the late Gov. Reid of Florida.

On the reverse side of this cenotaph, the inscription reads as follows :—

TO THE MEMORY OF

LIEUTENANT JOSEPH A. UNDERWOOD,

AND

MIDSHIPMAN WILKES HENRY,

WHO FELL BY THE HANDS OF SAVAGES, WHILST PROMOTING THE CAUSE OF SCIENCE
AND PHILANTHROPY,

AT MOLOLO, ONE OF THE FEJEE GROUP OF ISLANDS,

JULY 24, 1840.

The sanguinary and barbarous character of the Fejee islanders, has long been a theme of marvel to the whalers and traders to the Pacific, but the atrocity of their premeditated and entirely unprovoked attack upon poor Underwood and his party, has rarely been surpassed. These officers had boldly gone on shore to procure provision from the natives, when they were suddenly attacked by some of the cannibals of the place, and killed by club wounds.

All the usual precautions in dealing with these treacherous savages were adopted: a native, supposed at that time to be a chief, secured in the boat as hostage, and the remainder of the party, with the boats and arms, being ready for any emergency. But alas! the wily cannibals had laid their plans with a too fatal certainty. Having lured Mr. Underwood and his party on shore, and whilst their attention was engaged in bartering, the hostage leaped overboard, making his escape; and at the same moment, as if by preconcerted signal, the natives sprang from their hiding-places, and fell upon them with spears and war-clubs, in overpowering numbers. And here it was that the coolness and heroic, self-sacrificing spirit of the officers shone forth glo-

riously,—exposing their own lives in covering the retreat of the men, who all made their escape, while Underwood and Henry, after a short conflict, were beaten down by the war-clubs of the fell destroyers.

Such was the tragic fate of these brave men, in connection with which there is but one alleviating circumstance—that their bodies were rescued from the savage foe. Though interred leagues from home and kindred, where no tear of affection could water the bier, they received a Christian sepulture, where the thick trees wave over their hidden graves, and where, ten miles from the place of the massacre, the everlasting rocks will be their eternal monument! Their bodies were transported to one of the sand-islands of a neighboring group, and, wrapped in their country's flag, were suitably interred there. The following affecting passage in relation to this melancholy service, is from Capt. Wilkes' Narrative of the Exploring Expedition:—

“Twenty sailors, (all dressed in white,) with myself and officers, landed to pay this last mark of affection and respect to those who had shared so many dangers with us, and of whom we were so suddenly bereaved. The quiet of the scene, the solemnity of the occasion, and the smallness of the number who assisted, were all calculated to produce an unbroken silence. The bodies were quietly taken up and borne along to the centre of the island, where stood a grove of ficus trees, whose limbs were entwined in all directions by running vines. It was a lonely and suitable spot, in a shade so dense that scarce a ray of the sun could penetrate it. The grave was dug deep and wide in the pure white sand, and the funeral service read over the remains with such deep feeling, that none will forget the impression of that sad half hour. After the bodies had been closed in, three volleys were fired over the grave, and every precaution taken to erase all marks

that might indicate where these unfortunate gentlemen were interred. To fix a more enduring mark on the place, the island itself was named after young 'Henry,' and the cluster of which it forms one, 'Underwood Group.'"

The cenotaph at Mount Auburn stands upon Central Avenue, and tells the lingerer upon the spot, that it was erected to the memory of these unfortunate men, "by their associates, the officers and scientific corps of the United States Exploring Expedition."

The other obelisk seen in the engraving, marks the lot of B. Fiske, Esq., of Boston.

INTERMENT OF THE DEAD.

IN the first number of this work we have dwelt upon the natural and picturesque beauties of Mount Auburn, and have presented the reasons why this remarkable spot seemed eminently adapted for a repository of the dead, and a place of consolation to the living. We have thought it well to commence this second part with some more philosophical views of the advantage and necessity of suburban cemeteries, such as form the subjects of these serial publications. For this purpose, we have made use of a lecture delivered in Boston, by Dr. BIGELOW, at the time when the subject was first agitated among us. Some portions of this discourse we have inserted at length, and others in a condensed form.

“The manner in which we dispose of the remains of our deceased friends, is a subject which has begun, of late, to occupy a large share of the public attention. It involves not only considerations which belong to the public convenience, but includes also the gratification of individual taste and the consolation of private sorrow. Although, in a strictly philosophical view, this subject possesses but little importance, except in relation to the convenience of survivors, yet so closely are

our sympathies enlisted with it, and so inseparably do we connect the feelings of the living with the condition of the dead, that it is in vain that we attempt to divest ourselves of its influence. It is incumbent upon us, therefore, to analyze, as far as we may be able, the principles which belong to a correct view of the subject,—since it is only by understanding these, that we may expect both reason and feeling to be satisfied."

"The progress of all organized beings is towards decay. The complicated textures which the living body elaborates within itself, begin to fall asunder almost as soon as life has ceased. The materials of which animals and vegetables are composed, have natural laws and irresistible affinities, which are suspended during the period of life, but which must be obeyed the moment that life is extinct. These continue to operate until the exquisite fabric is reduced to a condition in nowise different from that of the soil on which it has once trodden. In certain cases art may modify, and accident may retard the approaches of disorganization, but the exceptions thus produced are too few and imperfect to invalidate the certainty of the general law.

"If we take a comprehensive survey of the progress and mutations of animal and vegetable life, we shall perceive that this necessity of individual destruction is the basis of general safety. The elements which have once moved and circulated in living frames, do not become extinct nor useless after death;—they offer themselves as the materials from which other living frames are to be constructed. What has once possessed life is most assimilated to the living character, and most ready to partake of life again. The plant which springs from the earth, after attaining its growth and perpetuating its species, falls to the ground, undergoes decomposition, and contributes its remains to

sphere, although a less perfect protection, is sufficient to check the destructive process. Warmth, combined with moisture, tends greatly to promote decomposition; yet if the degree of heat, or the circumstances under which it acts, are such as to produce a perfect dissipation of moisture, the further progress of decay is arrested. In the arid caverns of Egypt, the dried flesh of mummies, although greatly changed from its original appearance, has made no progress towards ultimate decomposition, during two or three thousand years.

"In the crypt under the cathedral of Milan, travellers are shown the ghastly relics of Carlo Borromeo, as they have lain for two centuries, enclosed in a crystal sarcophagus, and bedecked with costly finery of silk and gold. The preservation of this body is equal to that of an Egyptian mummy; yet a more loathsome piece of mockery than it exhibits can hardly be imagined.

"It will be perceived that the instances which have been detailed, are cases of extraordinary exemption, resulting from uncommon care, or from the most favorable combination of circumstances,—such as can befall but an exceedingly small portion of the human race. The common fate of animal bodies is to undergo the entire destruction of their fabric, and the obliteration of their living features in a few years, and sometimes even weeks, after their death. No sooner does life cease, than the elements which constituted the vital body become subject to the common laws of inert matter. The original affinities, which had been modified or suspended during life, are brought into operation; the elementary atoms react upon each other; the organized structure passes into decay, and is converted into its original dust. Such is the natural, and we may add, the proper destination of the material part of all that has once moved and breathed.



THE FLOWERS PERSONIFIED.

CRITICAL NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

THE FLOWERS PERSONIFIED.—Decidedly the most beautiful, as we hope it will be successful, literary enterprise of the month, is the translation and republication of the *Fleurs Animées* of Grandville. The wild and exquisite fancies of Grandville have been fairly transferred by Gimbrede, and the sparkling French letter-press of Alphonse Karr is excellently rendered by N. Cleaveland, Esq. The paper and typography are of the most luxurious beauty, and reflect great credit upon the publisher.

Grandville, who recently died in Paris at a very early age, from grief for his wife, was the Shakespeare of comic artists. Every mode of incongruity, from the broad caricature of ludicrous low life to the arabesque absurdities of fashionable affectation, was familiar to his pencil; and throughout the numerous procession of wild, vivid, startling beings that sprang literally into life from his prolific genius, you can observe, beneath the grotesque fun which provokes to irresistible laughter, the pathos and sad nakedness of life's reality that moves to tears. Many of his sterner natures upon human folly recall forcibly the melancholy bitterness of Hamlet, or the sardonic skepticism of Iago; but the present lovely and beautiful exhalations, which adorned the last few weeks of his life, are more like the Puck and Titania of fairydom, with their train of reckless revellers. The first part, which now lies before us, contains, besides a splendid frontispiece, two charming vignettes, personifying the Annual Bluebottle and Cornpoppy, and the Lily. For the three engravings (which we ought to say are beautifully colored) and 24 pages of truly delightful and sparkling letter-press, the price is only 25 cents.—*Philadelphia North American*, June, 1847.

THE FLOWERS PERSONIFIED.—Who do not love flowers, delight to cultivate them, to inhale their perfume, study their language, and give them life? They must always remain the sweetest and most lovely things in earth's garden. The work before us is a wreath of golden flowers; memories, sensations, pleasures, around which are gathered the most chaste and beautiful sentiments. The illustrated engravings, three in number, on the finest steel plates, beautifully colored, are each of them worth the price of the part. The Introduction is possessed of great musical richness. The Soliloquy; the Flower Fairy; and the Two Shepherdesses, illustrate the vanity of discontent, or the ambition to be greater than God designed us to be; or an undue longing for earthly novelty and change.—*Albany Spectator*, July 17, 1847.

THE FLOWERS PERSONIFIED.—The above is the title of a new floral work, the first number of which has been laid on our table. It is splendidly illustrated with unique and colored steel engravings of a high order of merit, and is, decidedly, the most elegant publication of the kind we have ever seen. Its moderate price, 25 cents each part, places it within the reach of all; and we trust the enterprise will be deservedly rewarded by an abundant patronage.—*Providence Herald*, June 23, 1847.

THE FLOWERS PERSONIFIED.—In this work we overcome all the rules of botanical etiquette, and at once enjoy a speaking and responding acquaintance with flowers, carried on by interesting narratives and witty dialogues, illustrated with the most charming personations of the loveliness of Nature. It is a book that all hearts can appreciate, wherever flowers bloom or women smile.—*N. Y. True Sun*, June 23, 1847.

THE FLOWERS PERSONIFIED.—This is a very beautiful work, which we commend to the attention of all lovers of flowers. Coming to our table as it does in "leafy June," sweetest and most genial of months, with her fragrant breath, and deep-green drapery, and blushing coronal of roses, it is thrice welcome. There are three engravings in this number, the drawing of which exhibits great taste and skill, and the prints and coloring are executed with great truth to nature, and precision.—*N. Y. Prot. Churchman*, June 26, 1847.

THE FLOWERS PERSONIFIED.—Perhaps no circumstance indicates more clearly the advance of the civilization and taste of a country, than does the character of its literature and art; and when we see such works as the above appear and flourish, it is safe to believe that all goes well with the public taste. We have no space this week to describe its design, but we unhesitatingly say it is the most graceful, elegant, and interesting flower work we ever saw.—*Phila. Sat. Gazette*, June 26, 1847.

THE FLOWERS PERSONIFIED.—This is the title of a curious and interesting work, translated from the French, and now in course of publication in this country by R. Martin, 170 Broadway, N. York. As its title denotes, the object of the work is to invest each flower with the semblance of animated nature, giving to them the form of female loveliness. The eye is instantly arrested by these delightful designs. The flower at which you look, looks at you in return, so exquisitely has the artist performed his duty. The engravings are upon steel, and beautifully colored. The work is to be comprised in 24 numbers, and from a glance at No. 1 of the series, which has been laid upon our table, we predict for it a popularity unsurpassed in the history of illustrated publications.—*Boston Daily Mail*, June 29, 1847.

THE FLOWERS PERSONIFIED.—Mr. R. Martin, 170 Broadway, is publishing, in numbers, a most beautiful work of taste, thus entitled. It is a translation of the celebrated *Les Fleurs Animées*, the designs of which are by Grandville, illustrator of "Scenes from the Private Life of Animals," and "Another World." The introduction is by Alphonse Karr, and the text by Taxille Delord. The pictures are done on steel, and each impression is naturally, elegantly, and exactly colored. We have seldom seen any thing of the sort more neatly executed. Grandville's fancy is express and delicate. He has a charming facility at expressing his happy ideas and fine conceptions—a very Azel of a painter, floating in the sun's beams, waited upon the Zephyrs, wrapped in clouds of roses. Let the skeptical reader but look at "The Flowers Personified," and confess that he has seldom seen any thing more lovely.—*N. Y. American Mail*, Saturday, July 3, 1847.

George W. Wood, Printer, 29 Gold st.

PART 9.

MOUNT-AUBURN--3.

PRICE 100 CENTS.

THE

RURAL CEMETERIES

OF AMERICA:

ILLUSTRATED

IN A SERIES OF

PICTURESQUE AND MONUMENTAL VIEWS,

In Highly Finished Line Engraving.

FROM DRAWINGS TAKEN ON THE SPOT,

BY

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WITH DESCRIPTIVE NOTICES

BY

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NEW YORK:

PUBLISHED BY R. MARTIN, 170 BROADWAY.

1847

THE RURAL CEMETERIES OF AMERICA.

It has been invidiously asserted by some writers, that America is a land for the *living only*, and that due respect and veneration for the dead have no place in the memory and affections of the American people. The *truth* is, however, that in no other country has the desire to provide suitable repositories for the mortal remains of departed friends, been more generally or more *tastefully* displayed. Travellers, indeed, on visiting our shores, are now compelled to admit that the RURAL CEMETERIES OF AMERICA excel, beyond comparison, those of any other country, both in the natural beauty of their scenery, and in the great extent of their grounds, as well as in the tasteful and liberal manner in which they are embellished and conducted.

The abundance of our territory, and the grandeur of our scenery, have prompted the selection of several eligible spots for the purposes of Cemeteries. Nothing but the most exalted state of the arts of engraving and printing, can do justice to the distinctive merits of these hallowed grounds, ~~consecrated~~ as they are by the memory of the past, the importance of ~~the~~ present, and the hope of the future. Mount Auburn, Laurel Hill, Mount Hope, Green-Mount, (and many others, possessing great claims upon public attention, irrespectively of their size,) afford, each and all, views of monumental architecture among landscapes of exquisite beauty, suggesting revelations of intense interest from biography and history.

Our work, therefore, will be one of a decidedly national character, combining the beauty and freshness of the present scene, with the sacred solemnity of the memorials of departed worth. Public and private considerations, patriotism and tenderness, beauty and bravery, wealth and poverty, advanced age and buoyant youth, will universally agree in the pleasurable contemplation of such a book.

The publisher begs leave to assure the subscribers that every effort will be made to maintain the high reputation already obtained for the "Illustrations of Greenwood." To complete a national work, involving such enormous expenses, the publisher can only be proportionately sustained by a prompt subscription from all sections of the country, growing with their growth, and progressing with their progress.

The work will be published in parts, containing three beautiful line engravings, price 50 cents a part, or proof impressions, on large paper, price \$1. Payable on the delivery of each part.

"The reflections which naturally suggest themselves, in contemplating the wrecks of humanity which have occasionally been brought to light, are such as to lead us to ask,—Of what possible use is a resistance to the laws of nature, which, when most successfully executed, can at best only preserve a defaced and degraded image of what was once perfect and beautiful? Could we by any means arrest the progress of decay, so as to gather round us the dead of a hundred generations in a visible and tangible shape; could we fill our houses and our streets with mummies,—what possible acquisition could be more useless—what custom could be more revolting? For precisely the same reason, the subterranean vaults and the walls of brick, which we construct to divide the clay of humanity from that of the rest of creation, and to preserve it separate for a time, as it were, for future inspection, are neither useful, gratifying, nor ultimately effectual. Could the individuals themselves, who are to be the subjects of this care, have the power to regulate the officious zeal of their survivors, one of the last things they could reasonably desire would be, that the light should ever shine on their changed and crumbling relics.

"On the other hand, when nature is permitted to take her course—when the dead are committed to the earth under the open sky, to become early and peacefully blended with their original dust, no unpleasant association remains. It would seem as if the forbidding and repulsive conditions which attend on decay, were merged and lost in the surrounding harmonies of the creation.

"When the body of Major André was taken up, a few years since, from the place of its interment near the Hudson, for the purpose of being removed to England, it was found that the skull of that officer was closely encircled by a network formed by the roots of a small

tree, which had been planted near his head. This is a natural and most beautiful coincidence. It would seem as if a faithful sentinel had taken his post, to watch till the obliterated ashes should no longer need a friend. Could we associate with inanimate clay any of the feelings of sentient beings, who would not wish to rescue his remains from the prisons of mankind, and commit them thus to the embrace of nature?

"Convenience, health, and decency require that the dead should be early removed from our sight. The law of nature ordains that they should moulder into dust; and the sooner this change is accomplished the better. This change should take place, not in the immediate contiguity of survivors,—not in frequented receptacles, provided for the promiscuous concentration of numbers,—not where the intruding light may annually usher in a new tenant, to encroach upon the old. It should take place peacefully, silently, separately—in the retired valley or the sequestered wood, where the soil continues its primitive exuberance, and where the earth has not become too costly to afford to each occupant at least his length and breadth.

"Within the bounds of populous and growing cities, interments cannot with propriety take place beyond a limited extent. The vacant tracts reserved for burial-grounds, and the cellars of churches which are converted into tombs, become glutted with inhabitants, and are in the end obliged to be abandoned, though not, perhaps, until the original tenants have been ejected, and the same space has been occupied three or four successive times. Necessity obliges a recourse at last to be had to the neighboring country; and hence in Paris, London, Liverpool, Lèghorn, and other European cities, cemeteries have been constructed without the confines of their population. These places,

in consequence of the sufficiency of the ground, and the funds which usually grow out of such establishments, have been made the recipients of tasteful ornament. Travellers are attracted by their beauty, and dwell with interest on their subsequent recollection. The scenes which, under most other circumstances, are repulsive and disgusting, are by the joint influence of nature and art rendered beautiful, attractive, and consoling."

"We regard the relics of our deceased friends and kindred for what they have been, and not for what they are. We cannot keep in our presence the degraded image of the original frame; and if some memorial is necessary to soothe the unsatisfied want which we feel when bereaved of their presence, it must be found in contemplating the place in which we know their dust is hidden. The history of mankind in all ages, shows that the human heart clings to the grave of its disappointed wishes,—that it seeks consolation in rearing emblems and monuments, and in collecting images of beauty over the disappearing relics of humanity. This can be fitly done, not in the tumultuous and harassing din of cities,—not in the gloomy and almost unapproachable vaults of charnel-houses,—but amidst the quiet verdure of the field, under the broad and cheerful light of heaven, where the harmonious and ever-changing face of nature reminds us, by its resuscitating influences, that to die is but to live again."

THE CHAPEL.

"For the departed soul they raise
A requiem sad, a psalm of praise."

[Mc Lellan.]

"How full of consolation here may be
The voice of him, whose office 'tis to give
'Ashes to ashes, dust to dust.'"

[Pierpont.]

IN a spot consecrated to so holy a purpose as Mount Auburn, the propriety of a structure in which the last services may be performed over the dead, strikes the mind at once; and with some denominations of Christians, is almost of absolute necessity. Amongst Episcopalians, for instance, the corpse is carried before the mourners, and preceded by the minister, who is required to read the burial service, "either entering the church or going towards the grave." Individuals of other sects, who have lost friends by death, have a preference, sometimes, that the service should be performed on the ground of interment, rather than in their own houses, as is the common custom. These ceremonies, in favorable weather, have been performed in the open

air, when a peculiar solemnity has been imparted to them; but in inclement seasons, it is evident that such church requirements or personal feelings could not be gratified. The erection of a chapel at Mount Auburn would, it was known, obviate this difficulty, and be a gratification to sorrowing friends; whilst such a building would also afford a suitable place for the reception of statues, busts, and other delicate pieces of sculpture, liable to injury from exposure to the weather. Within the past year such an edifice has been constructed. It is erected upon elevated ground, on the right of Central Avenue, not far from the entrance, and with its Gothic pinnacles pointing heavenward, forms a picturesque object, as a view of it is caught ever and anon from the various turnings. It is built of granite; is 66 feet by 40 in dimensions; with its decorations mostly taken from the continental examples in France and Germany. The exterior is surrounded with octagonal buttresses and pinnacles, and the clerestory is supported by Gothic pillars. Care has been taken to produce a certain kind of light in the interior, mellow, solemn, most in consonance with the especial object of the edifice, and, at the same time, such as would pleasingly reflect upon statuary and other decorations of sculpture. With reference to these effects, the light has been admitted only from the ends of the building, and above from the clerestory. The windows are of colored glass; and as the broad mid-day light enters through them, it plays in prismatic hues upon the sombre columns and vaults,—relieves the gloom,—and reminds one by its radiance, as the bow in the clouds reminded Campbell, of the beautiful forms of angel goodness following the thunder and the storm; coming, not severe in wrath, but with a garment of brightness; and bringing a blessed memory of the power of that high and holy One who made both the light

and the darkness,—ordered life and death, mortality and immortality.

In the head of the large nave window, is a beautiful allegorical design, representing peaceful death. It consists of a winged female figure asleep, and floating in the clouds, bearing in her arms two sleeping infants. The babes in the sweet repose of the mother's breast, and the whole ascending group in that sleep which indicates the loosening of the silver cord, forms a beautiful design, imperceptibly leading the beholder to sympathize with the mother's spirit, peacefully dreaming, as it were, in the words of Mrs. Hemans,—

"Free, free from earth-born fear,
I would range the blessed skies,
Through the blue divinely clear,
Where the low mists cannot rise."

The outline of this design is taken mainly from Thorwaldsen's celebrated bas-relief of "Night," and well recalls the reunion of parents and children in their final rest. In the centre of the rose-window which forms a conspicuous part of the front, is a painted design emblematic of immortality, consisting of two cherubs from Raphael's *Madonna di San Sisto*, gazing upwards with their well-known expression of adoration and love, into what, in this instance, is a light or "glory," proceeding from beyond the picture. These windows have been made under the direction of Mr. Hay of Edinburgh, author of several philosophic treatises on the harmony of colors. They are executed by Messrs. Ballantyne and Allan, the artists who have been lately selected, by the commissioners on the fine arts, to make the windows for the new Houses of Parliament in London. The entire cost of the

chapel has been about \$25,000; nearly a third of which sum was obtained by subscription.

We know not any domain (except it be the great world itself) that can better show forth the connection existing between taste and morals, than the various surface of a rural burial-place. The cultivation of the fine arts may there be exhibited in a genuine spirit of beauty and of purity; and floriculture can be made lovingly to "tessellate the floor of nature's temple." The poet there may gain new perceptions of truth and beauty from varied forms and shapes of being; and the writer of epitaphs, even, can exhibit the value of his occasional and unappreciated vocation, in the ability with which the judiciously written though brief inscription, may indicate the great Christian hope, and point to that life beyond the present, where the friends who are lost to us in this world enter upon a nobler existence. Thus it is seen that *taste*, whether exhibited in flower-crowned mounds, or in the chaste and classic monument, may exist in a rural cemetery, in close connection with *morals*; and it is no less true, that every pure ideal of religion and virtue grows in beauty by the food upon which it feeds. In this way a progress towards excellence is attained, and the rural burying-place becomes the means to a great end. The resting-place of the dead, in this view, may be said to be as a city, "whose foundations are garnished with all manner of precious stones, whose streets are of pure gold, and whose gates are of pearl."

THE MONUMENT TO SPURZHEIM.

"Land of the golden vine,
Land of the lordly Rhine,
Weep, distant land!
Weep for your son who came
Hither in Learning's name,
Bearing her sacred flame
In his pure hand."

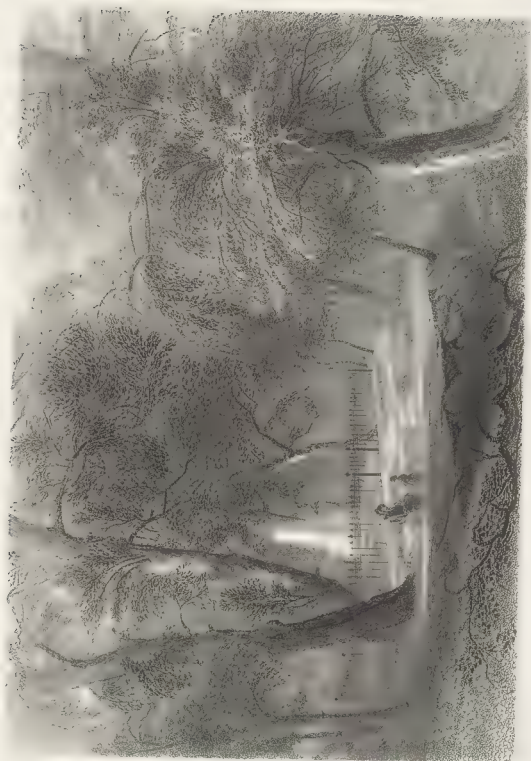
[McLELLAN]

THE monument to SPURZHEIM is a copy of that of Scipio Africanus at Rome, and is the first which meets the eye whilst advancing into the cemetery from the main avenue. The simple name is the only record which it bears,—all other inscription or epitaph being left to the hand of fame, or to the suggestive imagination and peculiar feelings of such as may visit the shades where rest the remains of an energetic and hopeful foreigner.

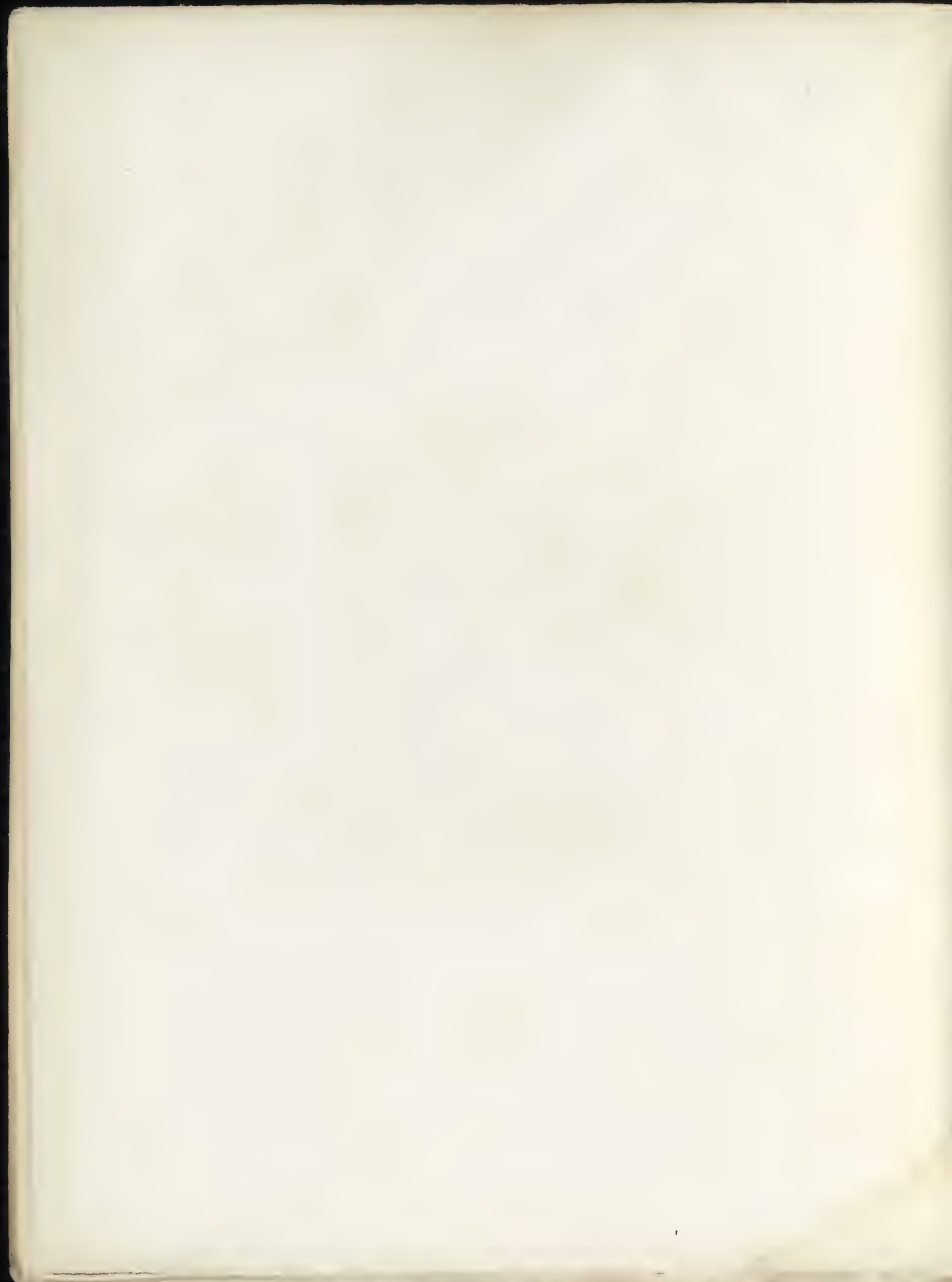
John Gaspar Spurzheim was born in December, 1776, at Longvick, a village on the Moselle, about seven miles from the city of Trêves, in the lower circle of the Rhine. He studied medicine at Vienna, and becoming a pupil of the celebrated Dr. Gall, almost outdid his teacher in his enthusiasm for the *science* (so called) of Phrenology. In 1805











he undertook, with his master, a course of travels through various parts of central Europe, to disseminate phrenological doctrines, and to examine the heads of criminals and others in the public institutions. Some of these examinations are said to have been very remarkable in their results; and notwithstanding the opposition of the great Cuvier, these two sanguine associates were successful in leading a multitude of individuals to place full reliance in the possibility of ascertaining the intellectual and moral traits of man and animals, from the configuration of their heads. Dr. Spurzheim pursued his travels also in England, Scotland, and France, the grand themes of his discourses being the anatomy, physiology, and pathology of the brain. As an anatomical investigator of the brain, his skill is universally acknowledged; and in the development of the structure of this organ, his researches have been of much benefit to science. In 1821, he took up his residence in Paris, believing that in that vast city he should meet with the best opportunities of teaching his doctrines to students from all parts of the world. His lectures, however, were prohibited by the French government; and in 1825 he passed over to London, where he published various works in connection with the peculiar subject of his favorite investigations, and also upon the functions of the nervous system. He visited the principal cities of England and Scotland, and gained converts to his doctrines in almost all of them. The propagators of new opinions rarely fail to find supporters; and the more ingenious the theory—the more fascinating the manner of the expounder, the more enthusiastic and stubborn are the proselytes who assume the defence. *Time* at length presents the touchstone of immortal truth; and though it sometimes takes *years* to apply the test, yet delusion sooner or later subsides, where there is no foundation for its contin-

uance. At the present epoch, the confidence once placed in the doctrines of the phrenologists appears to have much abated. Pure science has fixed laws which are ever true; and there is a wide gulf between absolutely practical knowledge, and that belief which proceeds from unsubstantiated theory. The industry and zeal of Spurzheim might undoubtedly have been more subservient to the good of mankind, had they been applied to some other study than phrenology.

In 1832, the indefatigable pupil of Gall determined to try a new field of labor, and he therefore sailed from Havre for the United States. He came to this country, it is said, with a twofold purpose: to study the genius and character of our people, and to propagate the doctrines of phrenology. His career in America is too well remembered to require any prolixity of detail in these pages. He was emphatically an enthusiast, and undeniably an indefatigable student; he was urbane in his social deportment; kind to his friends and charitable to his opponents; liberal towards the views of others, and benevolent to the whole family of man. He was a Christian in his faith and hopes; and here he was humble-minded, as the sincere believer, the faithful hoper should ever be. Professor Follen says of him, that "whatever particular form of faith he may have preferred, he firmly believed in the essential truths of natural and revealed religion. He adopted Christianity as a divine system, chiefly on the ground of its great internal evidence, its perfect adaptation to human nature, and the spirit of truth and divine philanthropy which gives life to all its precepts. All morality, he thought, was contained in these two precepts, — 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, and thy neighbor as thyself.' All prayers, he thought, were comprised in this one, — '*Father, thy will be done.*'"

Whilst in Boston, he tasked himself severely in public lectures before schools and societies; and the value of his remarks upon that important topic, "physical education," are gratefully admitted. His great intellectual efforts, together with the effects of our climate, much impaired his health. He became sick with fever; medical advice was unavailing; and he breathed his last on the 10th of November, 1832. The Boston Medical Association as a body, and a voluntary procession of citizens, escorted his remains from the old South Church, where the burial-service was performed, to the cemetery of Park-street Church, where they were deposited until the tomb at Mount Auburn could be prepared. The monument which the engraving delineates, was the result of a movement amongst the friends of the deceased, who admired him as a man and a lecturer, irrespectively of his peculiar tenets; but the expense was eventually defrayed by the liberality of the Hon. Wm. Sturgis of Boston. America's tribute to this native of the old world, in the language of one of his biographers, is thus "a grave and a monument."

THE LOWELL MONUMENT.

"And, as his body lies enshrined in the bosom of his mother earth, we can say, in the fulness of our hearts, Peace to his slumbers. He needs no monument to perpetuate his memory ;

'His monument shall be his name alone.' "

[ANONYMOUS.]

THE imposing monumental structure, which the engraving accurately represents, is constructed of granite, and stands in Willow Avenue. The name of "LOWELL" is carved, in raised letters, upon its front, and is never read by the wanderers from the city and its adjacent regions, without a feeling of pride, in the memories which it brings up of a generation of eminent men,—benefactors to New England, whether regarded as enterprising merchants, lawyers, or lovers of science and literature. Our neighboring town of LOWELL, celebrated for its manufactures, received its name in honor of the late Francis C. Lowell, Esq., of Boston, one of the first who introduced that magnificent enterprise, the *manufacture of cotton*, into the United States. The "Lowell Institute," that fostering foundation for the at-

tainment and diffusion of scientific knowledge, bears the name of its munificent founder,—the late John Lowell, Jr., (son of Francis C. Lowell,)—and is an establishment which, in its conception and design, has no parallel, either in our own country or in Europe. “The idea of a foundation of this kind,” says Edward Everett, “on which, unconnected with any place of education, provision is made, in the midst of a large commercial population, for annual courses of instruction by public lectures, to be delivered gratuitously to all who choose to attend them, as far as is practicable within our largest hall, is, I believe, original with Mr. Lowell.”

The monument to which we have thus alluded, was erected by the executors of the late JOHN LOWELL, Jr., to the memory of his wife, an amiable and accomplished woman, who died a few years after their marriage, and of his two daughters, his only children, who did not long survive their mother. The monument bears this simple inscription:—

ERECTED
BY ORDER OF
JOHN LOWELL, JR.,
IN MEMORY OF
HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN,
AS A
TESTIMONIAL OF THEIR VIRTUES,
AND OF
HIS AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE.

Mr. John Lowell, Jr., the son of Francis C. Lowell, Esq., who is still freshly remembered amongst us, as one of those who have reflected high honor on the character of the "American merchant," was also the grandson of the late Judge Lowell, whose father, the Rev. John Lowell, was the first minister at Newburyport. He "was among those," says Mr. Everett, "who enjoyed the public trust and confidence in the times which tried men's souls, and bore his part in the greatest work recorded in the annals of constitutional liberty—the American Revolution."

Mr. John Lowell, Jr., was born on the 11th of May, 1799, and was indebted both to his own country and to England, for the diversified education he received. In early life, he had accompanied his father in extensive travels; and he seems to have explored thoroughly the most interesting sections of the Old World. The renowned East had charms for his young ambition, and excited many enterprising plans for future research and discovery.

After the occurrence, in 1830-31, of the afflictive domestic events to which we have before referred, Mr. Lowell's love of foreign travel revived; and he quitted his native land in 1832, with the intention of spending some years abroad. He first visited Great Britain, France, Central and Southern Europe, and then crossed from Smyrna to Alexandria. That section of the East, celebrated as the "land of the Pharaohs," the primitive cradle of the early arts, possessed peculiar charms for his inquiring mind;—but his travels in that country proved fatal to his health. Disease assailed him; and an illness occasioned by exposure and fatigue on his tour through the East, terminated his valuable life at Bombay, where a simple monument marks his resting-place. Had he lived, it was his intention to have himself erected

the monument at Mount Auburn ; but, unfortunately, he left no design for such a structure, and it thus became the duty of others, faithfully to carry out his wishes.

We have spoken of Mr. Lowell as *the founder of the "Lowell Institute ;"* and it was in Egypt that he devised the establishment which bears his name, and bequeathed the munificent sum of \$250,000 to carry his desires into execution. The object of this splendid bequest, was the "maintenance and support of public lectures, to be delivered in Boston, upon philosophy, natural history, the arts and sciences, or any of them, as the trustee shall, from time to time, deem expedient for the promotion of the moral, and intellectual, and physical instruction or education of the citizens of Boston." A codicil to this will gives directions for the furtherance of his design, as follows:—

"As the most certain and the most important part of true philosophy, appears to me to be that which shows the connection between God's revelations, and the knowledge of good and evil implanted by him in our nature, I wish a course of lectures to be given on natural religion, showing its conformity to that of our Saviour."

"For the more perfect demonstration of the truth of those moral and religious precepts, by which alone, as I believe, men can be secure of happiness in this world and that to come, I wish a course of lectures to be delivered on the historical and internal evidences in favor of Christianity. I wish all disputed points of faith and ceremony to be avoided ; and the attention of the lecturers to be directed to the moral doctrines of the gospel,—stating their opinion, if they will, but not engaging in controversy, even on the subject of the penalty of disobedience."

"As the prosperity of my native land, New England, which is sterile

and unproductive, must depend hereafter, as it has heretofore depended, first, on the moral qualities, and, second, on the intelligence and information of its inhabitants, I am desirous of trying to contribute towards this second object also; and I wish courses of lectures to be established on physics and chemistry, with their application to the arts; also, on botany, zoology, geology, and mineralogy, connected with their particular utility to man."

"After the establishment of these courses of lectures, should disposable funds remain, or, in process of time, be accumulated, the trustee may appoint courses of lectures to be delivered on the literature and eloquence of our language, and even on those of foreign nations, if he see fit. He may also, from time to time, establish lectures on any subject that, in his opinion, the wants and tastes of the age may demand."

"As infidel opinions appear to me injurious to society, and easily to insinuate themselves into a man's dissertations on any subject, however remote from religion, no man ought to be appointed a lecturer, who is not willing to declare, and who does not previously declare, his belief in the divine revelation of the Old and New Testaments, leaving the interpretation thereof to his own conscience."

The above extract from that part of Mr. Lowell's will which relates to this prominent bequest, at once develops his whole character as a Christian, a philanthropist, and a scholar, and reflects more honor upon him than whole volumes of biography.

The first lecture of the Lowell Institute was delivered in the Boston *Odeon*, (formerly the Federal-street Theatre,) on the 31st of December, 1839. It was an introductory lecture,—being very properly a memoir of its founder,—and was delivered by the Hon. Edward Ev-

PART 10.

MOUNT-AUBURN--4.

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1847

GREEN-WOOD ILLUSTRATED.

THOUGH the occupation and improvement of Green-Wood Cemetery have been rapid beyond example; though it is visited daily, during the open season, by great and increasing numbers; and though it is becoming an object of wider and deeper interest with every addition made to its inmates;—yet to the vast population of New York, it is still but partially known. Indeed, it is no easy thing to make an extensive impression on so great a mass. It is even more difficult to break the tyranny of fashion, though its dictates be repulsive to taste, and shocking to our better feelings. But the change has begun. Few can visit a spot like Green-Wood, and see and feel its quiet beauty, without a conviction that such are the only fit resting-places of the dead. Moreover, almost every new occupant of these grounds may be said, like the emigrant from foreign shores, to draw others after him. Even fashion will ere long give up its walled enclosure, and its dark, damp, crowded city vault, for the pure air, the cheerful lights, the subdued glooms, the verdant and blooming freshness of the rural burying-place.

In presenting to the public the present work on Green-Wood, we would willingly hasten, if we may, such a consummation. We would show, as well as pen and pencil can, how art and nature are there combining to form an attractive and fitting place of burial. The views to be given will be faithful transcripts, for the reality here needs no embellishment. It is intended that the drawings and engravings shall be in the highest style of the respective arts, and from the best talents among us. The literary portion will consist of descriptive and biographical notices, with occasional remarks on subjects kindred to the main design. In fine, it is hoped that the work now offered to the proprietors of these grounds, and the public generally, will, in all its artistic and mechanical details, be worthy of the scenes and objects which it presents; that it will be an ornament for the table—a suitable tribute to distant friends—and a valued memorial with all those to whom Green-Wood and its garnered dust have now become sacred.

PLAN OF PUBLICATION.

The Work will be published in Parts, each containing three beautiful Line Engravings, for 50 cents, or proof impressions, on large paper, for \$1,—to be completed in six Parts, making the whole expense \$3 for the general, and \$6 for the proof edition. *Payable on delivery of each Part.*

It is sold to subscribers at a rate so near the cost of publication, that the public may rest assured that it will never be obtained for less than the present price.

The Work being published under the auspices of the Green-Wood Institution, is not issued under the ordinary circumstances of booksellers' publications, and will only be furnished to those who pre-engage it before completion. It will contain, at the end, a catalogue of the names of every individual possessor of the work.

erett. From that time to the present, the will of the testator has been strictly carried out. Five courses of lectures have been delivered on Natural Religion; four, on the Evidences of Christianity; five, on Geology; four, on Botany; three, on Astronomy; and three, on Chemistry: one course has been given upon Electricity and Electro-magnetism; one course, on Comparative Anatomy; one course, on the Mechanical Laws of Matter; one course, on American History; one course, on Ancient Egypt; one course, on Optics; one course, on Architecture; one course, on the Military Art; one course, on the Plan of Creation, as shown in the Animal Kingdom; and one course, on the Life and Writings of Milton. Each course has consisted of twelve lectures; and these have been given in the evening, whilst the majority have been repeated in the afternoon, for the better accommodation of the public,—tickets being issued for separate courses. The whole number of tickets issued up to the present time, has been 162,309; whilst the number of those who have applied for them has been 198,658. The whole number of lectures has been 370.

And now, in view of these brief statistics, will it be presumptuous to ask,—Who can tell or foresee the consequences of these gratuitous lectures? *One* fact, illustrated and proved in science, philosophy, religion, or letters, may excite a curiosity and spirit of investigation, which shall arouse dormant intellect, and add another to the proud list of the world's benefactors. The spirit of investigation—that prying curiosity which spurs man on to energetic action, or involves him in deep and studious contemplation—has perhaps bestowed more benefits on mankind, than the most brilliant gifts of genius. How little did the Pharsalian rustic, when he detected the electric power of amber, think that the little spark which he produced from it, was, in every

respect but intensity, the same power which cleft the oak that overshadowed him; and he who first noted the phenomena of the loadstone, how little did he anticipate the consequences of the discovery! Hundreds of philosophers had passed by, unheeded, the hints of two obscure men respecting the motion of the earth,—but the investigating spirit of Copernicus found in them the germs of his immortality.

It is thus that we are indebted to patient research, for so much that conduces to knowledge and comfort. But Curiosity must be first excited; and where is that lever to be applied, that spirit roused, with so much hope of the future, as in the lecture-room of the Lowell Institute?—an establishment which can afford amply to remunerate the most profound of our scientific men, the most competent of our theologians and men of letters,—where so many minds, of such variety, capacity, and proclivity, are brought together, “without money and without price,” to learn truths in morals, the arts, science; and natural philosophy. *Curiosity* once excited, who shall declare the limit of its researches? In the language of that great projector, who pointed the wealth of a vast and once almost inaccessible region, into the bosom of the powerful commercial mart of the north, and who well knew the omnipotence of knowledge,—“It feels no danger, it spares no expense, it omits no exertion. It scales the mountain—looks into the volcano—dives into the ocean—perforates the earth—wings its flight into the skies—enriches the globe—explores sea and land—contemplates the distant—examines the minute—comprehends the great—ascends to the sublime. No place is too remote for its grasp; no heavens too exalted for its research.” It was this noble curiosity which held the torch that lighted Newton through the skies; and it is the same spirit that has unlocked the caskets which contained so many

secrets in mechanics—facilitating the progress of so many useful arts, and reducing to practical reality so many theories that would, less than a century ago, have been pronounced the dreams of delirium,—the application of steam-power, and the practicability of the magnetic telegraph, being the latest examples. “Knowledge is power;” and, although the paths which lead to it may be rough and troublesome, they lead us to pure fountains and healthful eminences. He whose munificence, in 1839, enabled the citizens of Boston to avail themselves of a lecture-room, where they might not only gain knowledge, but become avaricious of *more*, may emphatically be called one of the world’s benefactors. By his philanthropic will, as we have shown, he not only pointed out a way of gaining pure scientific knowledge, but he expressly declared, also, that some portion of the lecture season should be devoted to the dispensing of religious truths—those ennobling doctrines which bind man to man, and man to his Creator. He did not forget the paramount importance of moral excellence; and he left a fortune to insure the labor of the good of after years, in giving the great principles of the Gospel fixedness in the heart of man, and a greater range to high moral feelings.

In the eloquent language of Edward Everett, therefore, “let the foundation of Mr. Lowell stand on the principles prescribed by him; let the fidelity with which it is now administered, continue to direct it; and no language is emphatic enough to do full justice to its importance. It will be, from generation to generation, a perennial source of public good—a dispensation of sound science, of useful knowledge, of truth in its most important associations with the destiny of man.”

THE MONUMENT
TO
NOAH WORCESTER.

"Our birth is but a starting-place;
Life is the running of the race,
And death the goal:
There all our steps at last are brought;
That path alone of all unsought,
Is found of all."

[Translation from Manrique.]

WE love to wander through a cemetery. Every monument that we pass calls up a recollection; the heart dilates and the mind expands, as reflection pursues her way, and whilst judgment sums up the value of a moral, well-directed life. It was nearing sunset when, in our meditations at Mount Auburn, we passed the grave of WORCESTER—the exemplary divine—the friend of humanity! The hour itself mel-
lowed our thoughts, as we trod upon the greensward which covered the venerable dead; and the quiet of all things around us seemed peculiarly appropriate to our happy recollections of this "friend of peace." Above us, the beautiful clouds, just tinged with the glow of

sunset, appeared to be as soft and lovely as the memories of those who had departed life in serenity and hope; and, in the language of an eloquent writer, "the gorgeous pile of clouds towards which they were moving, seemed to teach us that sorrow for the loss of those we loved, should be swallowed up in the bright hope of a reunion; the changing clouds, now purple and now crimson, appeared as if mocking at the works of mortal hands; but the calm serenity of the east, from which all clouds had passed away, seemed as if preparing for a brighter and a purer dawn. As all those vapors crowding to the west, increased the glory of the sunset hour, so trials sustained, and temptations overcome, add lustre to the departure of the pious,—even the shadows deepening around, speak of peace and calm, and please rather than chill the sensibilities."

Noah Worcester had his trials; but he passed through them as "gold through the refiner's fire." Neither poverty nor illness checked his efforts for self-improvement, or the elevation of his kind; his devotion to the good of humanity and the cause of freedom was, like that of the great Channing, both high and holy; and he died, as he had lived, the "friend of peace," receiving the reverence and praises of mankind, and the gratitude of the ministry amongst whom he was a brother and a friend. "Beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth glad tidings—that publisheth peace." With a full conviction of the purity and truth of the quotation, he sought to do his part in proclaiming the propriety of that peace which is the opposite of war; and beautiful were *his* footsteps, as he walked in his self-appointed path, humbly showing forth the philosophy of his simple doctrines.

And who would not muse near such a monument? The changes

and chances of human life are strongly and curiously woven together in the career of Noah Worcester; and we cannot go over his biography, without seeing that the web of life is indeed a mingled tissue. At the breaking out of the Revolutionary war, and when a lad of about seventeen, he joined the army as a fifer. Afterwards, (in 1777,) he became fife-major, maintaining this latter office for two months; and then, disgusted with warlike service, he quitted the camp to teach a village school—very inadequately prepared, however, for such a duty. At this time, he was deficient in the art of writing, and had never seen a dictionary. Both in writing and spelling, he was compelled to educate himself, and he did this effectually; although, like so many before and since his time, he had fallen in love, and had determined on matrimony. At the age of twenty-one, he had married an interesting and capable girl, and had “settled himself down,” as he thought, as a small farmer in Plymouth, N. H. Thus far, his life hardly promised any great results; and his education certainly forbade any expectations of the works which followed. He had a pious mind, however, and a firm religious belief,—that which Sir Humphrey Davy has called the “greatest of earthly blessings.” It was this which made his life “a discipline of goodness; created new hopes when all other hopes vanished; and called up beauty and divinity from corruption and decay.”

In 1782, he was a resident of the town of Thornton, where, to support his increasing family, he worked at the lapstone, and cogitated upon those doctrines of faith, which afterwards led him to write down his thoughts—to print and publish. In 1786, he had been examined for the ministry; and was speedily ordained over a church in Thornton, having previously served in many public trusts,—been schoolmas-

ter, selectman, town-clerk, justice of the peace, and representative to the general court. For twenty-three years he continued rector of this church, studying to improve himself all the while in useful knowledge, and giving deep attention to the examination of theological points.

He always read and studied with his pen in hand; and was enabled in this way to preserve many valuable original observations and deductions, and to stamp in his memory whatever was worth being preserved in its archives. He was the first missionary of New Hampshire—in himself a beloved auxiliary of the gospel cause, and a faithful teacher throughout all the northern towns of that state. In 1809, we find him rector of a church in Salisbury, N. H.—a town now famed as the birthplace of Daniel Webster, and where Mr. Worcester expounded his own views of Christianity as fearlessly and nobly, as that great statesman has defended the Constitution of his country at Washington. And now he began to be known to the world, and to take his place in theological history. Being brought up a Calvinist, he changed his views from conviction of error; he wrote a publication showing his reasons of disbelief in the doctrine of the Trinity; and afterwards published his "Letters to Trinitarians," "a work," says the lamented Channing, "breathing the very spirit of the Saviour, and intended to teach, that diversities of opinions on subjects the most mysterious and perplexing, ought not to sever friends, to dissolve the Christian tie, or to divide the church." From this moment, the intellectual life of this good man assumes an intense interest; he was developing more and more the action of a devout and inquisitive mind, and amiably and manfully striving to avoid that dangerous quicksand—the arrogance of sectarianism.

Dr. Ware says of him, that "with the profound consciousness of truth, he came out from his anxiety, his studies, his controversies, and his sorrows, with a liberality as wide as Christendom, and a modesty as gentle as his love of truth was strong." But now he was to assume other duties; and, at the instigation of his friends, the late Drs. Channing, Tuckerman, and Thacher, and the present Dr. Lowell, he removed to Brighton, Mass., in 1813, and commenced editing a new religious periodical, entitled "The Christian Disciple." He gathered around him here, a delightful circle of friends, and realized in them the true enjoyment of high culture and elevated purpose. This work was the advocate of Christian liberty and charity, and has now become merged in that well-sustained Unitarian periodical, the "Christian Examiner." His thoughts became more and more devoted to the cause of freedom; and he sought to analyze the subject of War, whether as opposed to, or agreeing with, the doctrines of the Scriptures. The following passage explains his views upon this great theme, as interesting to us *now*, as it could possibly have been at the time of writing:

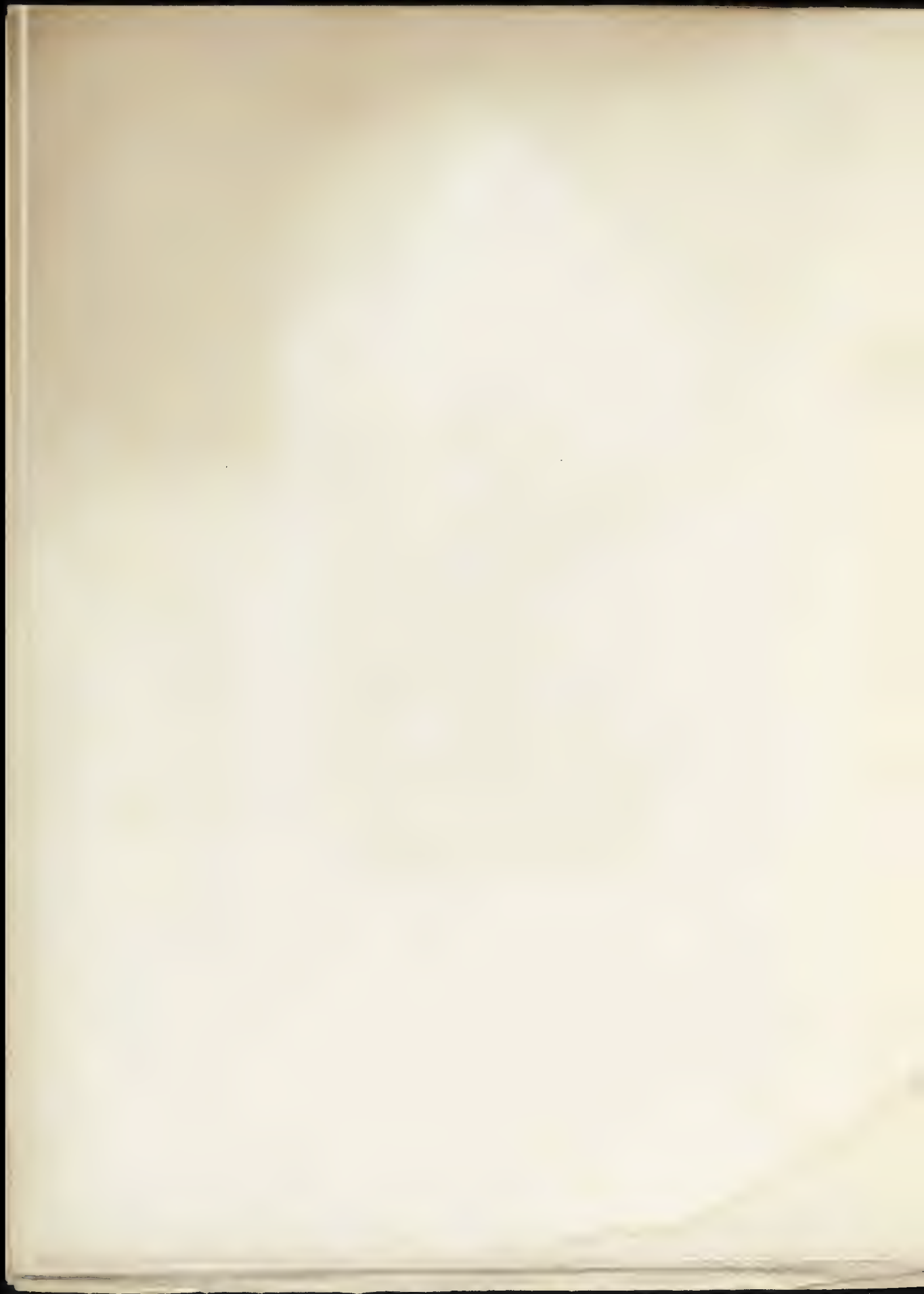
"I can say with the greatest truth, that I am unacquainted with any errors which have been adopted by any sect of Christians, which appear to me more evidential of a depraved heart, than those which sanction war, and dispose men to glory in slaughtering one another. If a man, apparently of good character, avows a belief that human infants are not by nature totally sinful, there are a multitude of churches who would refuse to admit him to their fellowship. Yet another man, who believes in the doctrine of total sinfulness by nature, may perhaps be admitted to their communion, with his hands reeking with the blood of many brethren, whom he has wantonly











slain in the games of war, and this, too, while he justifies those fashionable murders!" Following out these principles, he "gave vent to his whole soul," says Dr. Ware, "in that remarkable tract, *A Solemn Review of the Custom of War*,—one of the most successful and efficient pamphlets of any period." The publication of this production was followed by the formation of the Massachusetts Peace Society, and by the commencement of a quarterly issue, called "The Friend of Peace." This he continued for ten years, being almost its only contributor,—but so managing to vary the illustrations of his subjects, as to make the articles appear as if written by different individuals—a tact as uncommon as admirable, and most abundantly proving both the ardent zeal which he brought to the subject, and the great versatility of his powers of thought.

He was in heart and deed a philanthropist. The subject of *slavery* occupied his mind, in connection with other topics immediately concerning the good of humanity; but his last days were devoted especially to religious investigations, and he prepared two theological works. The "Atonement" was the subject of one, and "Human Depravity" of the other. He wrote diffusely, but yet with clearness; and in the resources of his thoughtful mind, he found the material for happy occupation. Dr. Channing, in his remarks upon the life and character of Dr. Worcester, has said: "I am always happy to express my obligations to the benefactors of my mind; and I owe it to Dr. Worcester to say, that my acquaintance with him gave me clearer comprehension of the spirit of Christ, and of the dignity of a man."

Physical suffering exhausted this venerable man towards the close of life; but it had the effect to call forth those bright traits of his

character, which are best expressed by the words submission and forbearance. "I recollect," says Dr. Channing, "no discord in his beautiful life. All my impressions of him are harmonious. Peace beamed from his venerable countenance."

Noah Worcester lived and died the friend of Humanity; and it has been through the admiration and gratitude of his friends, that the monument to his memory has been erected at Mount Auburn. This simple tribute is of white marble, and stands on the corner of Laurel and Walnut Avenues. The inscription is as follows:

On one side :

TO
NOAH WORCESTER, D.D.
ERECTED BY HIS FRIENDS,
IN COMMEMORATION OF ZEALOUS LABORS
IN
THE CAUSE OF PEACE;
AND OF
THE MEEKNESS, BENIGNITY, AND CONSISTENCY
OF
HIS CHARACTER
AS A
CHRISTIAN PHILANTHROPIST AND DIVINE.

"SPEAKING THE TRUTH IN LOVE."

On the other side :

NOAH WORCESTER :

BORN AT HOLLIS, NEW HAMPSHIRE, NOVEMBER 25, 1758

DIED AT BRIGHTON, MASSACHUSETTS, OCTOBER 31, 1837.

AGED 79 YEARS.

"Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called
the children of God."

CENTRAL SQUARE.

"Mighty shades,
Waving their gorgeous tracery o'er the head,
With the light melting through their high arcades,
As through a pillar'd cloister's."

[MRS. HEMANS.]

THE ground represented in the engraving, and denominated "Central Square," was originally reserved as a situation for some future public monument. It is an excellent position for such design. Various shady avenues open from this square; and its immediate neighborhood seems to have been chosen by many individuals, as the site for their last resting-place. At present, the most conspicuous monument near the square, is that erected to the memory of MISS HANNAH ADAMS, who was not only a remarkably gifted woman, but was *the first person buried in Mount Auburn*. In the words of the poet, we may well say of this truly estimable individual, that,

"Dear to the good, she died lamented."

Miss Adams had passed through life, indulging an intimate acquaintance with nature; and the grove, the stream, the rock, the mountain-fastness—flowers, trees, and shrubs—each had their charms for one whose mind continually fostered an indwelling spirit of beauty. Reverence for all things which were “true, honest, and of good report,” being a part of her character, she necessarily cherished a delight in the true and the beautiful; whilst her propensity was to magnify the Creator of “every good and perfect gift,” rather than to dwell upon the imperfections and weakness of finite man. It seemed meet, therefore, that when she was called to yield up her existence, she should be buried on the breezy hill, among the wild flowers she had loved, and amidst a scene like some of those around her village home, where she had so often “drunk in the melody which the song-bird scatters,” and filled her soul to overflowing with lofty communings.

Miss Adams was a remarkable woman in this country, for the time in which she lived; and her intellect alone would have entitled her to respect and veneration anywhere. She was almost entirely a self-cultivated person. In her youth, there were few advantages for female education; and she deeply regretted the want she had felt of a proper and systematic intellectual training, through the means of such seminaries of learning as were afterwards established for the progress of her sex. She has left an example, however, of what a strong and well-directed mind can accomplish, by assiduity and discipline, in despite of the accidental circumstances of time. In piety and virtue, faith and truth, she may well be an honorable pattern for the female youth of any generation.

Miss Adams was born in Medfield, Mass., in 1755, and died in Brookline, Mass., in 1831—being seventy-six years old. She was the

author of several valuable contributions to the literature of the period in which she wrote, amongst which are her "Views of Religion," first published in 1784; "A History of New England," printed in 1799; "The Truth and Excellence of the Christian Religion," published in 1804; and her celebrated "History of the Jews," completed in 1812. The difficulties which beset her path as an author, are such as are common in the lives of writers, both before and since her day. Her inexperience in the "ways and means" of publishers; her modesty and want of self-reliance, combined with her straitened circumstances, rendered her, in various instances, the dupe of individuals whom she employed as printers. She knew not *how to make her bargains*; and it was not until she came to Boston, and was made acquainted with the late reverend and venerable Dr. Freeman, of King's Chapel, that she felt she had a friend to assist her properly in the business of publication. She should, in justice, have realized a handsome sum from the sale of the above-named works; but though they sold well, she had the toil of preparation and research, without receiving more than a paltry stipend, barely sufficient to supply her pressing necessities. In arranging with her publisher about her "Views of Religion," after procuring, herself, more than four hundred subscribers, all the compensation she was able to obtain, was only fifty books; and for these she was left to find a sale, after the printer had received the whole of the subscription money. Nevertheless, her spirits retained their elastic power through the many struggles she was compelled to make, and whilst laboring with feeble health, and an impaired eyesight.

The father of Miss Adams, although in easy circumstances at the time of her birth, afterwards met with pecuniary reverses, from which he never recovered; and as the clouds of adversity thickened, she felt

necessitated, in early years, to resort to various humble ways to obtain the means of subsistence. During the Revolutionary war, making lace, spinning, weaving, braiding straw, keeping school, were all tried in aid of her support; and at the close of the war, when most of these resources, owing to contingent circumstances, became unavailing, she thought of her notes on religion and literature, (made in the interim of other avocations,) and she determined to enlarge them into books, —though she has been heard to say, that weaving lace with bobbins, was more profitable during the war, than writing books was afterwards. "It was *desperation*," to use her own language, "and not *vanity*, that induced me to publish."

She was indebted to the very fact of her father's misfortunes, for that love of books which, aided by an inquiring mind, has served to make her, at this day, so much the worthy object of eulogy and remembrance. Her father at one time embarked in the business of a country trader; his store was an "omnium gatherum" of English and West India goods, drugs, and books. Fond of reading himself, he naturally directed the minds of his children to those unfailing sources of pleasure, profit, and recreation, which good books afford; he amassed quite a library for those times, and the volumes which were left upon his hands, after his failure in business, became the best boon which was afforded to his daughter. She often expressed her regret that she had read too much light literature; though it may be doubted, we think, whether a mind naturally of so sober and practical a character as was that of Miss Adams, was not benefited by the fancy reading in which she at one time indulged. It may have brightened her imagination, aided by her natural good sense, and it may have imparted to a sombre cast of thought, something that may have been

wanted of spirit and beauty. Her readings of the poets, certainly, were ever a source of happiness to her; and when she enjoyed nature, it was much in the same spirit with Thomson and Cowper. "She culled the flowers, before she examined the forest-trees of literature."

In the large and valuable libraries of her zealous young friend, the lamented Buckminster, and of her venerable admirer, President Adams of Quincy, she gathered much knowledge, which, to her appreciating intellect, we doubt not, was "more precious than rubies." She knew, as Milton has expressed it, that "books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a progeny of life in them, to be as active as the soul was, whose progeny they are—that they preserved, as in a vial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them." She *felt* that "a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life." She herself wrote nothing that, "dying, she would wish to blot;" and although her works are not of great profundity, they were essentially useful at the time she wrote; and even in these days, are worthy of reference.

In about 1804-5, she removed to Boston, when, at the instance of some female friends, aided by several highly respectable gentlemen, a life annuity was obtained for her, with which, and frequent acceptable presents from benevolent persons who appreciated her talents, and to whom she was much endeared for her unpretending deportment, gentleness, and modesty, she was enabled to pass the last days of her life in ease and comfort.

Miss Adams was a competent scholar in Greek and Latin, in which branches of a learned education she fitted several young men for college, although, when she commenced the pursuit of the dead lan-

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AND

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BY JAMES SMILLIE.

THE LITERARY DEPARTMENT

BY N. CLEVELAND.

NEW YORK:

PUBLISHED BY R. MARTIN.

1846.

W. F. SMITH, PRINTER OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

G. W. WOOD, PRINTER OF THE LETTER-PRESS.

THE RURAL CEMETERIES OF AMERICA.

It has been invidiously asserted by some writers, that America is a land for the *living only*, and that due respect and veneration for the dead have no place in the memory and affections of the American people. The *truth* is, however, that in no other country has the desire to provide suitable repositories for the mortal remains of departed friends, been more generally or more *tastefully* displayed. Travellers, indeed, on visiting our shores, are now compelled to admit that the RURAL CEMETERIES OF AMERICA excel, beyond comparison, those of any other country, both in the natural beauty of their scenery, and in the great extent of their grounds, as well as in the tasteful and liberal manner in which they are embellished and conducted.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS

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THE RURAL CEMETERIES OF AMERICA.—This subject possesses such a sacred and tender interest with many of us, that a publication like this of Mr. Martin's cannot fail of being successful. The views are in highly finished line engraving, and the letter-press is a worthy companion to them in the work.—CHRISTIAN ENQUIRER, Dec. 19, 1846.

THE GREEN-WOOD SERIES.—The ordinary cant phrases used in the criticism (?) of new works, such as "a beautiful publication," etc., fail in their application when a *really* elegant thing appears, like this superb Green-Wood Illustrated. The first number is embellished with an engraving of the Entrance to the Cemetery, another of the Keeper's Lodge, another of Poet's Mound, and a fourth of Ocean Hill,—all of surpassing truth and fineness. The peculiarities of that Beautiful Place of Graves are preserved in each of them; the sombre shade of the trees even, and the heavy pall, draping, as it were, the atmosphere there. We love to see the multiplying of such places as Green-Wood. We love to see the publication of a work imbued with a kindred spirit. The drawings in Green-Wood Illustrated were taken on the spot by James Smillie, and the literary department is by N. Cleaveland.—BROOKLYN EAGLE, Aug. 15, 1846.

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We trust that a work so pious in design, just in conception and taste, and admirable in execution, will be continued from time to time, as monuments increase, until it shall include a history in which every family may feel to have an interest, and a civic record to which the honest and virtuous citizen may turn with pride and pleasure.—PROTESTANT CHURCHMAN, Sept. 19, 1846.

THE RURAL CEMETERIES OF AMERICA.—This is a book of the most perfect style. The engravings are equal to the best ever produced in Europe.—N. Y. SUN, Aug. 3, 1846.

THE RURAL CEMETERIES OF AMERICA.—The magnificent style in which every department of this work is performed, renders it altogether the cheapest and best book we have ever seen produced in America.—N. Y. TRUE SUN, Dec. 31, 1846.

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The engravings are of the finest kind, finished in the most elegant style. We should think our citizens would patronise this work extensively.—JERSEY-CITY EVENING SENTINEL, Dec. 16, 1846.

The artists engaged upon this work appear to be running a race for public favor. Every branch is done to perfection.—N. Y. ALBION, Jan. 2, 1847.

This work is decidedly the best specimen of American engraving and letter-press that we have ever met with. As a gift-book, or an ornament to the centre-table, it may vie with any of the superb English annuals. Success attend it!—N. Y. CHRISTIAN MESSENGER, Aug. 22, 1846.

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NEW YORK:

PUBLISHED BY R. MARTIN, 29 JOHN-ST.

1846.



guages, the world around her was inclined to laugh at her aspirations. She said herself, that she felt "as if she were drawing upon herself the ridicule of society!" Happily for us, those days are past. Though scarce a century has elapsed since the birth of Miss Adams, the necessity for cultivated female *teachers* is everywhere acknowledged; nay, female education of a high order cannot be dispensed with; the culture of the mind is a positive *demand*. Every *mother* ought to be an intellectual and spiritual woman, that she may be able to encourage the development of the highest capacities of her children, and incite them to wisdom and virtue.

Revered as a friend, honored for her integrity, admired for her varied acquisitions, respected for her piety, and cherished for the union of all these attributes of a pure and elevated character, Miss Adams passed to her final rest, receiving kindly sympathy and fostering care. She breathed her last in a pleasant house in Brookline, whither she had been removed, that she might enjoy the beauties of rural scenery, which she had ever loved, and have the advantage of sun and prospect. She had fully experienced, in her long life, the evanescent nature of all earthly enjoyments; and she "fell asleep," finally, realizing that her soul's helper was the Omnipotent, and her best defence, the Rock of Ages.

Her friends raised, by subscription, the monument to her memory, which bears the following inscription:

TO

HANNAH ADAMS,

HISTORIAN OF THE JEWS,

AND

REVIEWER OF THE CHRISTIAN SECTS,

This Monument is erected,

BY

HER FEMALE FRIENDS.

FIRST TENANT

OF

MT. AUBURN:

SHE DIED DECEMBER 15, 1831,

Aged 76.

HARVARD HILL.

" His eyes diffused a venerable grace,
And charity itself was in his face :
Nothing reserved or sullen was to see,
But sweet regards and pleasing sanctity ;
Mild was his accent, and his action free.
With eloquence innate his tongue was arm'd ;
Though harsh the precept, yet the preacher charm'd.
For, letting down the golden chain from high,
He drew his audience upward to the sky.
He bore his great commission in his look,
But sweetly temper'd awe, and soften'd all he spoke."

AMIDST our meditative wanderings over Mount Auburn, we find that the same "consecrated mould" contains not only some of the greatest of our country's lawgivers, but some of the most eloquent of her divines,—men whose industry and genius have elevated them to conspicuous public stations. We have pondered, in the lowly vale, over the tomb of STORY—and now we pass to the gentle eminence upon which is erected the monument to the memory of KIRKLAND—the urbane gentleman—the brilliant scholar—the gifted preacher—the profound moralist,—the late President of Harvard College.

The spot where rest the remains of President Kirkland, has been appropriately designated as "*Harvard Hill*;" being a purchase by the

corporation of the University, for the purpose of a burying-place for the officers of the institution, and some of its distinguished students. We stand upon Harvard Hill, as it were, in the midst of a group of academics, and, as the eye rests upon the marble which forms the enduring monument to Kirkland, we feel that there rests a father amongst his children. Around and about it are obelisks to the memory of various instructors and students in the college, and near by, is the chaste erection in memory of JOHN HOOKER ASHMUN, late Royall Professor of Law in the University. Here are buried, side by side, hoary age, and promising youth, and manhood in its full maturity of intellectual strength,—*he* whom the great Father of our destinies permitted to a full performance of a good work on earth, and they, his student-children, cut off amidst their brightest aspirations—their sanguine hopes for an honorable career. But “such is life,” and such are the decrees of inscrutable destiny; and we may well recognise, in this connection, the expressive truth, that there are those, “of whom neither ourselves nor the world are worthy.”

The Kirkland monument on Harvard Hill, is an ornate sarcophagus, having on its top an outspread scroll, upon which rests a book—the latter being a fitting indication of the pursuits of the lamented dead interred beneath it, whether as respects his profession of the ministry, or his taste for literature.

On one side of the monument are these words:

JOANNES THORNTON KIRKLAND,

V. D. M., S. T. D.

DECESSIT APRILIS DIE XXVI.,

ANNO DOMINI MDCCCXL.

ÆTATIS SUE LXIX.

On the opposite side is this inscription :

JOANNI THORNTON KIRKLAND :

VIRO HONORATO DILECTO,

AUCTORITATE, SUAVITATE;

INGENII ACUMINE, SERMONIS VENUSTATE, ET ANIMI QUADAM ALTITUDINE,

PRÆSTANTI.

ACADEMIE HARVARDIANÆ

PER ANNOS XVII FAUSTOS PRÆSIDI :

ÆQUO VIGILANTI, BENIGNO, PIO.

ALUMNI GRATE MEMORES,

HOC MONUMENTUM PONENDUM, CURAVERUNT.

"Early engaged in the instruction of youth in the seminary of which he was afterwards the honored head; sustaining a faithful and successful ministry of almost seventeen years, in the New South Church; and thence presiding, for a still longer period, over the University, we must count it," says one of his eulogists,* "amongst the subjects of our gratitude, that his usefulness was preserved to us so long. Nearly forty years of public service, must be regarded as no ordinary allotment of favor to the individual intrusted with them, or to the community who share in the benefit."

JOHN THORNTON KIRKLAND was born in the state of New York, at

* The Rev. Dr. Parkman.

Little Falls, on the Mohawk river, on the 17th of August, 1770. He was the son of the Rev. Samuel Kirkland, who devoted himself, with great energy and courage, to the work of a missionary to the Indians. His mother was an exemplary woman of good gifts intellectually, and one who thought it no hardship to repair, with her devoted husband, immediately upon her union, to an unfinished log-hut in the heart of an Indian village. She knew the perils to which they were liable; but she encouraged a great hope for the success of her husband's labors,—and she was partly rewarded for her wife-like courage by receiving, in November, 1772, a considerate donation of fifty pounds sterling, from the society in Scotland for promoting Christian knowledge, to purchase a comfortable residence.

"It is a singular and interesting fact," says Dr. Young, in his sermon on the death of Dr. Kirkland, "as well as a beautiful illustration of the spirit of American society, and of the practical working of our free institutions, that the son of a poor missionary on the outskirts of civilization, born in a log-cabin, nurtured in infancy among the savages, and bred in childhood in a frontier village, with no advantages of fortune, and little aid from friends, rose, by the force of talent and merit alone, to the head of the first literary institution in our land. Such a fact as this is full of encouragement to the high-spirited and ambitious young men of our country. It shows them that the path of literary as well as political distinction is open to all, and that talent, effort, and moral worth are sure to be valued and rewarded."

When the troubles of the war arose, it was not deemed safe for Mrs. Kirkland to remain amongst the Indians, especially as it was not known which side they would take in the conflict. The money from Scotland purchased, therefore, a small farm in Stockbridge, Mass.,

whither this excellent wife and mother repaired, and where her son John Thornton remained till he was sent to Andover, having previously received from her the rudiments of his education. He remained here two years, when, with the patronage of a liberal friend, aided by his own exertions in keeping a school, he was admitted into Harvard University in 1786.

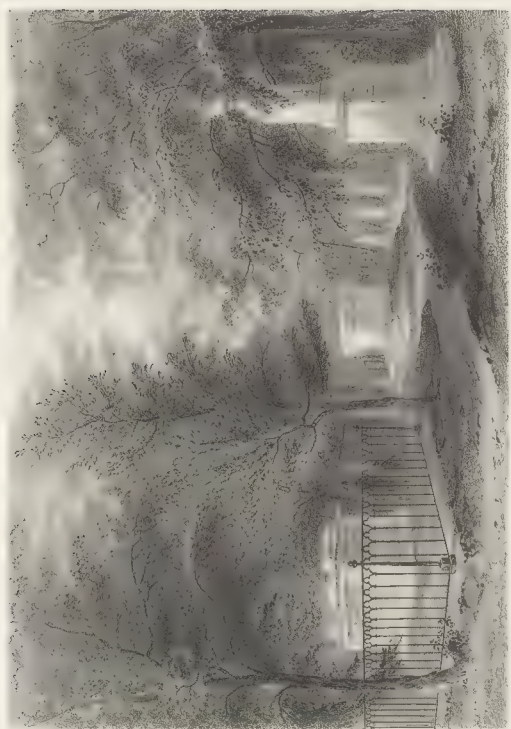
In his Junior year, the famous Shay's Rebellion broke out; and, possessing a spirit of patriotism, and perhaps some love of adventure, he availed himself of a winter vacation to join the little band under Gen. Lincoln, formed for the purpose of quelling the insurrection. He performed his part as a soldier manfully; and when the object of the struggle was honorably accomplished, he once more returned to the peaceful groves of Academus, and to the renewal of those studies which his principles of true patriotism had interrupted.

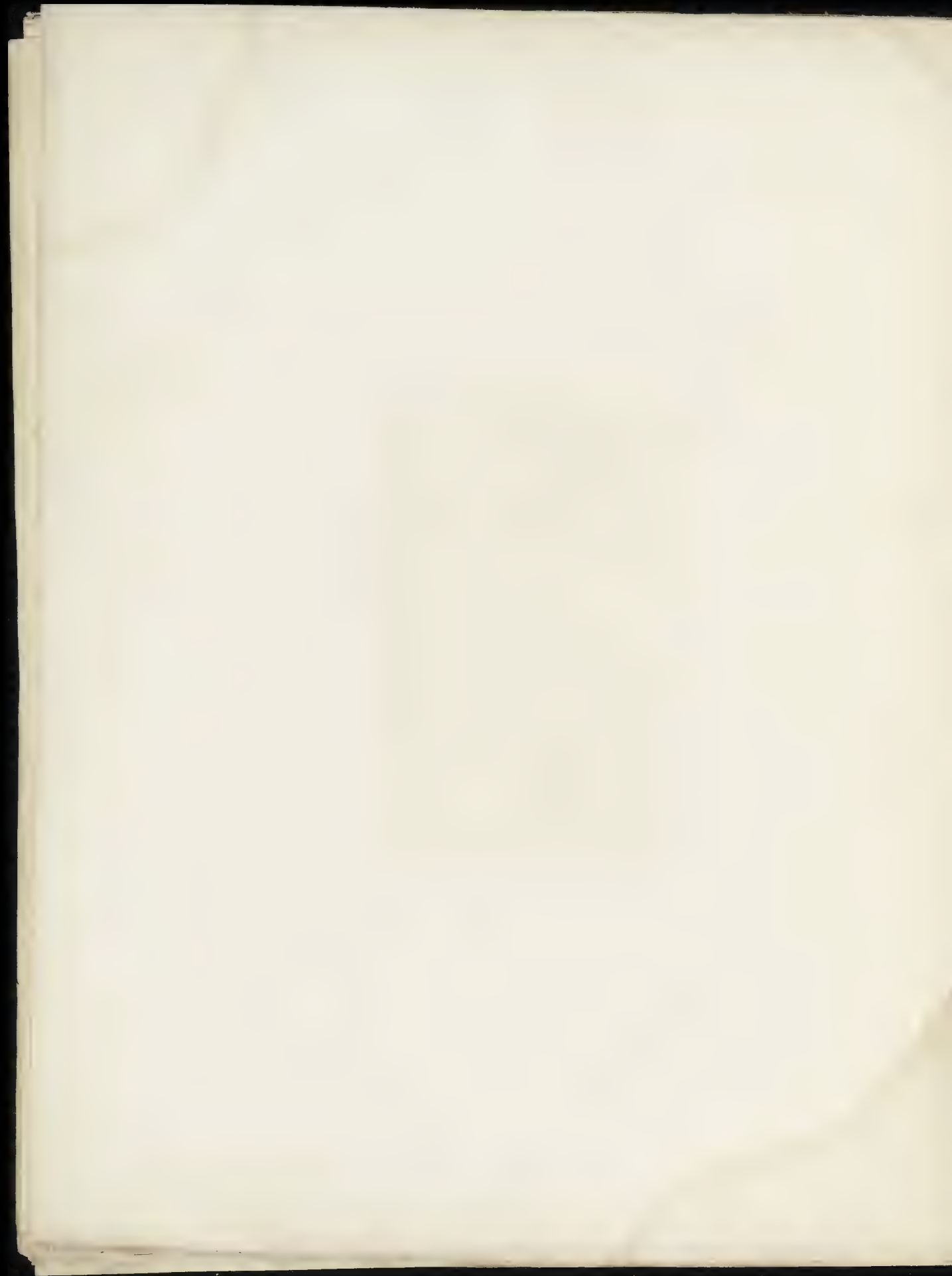
Upon leaving the University, he became, for a brief period, an assistant in the Andover Academy. He was elected, subsequently, Tutor of Metaphysics in Harvard College; and whilst engaged in this capacity, he embraced *Divinity* as his chosen profession, and zealously pursued his theological studies, until he was invited to become the pastor of the New South Church, upon the resignation of the Rev. Oliver Everett. On the 5th of February, 1794, he received ordination, and commenced a ministry which beautifully exemplified a knowledge of human nature and of Christian divinity,—a ministry which all who remember it, acknowledge as having exercised an important influence upon the minds not only of his own people, but upon those of a large portion of the community. "From 1794 to 1810—a pregnant period in our history—he exercised," says Dr. Young, "a moral control which can hardly be conceived of by those who did not

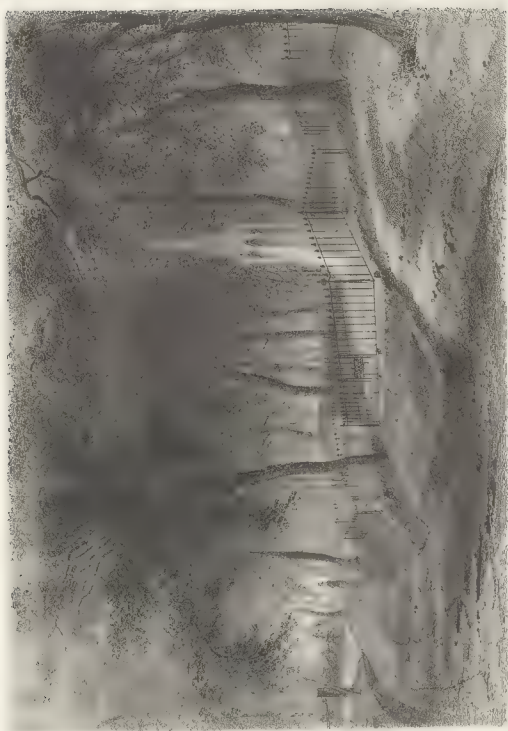
live at that period, and who are not acquainted with the feverish and agitated state of the public mind that then existed, growing out of the peculiar state of the times. The minds of men needed to be instructed and tranquillized, and to be confirmed in the great fundamental principles of religion and morals. Dr. Kirkland addressed himself to this work with singular discretion and judgment, and by his words of truth and soberness, in the pulpit and out of it, rendered a service to this community, which can now be hardly understood or estimated, but which ought never to be forgotten."

In *ethics*, Dr. Kirkland particularly excelled; he had acquired a knowledge of the human heart which well prepared him for the work of a rigid moralist; he made no parade of this intuitive knowledge of humanity—but it appeared continually in his life and in his writings; he would enforce a great truth with a power of rhetoric at once convincing and brilliant, and he would deal with facts with a logic so consummate, as absolutely to conceal the *logician* in the speaker of well-pointed truths. Spontaneity was a great element in his thinking and speaking. He seemed ever to express himself impromptu. "His conversation," says a reverend brother, "was a succession of aphorisms, maxims, general remarks: his preaching was of the same character with his conversation." It is related of Dr. Kirkland, that it was not uncommon with him to take into the pulpit half a dozen sermons or more, and whilst turning rapidly over their pages, to construct from the whole a new sermon as he went along,—doing this extemporaneously, but with an impressive power, possessed by few if any in the same profession. Some persons have attributed this habit to indolence, and to procrastination in preparing a regular sermon on the week days. None found fault, however, with the instruction rendered











in this remarkable manner; on the contrary, it has been said of him, that he "put more thought into one sermon, than other clergymen did into five."

Urbanity was a prominent characteristic of the deportment of Dr. Kirkland, and to this may chiefly be attributed the power which he had of gaining the love of all who knew him; his kindness of heart was as an inner sun, which irradiated a countenance expressive of all benignant emotions: he looked to be what he was emphatically—a good man and a Christian. "Both as a preacher and pastor," says Dr. Young, "by his whole spirit and bearing, he made religion lovely and attractive, particularly to the intelligent, the refined, and the young. He stripped it of its stiff and formal costume, its gloomy and forbidding look, and its austere and repellent manners. He taught men by his conversation and deportment, quite as much as by his preaching—confirming and illustrating the beautiful remark of Hooker, that 'the life of a pious clergyman is visible rhetoric.'"

Dr. Kirkland was chosen President of Harvard College on the death of its esteemed head, Dr. Webber. He was elected by the corporation of the University, in August, 1810; the election was confirmed by the board of overseers during the same month,—but, owing to his own modest distrust of his capacity for such a position, his answer of acceptance was delayed until the following October. He was inducted into office on the 14th of the ensuing November

"The presidency of Dr. Kirkland," says one of his most careful eulogists, "was the Augustan age of Harvard College." This certainly is high encomium; but to prove its justice, we may be permitted to quote the remarks of his immediate successor in office, the venerable

ex-president Josiah Quincy, who, in his copious "History of Harvard University," says that "the early period of the administration of President Kirkland was pre-eminently distinguished for bold, original, and successful endeavors to elevate the standard of education in the University, and to extend the means of instruction, and multiply accommodations in every department. Holworthy Hall, University Hall, Divinity Hall, and the Medical College, in Boston, were erected. Liberal expenditures were incurred for furnishing University Hall, and for repairs and alterations in the other departments. The library, the chemical, philosophical, and anatomical apparatus of the University, and the mineralogical cabinet, were enlarged, and rooms for the lectures of the medical professors were fitted up in Holden Chapel. The grounds surrounding the college edifices, were planted with ornamental trees and shrubberies; the salaries of the president and professors were satisfactorily raised; and as professorships became vacant, they were filled with young men of talent and promise. * * * The external indications of prosperity and success were general, manifest, and applauded.

"The extraordinary enlargement of the means, and advancement of the interests of learning in the University during this period, are to be attributed to the fortunate influx of the liberal patronage of individuals and the legislature; to the spirit of an age of improvement; but most of all, to the eminent men who then composed the corporation, and brought into it a weight of talent, personal character, and external influence, combined with an active zeal for the advancement of the institution, previously unparalleled—and who, placing an almost unlimited confidence in its president, vested him with unprecedented powers in the management of its affairs, which he exercised in a manner

liberal and trustful of public support. This confidence was not only known and avowed, but is distinctly apparent on the records of the college, and had, unquestionably, a material influence on the measures and results of that administration."

President Quincy very justly alludes, in the foregoing, to "the eminent men" who composed the corporation of the college at the time of which we are writing; and it may be well, in this connection, to refresh the mind of the reader, by enumerating the names, amongst the laity, of the Hon. John Davis, Oliver Wendell, Theophilus Parsons, John Lowell, John Phillips, Christopher Gore, Wm. Prescott, Harrison Gray Otis, Charles Jackson, Joseph Story, Nathaniel Bowditch, and Francis C. Gray,—amongst the clergy, of the Rev. John Eliot, William Ellery Channing, Samuel C. Thacher, John Lathrop, Charles Lowell, and Eliphalet Porter.

Not less distinguished was the college at this time, for its bright array of professors and tutors,—amongst whom we may mention the names of Frisbie, Farrar, Norton, Hedge, Everett, Ticknor, Popkin, Bigelow, Sparks, Bancroft, Cogswell, and Follen. Two of these individuals have received the honor of being sent ambassador to the court of St. James; and one of the two is now the third successor to Dr. Kirkland in the presidency of Harvard University.

In writing of the public career of President Kirkland, and of his many estimable traits of character, as a man and a Christian, the *generosity* of his disposition should not be passed over. He was the friend of temperance and moral reform—a man of an expansive benevolence of thought, and of a generous charity. "Many a young man," says Dr. Young, "was prevented from leaving college with his education unfinished, by the timely and generous charity which he

imparted. Whilst Dr. Kirkland had a dollar in his pocket, it was ever at the command of the poor Cambridge scholar."

Dr. Kirkland retained his position at the head of the college for a period of eighteen years, when, owing to his declining health, he sent in his resignation of the high duties of the presidency, on the 28th of March, 1828. With evident regret the corporation accepted his resignation; and the students manifested their affectionate and respectful feelings towards him, by a costly present of silver plate. He embarked for Europe in 1829, and was three years absent, travelling over that continent, and parts of Asia and Africa. He returned home in 1832; but his strength was broken by paralysis, and he passed away from earth in the spring of 1840—having ever been one to whom might well be applied the words of the prophet Daniel: "light, and understanding, and wisdom, and knowledge, and an excellent spirit, were found in him."

THE APPLETON MONUMENT.

"A lovely temple! such as shone
Upon thy classic mounts, fair Greece!
For which thy kings exchanged their throne,
War's stirring field, for the grave's peace."

[McLELLAN.]

A GRECIAN TEMPLE in miniature of fine Italian marble, most correctly represented in the engraving, marks the burial-place belonging to SAMUEL APPLETON, Esq., of Boston. It is surmounted by funereal lamps, and has appropriate devices on its façade—the whole exquisitely wrought by the Italian artists. This monument is in Woodbine Path, and has been erected by a gentleman conspicuous for his wealth, hospitality, and benevolence. Mr. Samuel Appleton is the oldest of a family in Boston, whose position, influence, and liberality have rendered them eminently distinguished in Massachusetts.

The monument which he has erected is one of the most costly in Mount Auburn, and is usually inquired for by strangers visiting the place. Its situation in the midst of a dense grove of evergreens, is highly picturesque.

THE MONUMENT
TO
JOHN HOOKER ASHMUN.

"And there are some names even in Sardis, which have not defiled their garments. And they shall walk with me in white, for they are worthy."
[*New Testament.*]

WE have already mentioned the name of a distinguished scholar—one of the professors formerly connected with the University—whose remains repose near the sculptured sarcophagus of President Kirkland. How well the name of JOHN HOOKER ASHMUN has been honored—how truly his scholarship and character of mind have been appreciated and valued, will appear from the remarkable inscription on his monument—a model as it is of condensation,—containing almost a biography in an epitaph. Charles Chauncy Emerson is the author of the following inscription, pronounced, by common consent, one of the best in Mount Auburn:—

Here lies the Body of

JOHN HOOKER ASHMUN,

ROYALL PROFESSOR OF LAW IN HARVARD UNIVERSITY:

WHO WAS BORN JULY 3, 1800,

AND DIED APRIL 1, 1833.

In him the Science of Law appeared native and intuitive:

He went behind Precedents to Principles; and Books were his helpers, never his masters:

There was the beauty of Accuracy in his Understanding,

And the beauty of Uprightness in his Character.

Through the slow progress of the Disease which consumed his Life,

He kept unimpaired his Kindness of Temper, and Superiority of Intellect;

He did more, sick, than others, in health;

He was fit to Teach, at an age when common men are beginning to Learn;

And his few years bore the fruit of long life.

A lover of Truth, an obeyer of Duty, a sincere Friend, and a wise Instructor,

HIS PUPILS

RAISE THIS STONE TO HIS MEMORY.

The father of Professor Ashmun—Eli P. Ashmun, Esq., of Northampton—was a man of distinguished talents as a lawyer and statesman, and the intellectual gifts of his children appear to have been their natural heritage. John Hooker Ashmun was not thirty years of age when he received the appointment to the Royall Professorship, as the successor of Chief Justice Parker; and though he was young in

years, the nomination was universally hailed with applause; no envious voice arose to dispute his claims to such distinction; the wise rejoiced in the appointment, and the students exulted in the choice of so competent an instructor. President Quincy, in his "History of Harvard College," thus alludes to this appointment:—"Never were honors more worthily bestowed, or the duties of a professor's chair more faithfully fulfilled. His learning was deep, various, and accurate, and his method of instruction searching and exact. Few men have impressed upon the memories of their friends, a livelier sense of excellence and unsullied virtue. Fewer have left behind them a character so significant in its outlines, and so well fitted to sustain an enduring fame." Professor Ashmun was not destined, however, to live to heighten his fame. In less than four years from his acceptance of the professorship, his career as a dispenser of legal instruction was terminated by death. He quietly met his euthanasia, on the morning of April 1st, 1833, just as the bright glow of the early day streamed into his chamber, a fitting type of his own clear intellect, the diffusive light of which, like that of the risen sun illuminating the home of genius, had enlightened so many minds in the noble science of jurisprudence.

In a discourse pronounced by the late Judge Story, before the fellows and faculty of Harvard University, on the death of Professor Ashmun, April 5th, 1833, it is gratifying to note with what a simple eloquence the gifted speaker pronounced his eulogy upon the character of the departed. "Such as he was," he says, "we can bear him in our hearts, and on our lips, with a manly praise. We can hold him up as a fit example for youthful emulation and ambition; not dazzling, but elevated; not stately, but solid; not ostentatious, but pure." Al-

PART

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By T. THOMAS, J. N., Esq., ARCHITECT.

ALTHOUGH many excellent treatises already exist on the subject of domestic architecture, such have been mainly intended for the illustration and improvement of the private residences of merchants, or other possessors of wealth and taste. The industrious and frugal mechanic, with limited means at his disposal, can rarely find any information in such productions that is adapted to his circumstances. To impart sufficient information to be immediately useful to that numerous body of the people whose wants and tastes must necessarily be regulated by rigid economy, is the intended design of this little work.

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OF AMERICA.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

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At the commencement of this work, the Publisher promised to spare no expense in rendering it superior, as a work of art, to any book ever illustrated in this country. The cost of preparation has exceeded ten thousand dollars. Although the undertaking is at present far from profitable to the Publisher, it is highly creditable to American artists, and proves conclusively that (with a liberal patronage) this branch of the fine arts would in a very short time have no superior in the world.

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GREEN-WOOD ILLUSTRATED.

THOUGH the occupation and improvement of Green-Wood Cemetery have been rapid beyond example; though it is visited daily, during the open season, by great and increasing numbers; and though it is becoming an object of wider and deeper interest with every addition made to its inmates;—yet to the vast population of New York, it is still but partially known. Indeed, it is no easy thing to make an extensive impression on so great a mass. It is even more difficult to break the tyranny of fashion, though its dictates be repulsive to taste, and shocking to our better feelings. But the change has begun. Few can visit a spot like Green-Wood, and see and feel its quiet beauty, without a conviction that such are the only fit resting-places of the dead. Moreover, almost every new occupant of these grounds may be said, like the emigrant from foreign shores, to draw others after him. Even fashion will ere long give up its walled enclosure, and its dark, damp, crowded city vault, for the pure air, the cheerful lights, the subdued glooms, the verdant and blooming freshness of the rural burying-place.

In presenting to the public the present work on Green-Wood, we would willingly hasten, if we may, such a consummation. We would show, as well as pen and pencil can, how art and nature are there combining to form an attractive and fitting place of burial. The views to be given will be faithful transcripts, for the reality here needs no embellishment. It is intended that the drawings and engravings shall be in the highest style of the respective arts, and from the best talents among us. The literary portion will consist of descriptive and biographical notices, with occasional remarks on subjects kindred to the main design. In fine, it is hoped that the work now offered to the proprietors of these grounds, and the public generally, will, in all its artistic and mechanical details, be worthy of the scenes and objects which it presents; that it will be an ornament to the table—a suitable tribute to distant friends—and a valued memorial with all those to whom Green-Wood and its garnered dust have now become sacred.

PLAN OF PUBLICATION.

The Work will be published in Parts, each containing three beautiful Line Engravings, for 50 cents, or proof impressions, on large paper, for \$1,—to be completed in six Parts, making the whole expense \$3 for the general, and \$6 for the proof edition. *Payable on delivery of each Part.*

It is sold to subscribers at a rate so near the cost of publication, that the public may rest assured that it will never be obtained for less than the present price.

The Work being published under the auspices of the Green-Wood Institution, is not issued under the ordinary circumstances of booksellers' publications, and will only be furnished to those who pre-engage it before completion. It will contain, at the end, a catalogue of the names of every individual possessor of the work.

luding to Mr. Ashmun's nomination to the Royall Professorship, Judge Story says:—"It was a spontaneous movement of the corporation itself, acting on its own responsibility, upon a deliberate review of his qualifications, and after the most searching inquiry into the solidity of his reputation." This tribute to his talents and ability is of the highest kind; and it remains but to add, that he had early gained his fame in the practice of legal science, by his brilliant success at the bar whilst a resident of Northampton, and by his association with Judge Howe in a law school in that flourishing town.

We cannot conclude this notice of one of the distinguished dead whose remains are interred beneath the shady eminence of Harvard Hill—that spot of thronging interests—without recalling, as a model for the youth of our community, the example of the student-life of the lamented Ashmun. Without any of the extrinsic graces of person or of oratory; without strength of voice; and without the health which gives so much success to professional labor, he possessed an earnestness and truth of manner, which made his hearers always regard him with the most profound attention. Again to quote the words of his distinguished eulogist, now, alas! called to meet his friend and young companion in a better world, "he convinced where others sought but to persuade; he bore along the court and the jury by the force of his argument; he grappled with their minds, and bound them down with those strong ligaments of the law, which may not be broken, and cannot be loosened. In short, he often obtained a triumph, where mere eloquence must have failed. His conscientious earnestness commanded confidence, and his powerful expostulations secured the passes to victory. Certain it is, that no man of his years was ever listened to with more undivided attention by the court and bar, or received

from them more unsolicited approbation. If, to the circumstances already alluded to, we add the fact of his deafness, his professional success seems truly remarkable. It is as proud an example of genius subduing to its own purposes, every obstacle opposed to its career, and working out its own lofty destiny, as could well be presented to the notice of ingenuous youth. It is as fine a demonstration as we could desire, of that great moral truth, that *man is far less what nature has originally made him, than what he chooses to make himself.*"

With this review of Professor Ashmun's brief career on earth, we think we have fully illustrated the truth of the remarkable epitaph on his monument—an elegant tribute, as the latter is, from one gifted mind, to the superior intelligence and manly character of another.

THE DEAD
OF
HARVARD HILL.

"Life hath its flowers,—and what are they?
The buds of early love and truth,
Which spring and wither in a day;
The gems of warm, confiding youth;
Alas! those buds decay and die,
Ere ripen'd and matured in bloom;
E'en in an hour behold them lie
Upon the still and lonely tomb."

[BROOKS.]

"Yes, here they lie; the student-youth,—
The early honor'd dead;
Gone now with trust and holy truth,
To meet in Christ, their Head."

CLUSTERING around the graves of Kirkland and Ashmun, to the right and left of Harvard Hill, are monuments to many of the students in the University, and to some of their instructors and tutors. With each name there is a linked history of high hopes and natural aspirations—but they lived, died, and have been lamented. This is the lot of all with whom virtue and uprightness are the guides of earthly action, and "the proudest can boast of little more." They have a name and a tomb amongst those whom they would have been glad to

emulate, and they have passed away in the very summer of their beauty, teaching us, by the "seemingly untoward circumstances of their departure from this life, that they and we shall live forever."

Amongst the names recorded on these various monuments, we find those of Charles S. Wheeler and Samuel T. Hildreth, both instructors in the University; of Wm. H. Cowan, of the Law School; of Frederic A. Hoffman, of Baltimore; of John A. Terry, Ephraim C. Roby, Charles Ridgely Greenwood, Charles Sedgwick, of Lenox, Wm. Cranch Bond, John A. Emery, and Edward C. Mussey. Neat marble obelisks adorn these graves, erected, in many cases, by the classmates of the deceased, and bearing suitable inscriptions. Few can wander around the spot where repose these young "buds of promise," so quickly blasted, without a crowd of feelings, suggested by their early departure from a world, the bitterness of which they had never known, and any conflict with which they had never been called to meet. To say that we mourn their loss, would be improper; for, in the expressive words of an English poet,—

"Mid thorns and snares our way we take,
And yet we mourn the best!"

There is a better country, "even an heavenly," and there, we trust, the beatified spirits of the loved and early lost are commingling with "the just made perfect." Therefore, remembering the words of Solomon, that we "may praise the dead more than the living," we may well apply, in this connection, the remaining lines of the stanza:

"For those who throng the eternal throne,
Lost are the tears we shed;
They are the living, they alone,
Whom thus we call THE DEAD."

THE MONUMENT TO CHANNING.

"Some there are,
By their good works exalted; lofty minds
And meditative; authors of delight
And happiness, which to the end of time
Will live, and spread, and kindle. Even such minds
In childhood, from this solitary Being,
Or from like wanderer, haply have received
(A thing more precious far than all that books,
Or the solitudes of love can do!)
That first mild touch of sympathy and thought,
In which they found their kindred with a world
Where want and sorrow were."

[WORDSWORTH.]

IN Yarrow Path, Mount Auburn, stands a monument of fine Italian marble. It is wrought from a design of the greatest of American painters—Washington Allston—and is erected to the memory of one of the most distinguished of American divines—WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

On one side of the sarcophagus is this inscription:—

Here rest the Remains of

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING,

BORN 7TH APRIL, 1780,

AT NEWPORT, R. I.

ORDAINED JUNE 1ST, 1803,

AS A MINISTER OF JESUS CHRIST TO THE SOCIETY WORSHIPPING GOD

IN FEDERAL-ST., BOSTON :

DIED 2D OCTOBER, 1842,

WHILE ON A JOURNEY, AT BENNINGTON, VERMONT.

On the other side are the following words :

IN MEMORY OF

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING,

Honored throughout Christendom

For his eloquence and courage, in maintaining and advancing

The great cause of

TRUTH, RELIGION, AND HUMAN FREEDOM,

This Monument

Is gratefully and reverently erected,

By the Christian Society of which, during nearly forty years,

HE WAS PASTOR.

The above inscription truly expresses the character of Dr. Channing, as a preacher and teacher of scripture truths, and with that one

expression, "*human freedom*," proclaims the great object for which he lived and labored.

Dr. Channing's ideal of a Christian minister was clear and lofty and during his whole life, he sought faithfully to be himself what he strove to delineate. "Like the man of genius," he stood forth as "the high priest of Divinity itself, before whom it befitted him to offer up not only the first fruits of his intellect, but the continued savor of a life high and pure, and in accordance with the love he taught." "*He needs no eulogy, whose life was full of truth*," says his friend and colleague, Dr. Gannett, whilst attempting to render a simple but emphatic tribute to his memory. Never were words more truly spoken, for Dr. Channing stood forth to the world as a devoted teacher of the beauty of holiness—the promoter of man's highest interests—a philanthropist in word and deed.

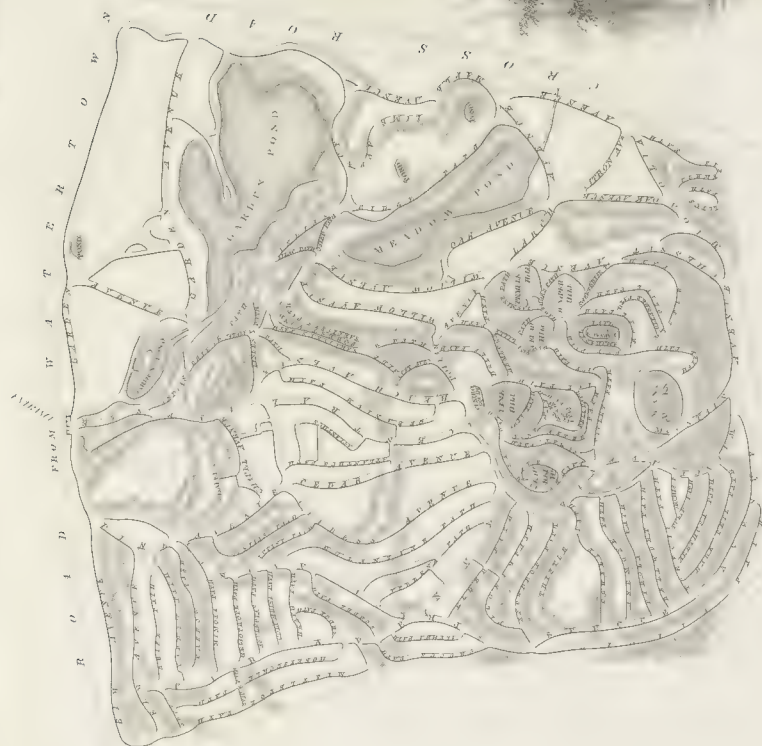
A native of Newport, R. I., Dr. Channing graduated at Harvard University in 1798, with the highest honors of the institution. After a year's sojourn at the south, he prepared himself for the ministry, and became so early distinguished for the style of his preaching, that he was immediately chosen pastor of the Federal-street Meeting-house, and ordained over a small society, which so rapidly increased under his pastoral care, that a new house of worship was erected in 1809. His health, which was always delicate, became so much impaired by his extraordinary mental exertions, that a voyage to England was undertaken by him in 1822; and upon his return in the ensuing year, an assistant minister was chosen, to aid him in his professional duties.

"From that time," says Dr. Gannett, in his funeral address, "he continued to officiate in the pulpit, with more or less frequency, as his

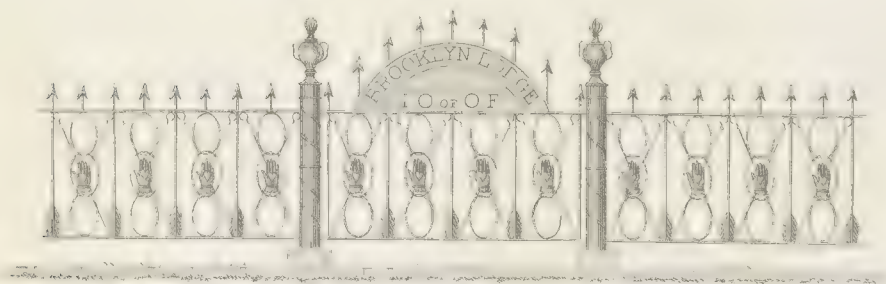
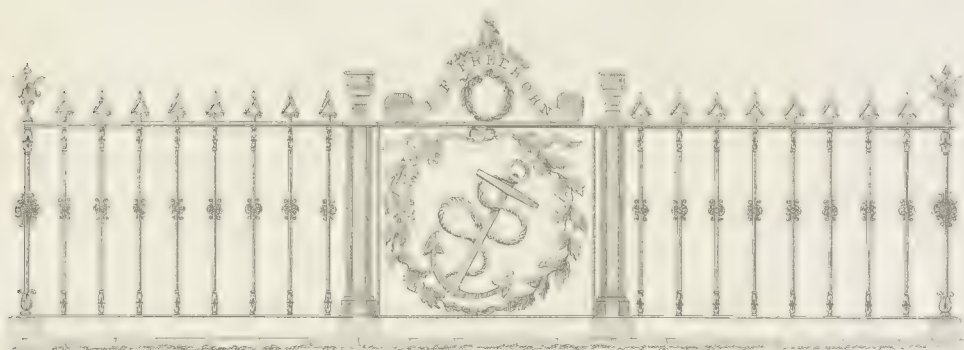
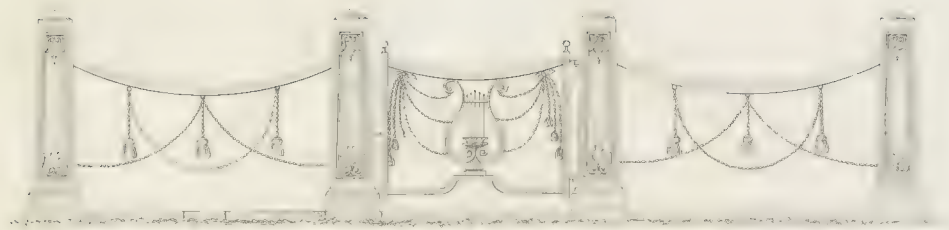
strength permitted, till 1840, when he requested the society to release him from all obligation of professional service, though he desired to retain the pastoral connection towards them. As his mind was relieved from the pressure of ministerial engagements, his attention was more given to the aspects which society, in its opinions, usages, and institutions, presents to the Christian philanthropist. He was led, by his interest in these subjects, to communicate to the public, at different times, his thoughts on questions of immediate urgency, involving high moral considerations; and he devoted a large part of his time to an examination of the light which Christianity throws upon practical ethics."

The world, however, was not to receive any long continuance of such valuable benefactions. Illness overpowered his vital energies, and he sunk to sleep in the October of 1842, just two months after the delivery of his singularly eloquent address in the cause of human freedom, on occasion of the anniversary of emancipation in the British West Indies. This address was spoken at Lenox, Mass.; and we see in it the very soul of Channing breathing out a fervor of love for his fellow-men, in a surpassingly eloquent appeal to those who stood around him—the "freemen of the mountains," as he impressively called them. Like the dying notes of the swan, which are said to be sweeter and sweeter as the bird passeth away, so this last address of the departed Channing, seems even more peculiar in its eloquence, more glowing in its philanthropy, more energetic in its tone, than the more common examples of his writings.

"I am a stranger among you," he said to them, "but when I look round, I feel as if the subject of this address peculiarly befitted this spot. Where am I now pleading the cause and speaking the praises







of liberty! Not in crowded cities, where, amidst men's works, and luxuries, and wild speculations, and eager competitions for gain, the spirit of liberty often languishes; but amidst towering mountains, embosoming peaceful vales; amidst these vast works of God, the soul naturally goes forth, and cannot endure a chain. Your free air, which we came here to inhale for health, breathes into us something better than health, even a freer spirit. Mountains have always been famed for nourishing brave souls and the love of liberty. Men of Berkshire! whose nerves and souls the mountain air has braced, *you* surely will respond to him who speaks of the blessings of freedom, and the misery of bondage. I feel as if the feeble voice which now addresses you, must find an echo amidst these forest-crowned heights. Do they not impart something of their own loftiness to men's souls? Should our commonwealth ever be invaded by victorious armies, freedom's last asylum would be here. Here may a free spirit—may reverence for all human rights—may sympathy for the oppressed—may a stern, solemn purpose to give no sanction to oppression, take stronger and stronger possession of men's minds, and from these mountains, may generous impulses spread far and wide."

The exertion which this good man found it necessary to make, in the delivery of an address which, in a closely printed form, covers thirty-eight pages, was a great drain upon his diminishing vital activity. There can be little doubt that it produced a reaction of weakness, and a consequent access of disease.

"He observed the progress of his sickness," says Dr. Gannett, "with the calmness that was habitual with him in every situation; expressed a sense of the Divine love even beyond what he had before felt; manifested that exquisite tenderness of affection, which gave such beauty

to his private life; spoke earnestly of the truth and worth of Christianity, and its certain prevalence over the errors and sins of the world; and thus meeting death, not as one who is taken by surprise, nor as one unprepared for the change it makes in human condition, but as one in whom the religion of Jesus Christ has built up a consciousness of immortal life, that cannot be shaken by the decay of the body. He sank away from his connection with the earth, as the sun, towards which he turned his closing eyes, was disappearing behind the light which it shed upon the surrounding sky, on the evening of that day which is dearest to the Christian heart,—the day sacred to the remembrance of Him who is 'the resurrection and the life.'

Dr. Channing's favorite topic of discourse—his constant theme of thought, was *spiritual freedom*; and upon this subject he sought to define his views fully, in a very able discourse, delivered on occasion of the annual election, May 26th, 1830. Let us quote a few brief passages from this forcibly written production:—

"I cannot better" (writes Dr. Channing) "give my views of spiritual freedom, than by saying, that it is moral energy, or force of holy purpose, put forth against the senses, the passions, the world; and thus liberating the intellect, conscience, and will, so that they may act with strength, and unfold themselves forever. The essence of spiritual freedom is power." * * * * "That mind alone is free, which, looking to God as the inspirer and rewarder of virtue, adopts his law written on the heart and in His word, as its supreme rule; and which, in obedience to this, governs itself, reveres itself, exerts faithfully its best powers, and unfolds itself by well-doing, in whatever sphere God's providence assigns." * * * *

"I call that mind free, which sets no bounds to its love—which is

not imprisoned in itself or in a sect—which recognises in all human beings, the image of God and the rights of his children—which delights in virtue, and sympathizes with suffering, wherever they are seen—which conquers pride, and offers itself up a willing victim to the cause of mankind.” * * * *

“I call that mind free, which protects itself against the usurpations of society, and does not cower to human opinion—which feels itself accountable to a higher tribunal than man’s—which respects a higher law than fashion—which respects itself too much to be the slave or tool of the many or the few.” * * * *

“I call that mind free, which, conscious of its affinity with God, and confiding in his promises by Jesus Christ, devotes itself faithfully to the unfolding of all its powers—which passes the bounds of time and death—which hopes to advance forever—and which finds inexhaustible power, both for action and suffering, in the prospect of immortality.”

Dr. Channing regarded these views as the essence of civil and religious government; they guided his own life—they were constantly developed in his teachings—and “it is through them,” says Dr. Gannett, “that he will probably hereafter hold his place among the great religious teachers of his age, and of posterity.”

As Dr. Channing was the friend of freedom, so he was also the friend of *peace*; and, had he lived to the present day, the declaration by our government of war against a neighboring state on our southwestern frontier, would have been to him a cause of unmitigated lamentation. “His interest in the subject of peace, was one of the fruits of his faith in Christianity. War he regarded as hostile to the spirit of our religion; and the false associations which are connected

with the soldier's life and person, he labored to dissipate. None spoke on this subject more plainly or earnestly, and few with more effect."

The public writings of Dr. Channing made him known as well in Great Britain as in America; they directed themselves, by their force and vigor, to the substantial minds of our mother-country, and if they did not always uproot prejudices, they served the cause of humanity, and eloquently pleaded in its behalf. We are proud to feel that he was a countryman of ours, even whilst we admit the force of the remark, that great men are a common property, forming, as has been said, a solar system in the world of mind, and shining equally for the benighted of all nations.

An esteemed and appreciating critic, now numbered with the dead, in a brief article written during the lifetime of this lamented divine and great Christian moralist, expresses himself with remarkable energy and truth as follows:

"Dr. Channing's genius and literature appertain exclusively to no sect or party. His fame belongs to his country; his talents he has given to the world. His reputation is no more the peculiar possession of the liberal Unitarian, than of the orthodox Presbyterian; and belongs equally to the Protestant Episcopalian and the Roman Catholic. It is the property of the whole country, and not of a religious sect or a political party. He has won for himself a glorious and honorable notoriety, which is not limited to the precincts of a parish, nor the confines of a town. His genius has overleaped the boundaries of states; it permeates the Union; has crossed the barrier of the ocean, and finds companionship in the mighty minds of literary Europe.

"He has given strength to our literature, and a moral grandeur to our political institutions. He has taught us that freedom does not

consist in the concessions of an extorted character, nor in the bold avowals of a written declaration of independence. He has enforced, with sturdy eloquence, the necessity of emancipating the mind, and urged upon us the conviction of our individual responsibility. He has compelled us to feel how far we are from perfection, and taught us what we must do to attain it. With regard to his genius and scholarship, he who, blinded by sectarian or party prejudices, cannot discover or will not acknowledge the superiority of his intellect, is neither to be lauded for his tolerance, nor envied for the clearness of his perceptions."

In the death of a man of such a mind, and such elevated ideas of Christian duty, society felt that it would be no easy matter to supply the void; and the pilgrim to Mount Auburn, at this day, feels many a regret, as his recollections cluster around the sepulchral urn of the devout and benevolent philanthropist.

THE TOMB OF STORY;

FOREST POND.

"All around us there breathes a solemn calm, as if we were in the bosom of a wilderness, broken only by the breeze as it murmurs through the tops of the forest, or by the notes of the warbler, pouring forth his matin or his evening song. Nature seems to point it out with significant energy, as the favorite retirement for the dead."

[*Story's Consecration Address.*]

"His voice of eloquence the first
Upon these listening woods to burst,
When consecrating rite and prayer
Arose like incense on the air;
Oft will the future pilgrim's eye
Seek out his marble to descry."

[McLELLAN.]

THE holiness of nature is ever a lofty contemplation; and it is well amidst the quiet wildwood and beneath the forest-shades, to be reminded sometimes of death and of the grave, and even in types, emblems, and shadows, to be made to think seriously of the frailty of life, and to rejoice in the possibility of the attainment of that glorious existence, for which this world is but a state of preparation. We can stand upon the wide Necropolis of Mount Auburn, and seem to look through death's open portals to the bright mansions of "the better

land"—to "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens;" and, as we do so, we may build up in memory three tabernacles: in the words of the devout Herbert,—

"The first tabernacle to HOPE we do build,
And look for the sleepers around us to rise;
The second to FAITH, which insures it fulfil'd;
And the third to the LAMB of the great SACRIFICE,
Who bequeath'd us them both when He rose from the skies."

"When we have before us," says a truthful writer, "the monumental tributes raised by their country above the honored dead—when we see the reward bestowed on worth, talent, and virtue, even when life is over, the spectacle is well fitted to excite in us a noble emulation." Every way, therefore, do these adornments of the grave appear to be commendable as well as useful; and we may not vainly hope to earn a fate for ourselves, like that which has met the strivings of noble, Christian genius. Rural burial-places are depositories worthy an advanced Christianity; and, as there can be nothing about them to minister to low gratifications, but *everything* to exalt and purify the mind, they are undoubtedly as favorable to morals as to the indulgence of refined taste.

Mount Auburn contains no head that has worn the monarch's diadem, but it is nevertheless a sepulchre of royal dead. A succession of intellectual sovereigns lie buried there,—men to whose renown neither granite or marble can add applause,—men whose names alone shall be their monument. "The whole earth," said Edward Everett, "is the monument of illustrious men;" and the enduring obelisk or sarcophagus thus becomes but the appropriate "guide for the grateful student and the respectful stranger, to the precincts of that spot, where all that is mortal rests of some of the world's benefactors." Are not

the names of Story, Channing, and Bowditch, more illustrious than those of many of the throned monarchs of the old world? Not the most towering obelisk that man's hands could build, would do honor to the name of STORY. By his life and works, the great jurist built his own monument whilst living; and his fame will endure forever, when "cloud-capped tower and gorgeous palace" shall have crumbled to the dust. BOWDITCH's own self-erected monument has "reached the stars;" and the name of CHANNING will be as enduring as the love of freedom—as far-spreading and glorious as the pure light of Christianity.

In a retired part of Mount Auburn, near Forest Pond, is the last resting-place of JOSEPH STORY, one of the greatest men of our country. It is marked by a simple, unpretending pyramid, which tells its own melancholy tale. The inscription reminds us of the words of the poet,—

"Lord, here am I, and those whom thou hast given me!
Help me, who feel thy rod, ne'er to complain
Of Him who hath appointed it! O lead
Me, and these little ones of mine, to thee."

The record to which we here allude, gives the names of five children of Judge Story, who "fell asleep" in youth; and the pious parent inscribes their names upon the monument, with the simple and scriptural words, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." Last of all, the grave opened for the illustrious father; and we are compelled, by our own sense of the beauty of his character, to cast our minds towards the morning of the resurrection, and to see the reverend man before the throne of Grace, with the words upon his lips, "Lord, here am I, and the children whom thou hast given me."

PART 13

GREEN-WOOD.

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NEW YORK:

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1846.

How feeble seems the pen to do justice to the character and mind of one like Joseph Story! The late Miss Landon, writing of a great English author, has said: "I almost fear to praise such a man; but comfort myself with thinking, that though few can raise the carved marble over a great man's remains, *all may throw a flower upon his grave.*" Many a flower has been thrown upon the grave of Story; and the heart has felt a sorrowing consolation in paying that office of affection to one who, in his performance of all the offices of life, both public and private, made the earth seem beautiful. "The lips, on which the bees of Hybla might have rested, have ceased to distil the honeyed sweets of kindness. The body, warm with all the affections of life—with love for family and friends, for truth and virtue—has mouldered to dust. But let us listen to the words which, though dead, he utters from the grave: 'Sorrow not as those without hope.' The righteous judge, the wise teacher, the faithful friend, the loving father, has ascended to his Judge, his Teacher, his Friend, his Father in heaven."

Judge Story was born September 18, 1779, at Marblehead, in Massachusetts. He entered Harvard College at the age of sixteen, and was admitted to the bar in 1801, having studied law with Justice Sewall of Marblehead, and Justice Putnam of Salem. At the early age of thirty-two, he was appointed associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States—an office which he occupied with honor till his death. He was elected to the Dane professorship of law in Harvard College in 1829. He filled some of the most important situations in the gift of corporations or individuals; whilst not only his own state and country, but distant lands, acknowledged the supremacy of his intellectual greatness.

If the remark be generally correct, that "there never was a great man who had not a great mother," it *certainly* may be *particularly* proved in the case of Justice Story. His mother is said to have been a lady of indomitable energy of character, and of active mind; and from her the gifted son received many noble incentives towards high culture and philanthropic purpose. He entered political life at a time of great excitement; but he could not enjoy the strife which it engendered and sustained. He had too honest and faithful a character, to relish being the organ of a party either at home or in Congress; he felt that engaging in politics prevented complete success at the bar; and, being appointed one of the judges of the Supreme Court, he withdrew at once from the political arena; "and," says Prof. Greenleaf, "though never an indifferent spectator of his country's fortunes, he ever afterwards participated in them, not as a partisan, but as a judge."

As a writer on points of law, Judge Story never has had, perhaps never *will* have his parallel. "His written judgments on his own circuit," says Mr. Sumner, in an exceedingly beautiful tribute to his memory, "together with his various commentaries, occupy *twenty-seven* volumes; while his judgments in the Supreme Court of the United States, form an important part of no less than *thirty-four* volumes more." He was a master logician in the law; his reasoning was as clear as the day; and his treatises copious, without prolixity. As a legal writer, he was as much the wonder of England as the admiration of America; his fame spread rapidly over the sea; and, that we find his works quoted in other tongues than our own, is one of the proudest evidences of his profound and comprehensive mind.

"In the high court of parliament," said Daniel Webster at a meet-

ing of the bar, called upon the occasion of Judge Story's death; "in every court in Westminster Hall; in every distinguished judicature in Europe; in the courts of Paris, of Berlin, of Stockholm, and of St. Petersburg; in the universities of Germany, Italy, and Spain, his authority was received; and all, when they hear of his death, will agree that a great luminary has fallen."

But let us pass, for a moment, from his career as a man of law and letters, to his social life. Here he was indeed the diffusive sun of a wide circle; his love of humanity made him urbane to all; his general knowledge was no selfish acquisition, to be communicated to a few, or to be used as special occasion demanded. To all he was equally affable, and particularly to the inquiring mind. His manner of conversation was simple and easy—but his auditors felt that when he spoke, his mouth, like that of the good fairy, indeed "dropped pearls;" he possessed a peculiarly catholic spirit of peace and good-will towards men. "We have seen and known him," said Mr. Webster on the occasion before referred to, "in private life. We can bear witness to his strict uprightness and purity of character; his simplicity and unostentatious habits; the ease and affability of his intercourse; his great vivacity amid the severest labors, and his fidelity to his friends; and we can testify, also, to his large and systematic charities, not dispensed in a public manner, but gladdening the hearts of those whom he assisted in private, and distilling like the dew of heaven."

On the 10th of September, 1845, at the age of 66, died Joseph Story—the accomplished scholar, the profound jurist, the good man. He died in the midst of honors, and in the full exercise of intellectual activity. He met the lot of mortals peacefully, and carried to the grave no ordinary regrets. Europe mourned his loss, whilst America

was clad in sable ; and the illustrious jurist made but another among the myriad examples, that

" Our lives but lasting streams must be,
That into one engulfing sea
Are doom'd to fall :
O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne,
The sea of death, whose waves roll on,
And swallow all."

He was buried in Mount Auburn—a spot of earth peculiarly beloved by him, and at the consecration of which as a rural cemetery, he delivered a touchingly beautiful and scholar-like address. The trees which he loved, wave their umbrageous branches over the stone erected to the memory of his children, by the side of whom he sleeps; and the light of morning and evening gilds it with a coloring of gold. "So shines the eternal Nature on the wrecks of all that makes life glorious;" and there is not a sun that sets not everywhere over the graves of lamented genius!

CONSECRATION DELL:

"Thou, God, art here: Thou fill'st
The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds
That run along the summit of those trees
In music: Thou art in the cooler breath
That, from the inmost darkness of the place,
Comes, scarcely felt: the barks trees, the ground,
The fresh, moist earth, are all instinct with Thee.
Here is continual worship; nature here,
In the tranquillity that Thou dost love,
Enjoys thy presence."

[BRYANT.]

THE significant name of the deep valley, which is above given, is derived from the fact that it was the spot chosen, at the time of the appropriation of Mount Auburn as a burial-place, for the performance of the service of consecration. The engraving delineates the appearance of the dell on one side—the monument in the foreground denoting very nearly the point upon which the orator stood, and the acclivity opposite, being the position occupied by the crowd of persons who repaired thither to listen to the consecrating address. The seats were arranged on the hillside in such a manner, that it had the appearance of an amphitheatre; and the whole scene presented upon the occasion, is described as having been picturesque and beautiful in the highest degree.

Judge Story, whose recent death has been so widely lamented, and who now lies interred amidst the earth of his favorite place of retirement, addressed the large concourse who had assembled, in a strain of earnest eloquence. His remarks were peculiarly adapted to the interesting circumstances of the occasion; and he spoke with an intensity of feeling which seems to impart itself, even at this day, to the reader of his thoughtful address. After remarking upon the great appropriateness of Mount Auburn as a place of interment, he alluded to the "voice of consolation" which would spring up in the midst of the silence of that region of death, and of the hallowed feelings with which mourners would revisit the shades where the loved and lost repose. "Spring," he said, "will invite thither the footsteps of the young by her opening foliage, and autumn detain the contemplative by its latest bloom. The votary of science will here learn to elevate his genius by the holiest studies. The devout will here offer up the silent tribute of pity, or the prayer of gratitude. The rivalries of the world will here drop from the heart; the spirit of forgiveness will gather new impulses; the restlessness of ambition will be rebuked; vanity will let fall its plumes; and pride, as it sees 'what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue,' will acknowledge the value of virtue as far, immeasurably far beyond that of fame. But that which will ever be present, pervading these shades, like the noonday sun, and shedding cheerfulness around, is the consciousness, the irrepressible consciousness, amidst all these lessons of human mortality, of the higher truth, that we are beings not of time, but of eternity—that this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality—that this is but the threshold and starting-point of an existence, compared with whose duration

the ocean is but as a drop, nay, the whole creation an evanescent quantity."

The address was delivered on the 24th of September, 1831,—the other services of the occasion being performed by the Rev. Dr. Ware and the Rev. Mr. Pierpont. One of the journals of the day gives the following account of the scene which was presented in that deep valley of Mount Auburn, crowded with its assembly of two thousand persons :

"An unclouded sun and an atmosphere purified by the showers of the preceding night, combined to make the day one of the most delightful we ever experience at this season of the year. It is unnecessary for us to say, that the address by Judge Story was pertinent to the occasion—for if the name of the orator were not sufficient, the perfect silence of the multitude, enabling him to be heard with distinctness at the most distant part of the beautiful amphitheatre in which the services were performed, will be sufficient testimony as to its worth and beauty. Neither is it in our power to furnish any adequate description of the effect produced by the music of the thousand voices which joined in the hymn, as it swelled in chastened melody from the bottom of the glen, and, like the spirit of devotion, found an echo in every heart, and pervaded the whole scene.

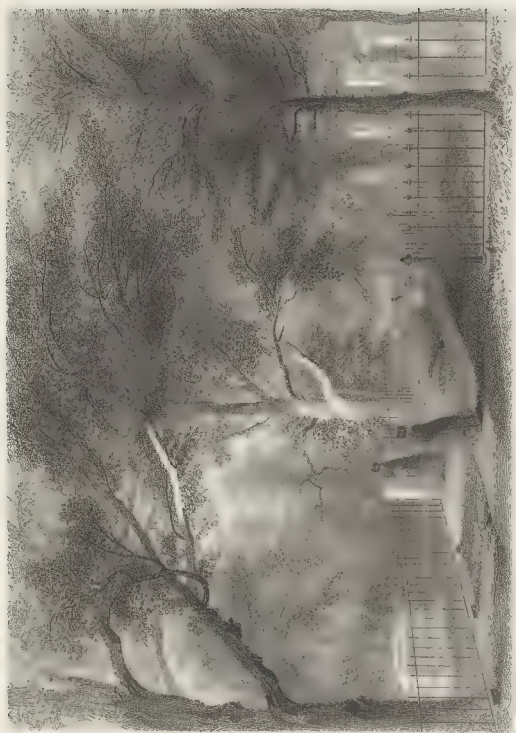
"The natural features of Mount Auburn are incomparable for the purpose to which it is now sacred. There is not, in all the untrodden valleys of the west, a more secluded, more natural or appropriate spot for the religious exercises of the living: we may be allowed to add our doubts, whether the most opulent neighborhood of Europe furnishes a spot so singularly appropriate for a 'garden of graves.'

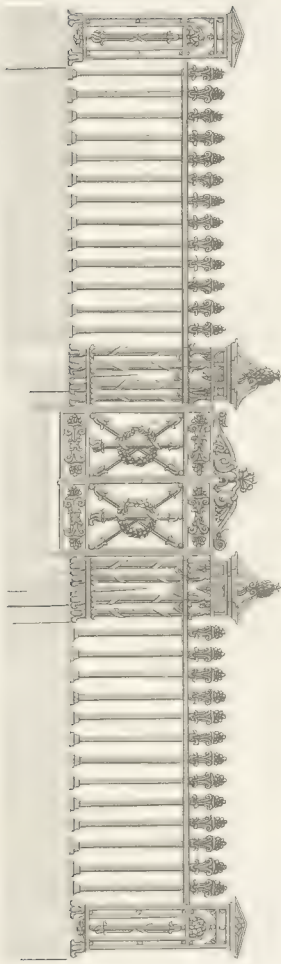
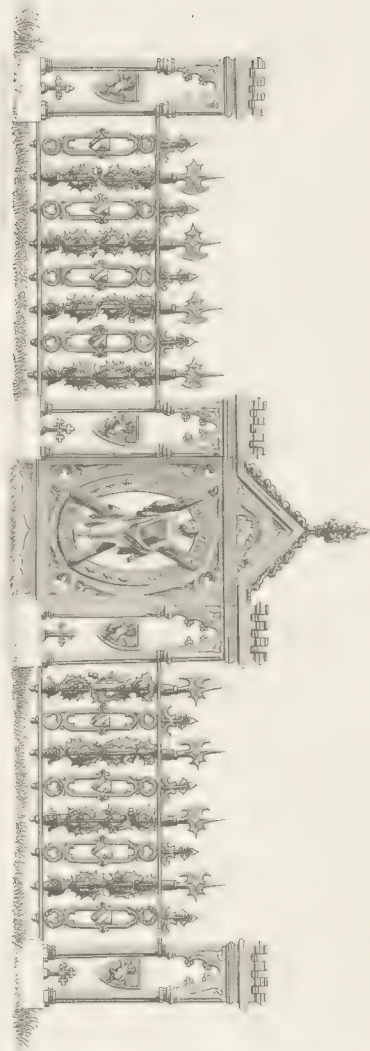
"In the course of a few years, when the hand of taste shall have

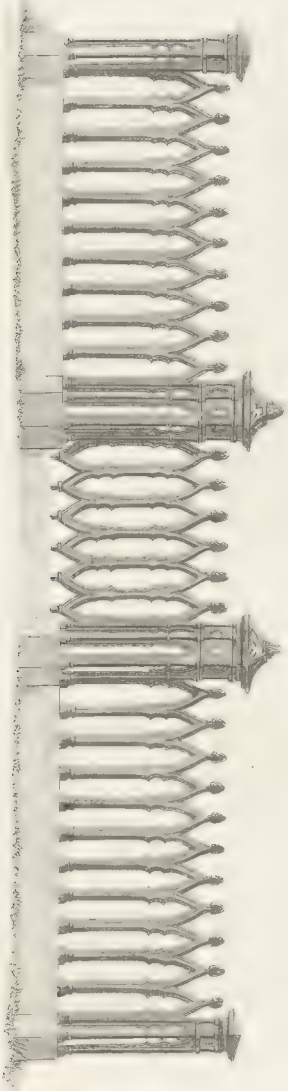
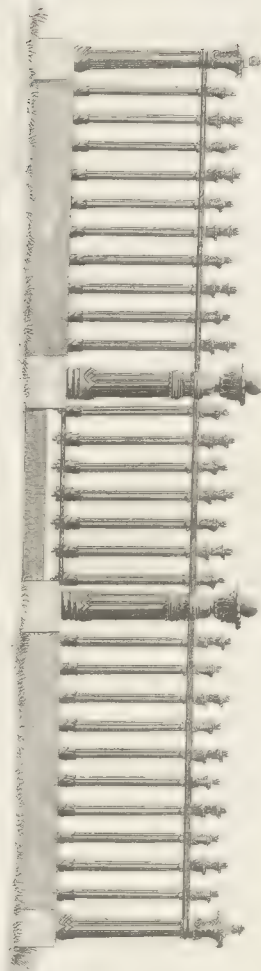
passed over the luxuriance of nature, we may challenge the rivalry of the world to produce another such abiding-place for the spirit of beauty."

The concluding words of the above are fast proving themselves in the many improvements already effected by the "hand of taste;" and Mount Auburn might now make the traveller to exclaim, in the words of Shakspeare,—

"If the ill spirit have so fair a home, good things will strive to dwell with it."









THE BOWDITCH STATUE.

"Bright guide to Commerce! Though, alas! no more
Thy buoyant footsteps mark earth's narrow shore;
Though not for thee heaven's wheeling orbs return;
Though not for thee you glistening pleiads burn;
Though from this spot no longer looks thine eye,
As once to scan the countless worlds on high;—
In every age, through every sea and clime,
The name of Bowditch triumphs over time."

[J. T. FIELDS.

"A garland for the noble dead!
A chaplet for the silver head!
The star that tells the mariner
Far over trackless deeps to steer,
Here wanes! Like the sea's mournful surge,
The breeze o'er Bowditch sighs its dirge."

[McLELLAN.

ERECTED upon a granite foundation, and facing the main entrance to Mount Auburn, stands the imposing bronze statue of the venerable Dr. Bowditch, than whom few have ever existed, more deserving of the application of the scripture line—"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace." Like Enoch of old, he "walked with God" in humility and virtue; he felt the radiance of a path enlightened by the Deity, and it led him successfully on towards the realms of immortality. This remark may well be made of one of whom one of his biographers has said, that at the

age of twenty-one, "he exhibited all those beautiful and harmonious elements, which he ever afterwards retained. That deep religious principle which sustained and cheered him in the last hours of his life, had guided his boyhood, and was the familiar and inseparable companion of his mature years; and already were displayed those various social and personal virtues, which were to render him a moral exemplar to the community in which he lived."

"I have known Dr. Bowditch," said one of his seafaring companions, "intimately for more than fifty years, and *I know no faults*. This may seem strange; for most of your great men, when you look at them closely, have something to bring them down,—but he had nothing. I suppose all Europe would not have tempted him to swerve a hair's breadth from what he thought right."

These tributes to moral excellence are dearer to a man's children, and more worthy of estimation by the world, than the greatest scholastic attainments; the human heart should lean towards goodness and virtue, rather than to fame—for "time may efface a name engraven on marble; but to do so, it must corrode the material: it is the same with the heart; our strong impressions may be erased; but before they can be so, the heart itself must be impaired."

Dr. Nathaniel Bowditch was born in Salem, Massachusetts, March 26th, 1773, being a descendant of a respectable ancestry, who were shipmasters and mechanics; and, like many eminent men of past and present time, he could trace his progress in virtue and high attainments, to the influence of his mother, a strong-minded and exemplary woman, who exercised a most salutary effect upon the mind of her son, in the development of his fine traits of character and remarkable talents.

The early youth of Dr. Bowditch was one of struggle and self-denial. Having received some slight elementary instruction, he was taken (at the age of ten years) to labor in his father's shop as a cooper, and was afterwards transferred to a ship-chandlery establishment. In 1795, at the age of twenty-two, he sailed on his first voyage; and was thus put in the way of becoming what he was in after years—a practical navigator, and a profound mathematician. He was extremely fond of books, and spared no pains to avail himself of every means of acquiring information, whether relating to philosophy or science. When not able to purchase such books as he desired, he would take the trouble of transcribing their contents with the pen; and in this way he wrote off mathematical and other papers of interest, to the extent of *twenty folio and quarto common-place books and other volumes*. These have now become the most valuable relics in the library of the venerable departed; and they serve as examples of industry and courage to his gifted children. And here we are reminded of the words of an able writer, who says that "*patience* is necessary in all things, and is, perhaps, one of the most useful and estimable qualities of life. It enables us to bear, without shrinking, the bitterest evils that can assail us; whilst without patience, philosophy would never have made those wonderful discoveries that subjugate nature to our yoke."

It is related of Dr. Bowditch, that between the years 1795 and 1804, he made five voyages, beginning the first voyage in the capacity of clerk, and in the last, attaining the rank both of master and supercargo. During his voyages he perfected a knowledge of many of the modern languages, and made those rapid advances in mathematical calculations, which afterwards so peculiarly distinguished him.

"On the 28th of May, 1799," says his son, in a preface to Dr. Bowditch's translation of the "*Mécanique Céleste*," "he was chosen a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. Some of the most valuable and interesting papers in its Transactions, were the subsequent contributions of his pen; and the presidency of the society, to which he was elected in May, 1829, in the place of John Quincy Adams, is one of the highest honors which science offers to her votaries on this side of the Atlantic."

One of the greatest works of the life and energy of Dr. Bowditch, was the preparation of "*The New American Practical Navigator*"—a work used by every shipmaster sailing from our shores, and adopted, in portions, into English works, to the same valuable end.

In 1823, Dr. Bowditch removed from Salem to Boston, having been for many years President of the Essex Fire and Marine Company, where his admirable management gained for the institution a very large surplus of profits. His various scientific papers had now amounted to a valuable accumulation. His astronomical calculations were of the greatest nicety, and his demonstrations had served to correct many inaccuracies in other writers. But the most important work of Dr. Bowditch's life, was his translation of the "*Mécanique Céleste*" of La Place—a work which is confessed to be more complete than the original; since the indefatigable translator, not content with an adherence to the text, had superadded all the more important modern calculations, making it to embrace a complete history of the state of the science at the time of its publication. A higher tribute to the great value of a work could not be given, than the letters received by Dr. Bowditch from the most eminent scientific men of Europe, all attesting to the perfection and importance of his labors.

Probably few men living had refused so many honors of place and station, as Dr. Bowditch. Ardently attached to his native town of Salem, and being certainly one of its greatest benefactors, he declined an appointment as Professor of Mathematics in Harvard University, as well as a similar one in the University of Virginia, and in the Academy at West Point. Offices in Boston were also offered him; but he could not be brought from his favorite residence until the absolute importance of his acceptance of the charge of the Massachusetts Hospital Life Insurance Company, seemed to win him from his favorite home. He had at first declined this appointment; but the urgent necessity of the case baffled his attachment to Salem, and he felt it his duty to yield to the good of others. A public festival was given in his honor when he left Salem for the adjacent city, and upon occasion of which, the most touching expressions of love and esteem were bestowed upon him. Amongst others, it was said that, as "he was the first of his countrymen in the walks of science, so he was second to no man on earth for purity and honor." It was declared, also, at the same time, that "as the monarchy of France had done honor to her La Place, so would the republic of America not be ungrateful to her *Bowditch*."

Dr. Bowditch was a person of rare insight into character, and singular magnanimity of disposition, as various anecdotes connected with his official career attest; whilst his great precision in business matters, made him a model of honorable imitation. The Rev. Mr. Young, in his eulogy, has said of Dr. Bowditch, that "the world has been the happier and wiser that he has lived in it;" and the youth of our land should proudly take him for an example. How much of Dr. Bowditch's excellence of character and kindly regard for others, proceeded

from his constant realization that he was an "accountable agent," and must one day be called to "give an account of his stewardship," we do not pretend to say; but it is evident that Faith was the guiding-star of his life, and "brotherly love" one of the best attributes of his being.

Dr. Bowditch died on the 16th of March, 1838. One of the happiest and most beautiful tributes to his memory, is recorded in the resolutions adopted by the Marine Society of Salem, upon the sad occasion of his decease. We extract the passage, as follows:

"When the voice of eulogy shall be still; when the tear of sorrow shall cease to flow, no monument shall be needed to keep alive his memory among men;—but as long as ships shall sail, the needle point to the north, and the stars go through their wonted courses in the heavens, the name of Dr. Bowditch will be revered as of one who helped his fellow-men in a time of need; who was and is a guide to them over the pathless ocean; and of one who forwarded the great interests of mankind."

The monument which has been recently placed in Mount Auburn, is the first bronze statue of any magnitude executed in our country, and is the work of BALL HUGHES, an English artist some time resident in the United States. The design is good, and the likeness admirable; whilst the whole figure is expressive of dignity, benevolence, and superior thought. The drapery is well arranged, and the sentiment of the figure in perfect keeping with the character of the man. It is an enduring memorial of one, who, though he needed no monument to perpetuate his memory, deserved from his fellow-citizens a proud and honorable tribute.

The statue has been erected by subscription, and placed in a con-

spicuous position amidst the woody foliage of Mount Auburn. In the language of Mrs. Sigourney,

"Then let this haunt be sacred. For the feet
Of strangers, here, in future days shall turn,
As to some Mecca of philosophy;
And here the admiring youth shall come to seek
Some relic of the great and good—whose fame
Shall gather greenness from the hand of Time."

VIEW FROM MOUNT AUBURN.

" And here, upon this self-same spot, ere yet
The chilling forms of cold indifference,
And fears of dark distrust, had worn my heart,
And dimm'd the brightness of my youthful thoughts--
I've laid me down, and mused for long, long hours,
Till I had fill'd the scene with images
And airy thoughts, that seem'd to live and breathe
Amid the waving plants and flowers that bloom'd
On every side."

[ANONYMOUS.]

THE highest eminence of the cemetery ground is denominated *Mount Auburn*; and from this elevation the view has been drawn which appears in the present work. In the summer season, when the thick trees have put on their full array, and appear in all their beauty, the panorama is nearly lost to the view of the spectator; but in the autumn of the year, a scene is presented from this high land, which is worthy of the poet or the painter. Passing from the main avenue of the cemetery, a circuitous road leads the visiter to the summit of Mount Auburn, from which, in perspective, rise the numerous spires of the near city of Boston. Still nearer, and more visible, are the walls of that fostering mother of learning and science, the venerable Harvard. The quiet dwellings of Cambridge lie scattered over the foreground, while Charles River, winding through the valley beneath, rolls its accumulated waters to the ocean.



THE
RURAL CEMETERIES OF AMERICA.

It has been invidiously asserted by some writers, that America is a land for the *living only*, and that due respect and veneration for the dead have no place in the memory and affections of the American people. The *truth* is, however, that in no other country has the desire to provide suitable repositories for the mortal remains of departed friends, been more generally or more *tastefully* displayed. Travellers, indeed, on visiting our shores, are now compelled to admit that the RURAL CEMETERIES OF AMERICA excel, beyond comparison, those of any other country, both in the natural beauty of their scenery, and in the great extent of their grounds, as well as in the tasteful and liberal manner in which they are embellished and conducted.

The abundance of our territory, and the grandeur of our scenery, have prompted the selection of several eligible spots for the purposes of Cemeteries. Nothing but the most exalted state of the arts of engraving and printing, can do justice to the distinctive merits of these hallowed grounds, consecrated as they are by the memory of the past, the importance of the present, and the hope of the future. Mount Auburn, Laurel Hill, Mount Hope, Green-Mount, (and many others, possessing great claims upon public attention, irrespectively of their size,) afford, each and all, views of monumental architecture among landscapes of exquisite beauty, suggesting revelations of intense interest from biography and history.

Our work, therefore, will be one of a decidedly national character, combining the beauty and freshness of the present scene, with the sacred solemnity of the memorials of departed worth. Public and private considerations, patriotism and tenderness, beauty and bravery, wealth and poverty, advanced age and buoyant youth, will universally agree in the pleasurable contemplation of such a book.

The publisher begs leave to assure the subscribers that every effort will be made to maintain the high reputation already obtained for the "Illustrations of Green-Wood." To complete a national work, involving such enormous expenses, the publisher can only be proportionately sustained by a prompt subscription from all sections of the country, growing with their growth, and progressing with their progress.

The work will be published in parts, containing three beautiful line engravings, price 50 cents a part, or proof impressions, on large paper, price \$1. Payable on the delivery of each part.

PART ¹⁴

MOUNT-AUBURN--4.

PRICE ⁵⁰~~100~~ CENTS.

THE
RURAL CEMETERIES
OF AMERICA:
ILLUSTRATED

IN A SERIES OF

PICTURESQUE AND MONUMENTAL VIEWS,

In Highly Finished Line Engraving.

FROM DRAWINGS TAKEN ON THE SPOT,

BY

JAMES SMILLIE, ESQ.

WITH DESCRIPTIVE NOTICES

BY

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NEW YORK:

PUBLISHED BY R. MARTIN, 170 BROADWAY.

1847

GREEN-WOOD ILLUSTRATED.

Though the occupation and improvement of Green-Wood Cemetery have been rapid beyond example; though it is visited daily, during the open season, by great and increasing numbers; and though it is becoming an object of wider and deeper interest with every addition made to its inmates;—yet to the vast population of New York, it is still but partially known. Indeed, it is no easy thing to make an extensive impression on so great a mass. It is even more difficult to break the tyranny of fashion, though its dictates be repulsive to taste, and shocking to our better feelings. But the change has begun. Few can visit a spot like Green-Wood, and see and feel its quiet beauty, without a conviction that such are the only fit resting-places of the dead. Moreover, almost every new occupant of these grounds may be said, like the emigrant from foreign shores, to draw others after him. Even fashion will ere long give up its walled enclosure, and its dark, damp, crowded city vault, for the pure air, the cheerful lights, the subdued glooms, the verdant and blooming freshness of the rural burying-place.

In presenting to the public the present work on Green-Wood, we would willingly hasten, if we may, such a consummation. We would show, as well as pen and pencil can, how art and nature are there combining to form an attractive and fitting place of burial. The views to be given will be faithful transcripts, for the reality here needs no embellishment. It is intended that the drawings and engravings shall be in the highest style of the respective arts, and from the best talents among us. The literary portion will consist of descriptive and biographical notices, with occasional remarks on subjects kindred to the main design. In fine, it is hoped that the work now offered to the proprietors of these grounds, and the public generally, will, in all its artistic and mechanical details, be worthy of the scenes and objects which it presents; that it will be an ornament for the table—a suitable tribute to distant friends—and a valued memorial with all those to whom Green-Wood and its garnered dust have now become sacred.

PLAN OF PUBLICATION.

The Work will be published in Parts, each containing three beautiful Line Engravings, for 50 cents, or proof impressions, on large paper, for \$1,—to be completed in six Parts, making the whole expense \$3 for the general, and \$6 for the proof edition. *Payable on delivery of each Part.*

It is sold to subscribers at a rate so near the cost of publication, that the public may rest assured that it will never be obtained for less than the present price.

The Work being published under the auspices of the Green-Wood Institution, is not issued under the ordinary circumstances of booksellers' publications, and will only be furnished to those who pre-engage it before completion. It will contain, at the end, a catalogue of the names of every individual possessor of the work.

It is a favorable position from which to gaze downwards upon the formation of the ground; upon the varied undulations of the hills and dales, the tranquil lakes, and the deep shadows of the groves. We look down upon a place of welcome rest for the world-weary, and the very stillness of the spot acquires a peculiar solemnity. The whisper of the pines is heard around it; and a sweet melody, peaceful and holy, comes upon the awakened soul, and appeals to other than the mere sense of sound. It seems as if it were, indeed,

——— "the very voice of the Lord God,
'That Adam heard walking among the trees
Of his own garden, in the cool of day."

The picturesque chapel of the cemetery, seen beyond, and the tall spires of the distant churches, arouse the spirit of devotion. Beautiful repose is the prevailing feature of the landscape. The traveller who visits Mount Auburn should not cease his wanderings over the grounds until he has ascended this height, and marked each varied feature in his mind's tablet. We may well gain a lesson from nature amid such scenes of tranquil beauty, and learn to conform our lives to the order of her works, in view both of the present and the future.

THE CONCLUSION.

"What is life? A little journey,
Ending ere 'tis well begun;
'Tis a gay, disastrous tourney,
Where a mingled tilt is run;
And the head that wears a crown
'Neath the meanest lance goes down.
Walk, then, on life's pathway, mortal!
With a pure and steadfast heart;
So that, through death's frowning portal,
Peacefully thou mayst depart."

In the comments made in the foregoing pages upon some of the more gifted individuals, whose bodies lie interred in Mount Auburn, we feel that we have spoken of those whose genius has not rested upon dubious testimony. We have spoken of STORY, CHANNING, BOWDITCH, and other cotemporary minds, whose vigorous intellectual energies have gained for them an enduring name. As Hartley Coleridge said of the immortal Newton, "his body is in the grave; his soul is with his Father above; but his mind is with us still"—so it is with some of the monarchs of the mind, who have returned to their kindred dust amidst these venerable shades; and "hence it is we perceive the superiority of intellect to all other gifts of earth, and its rightful subordination to the grace which is of heaven. All but the mind either perishes in time, or vanishes out of time into eternity. Mind alone lives on with time, and keeps pace with the march of ages."

But there are others whose remains lie within the precincts of Mount Auburn, with whose fame the reader is familiar, though in regard to whom, the necessary curtailment of these pages will not permit us space to render justice. We might speak of BUCKMINSTER, who perished in his prime, full of all faculties and all studies, and who has eloquently been called, by one of his professional brethren, "a youthful marvel—the hope of the church, the oracle of divinity;" or of one who lived to "a good old age," and died full of years and knowledge—the late venerable JOHN DAVIS—an upright judge and a wise counsellor, of whom it has been said, in a eulogy replete with glowing truth, that he "merited the title of a Christian philosopher. Over his old age philosophy and religion shed their mingled light, and poured their soft glories around his head."—Of AMOS BINNEY, who died recently in a foreign land, and whose remains have been buried in Mount Auburn, by the side of the parents whom he loved. For him the wonders of nature had a deep and abiding interest, and in him the natural sciences possessed a devoted friend. He was taken away in the midst of life, and youth, and love, when the pursuit of wisdom was his fascination; when the world was sweet, and the "journey had been too short for the limbs to grow weary." He breathed his last in a strange land—the fair clime of Italy; but if his latest prayer was like that of the aged patriarch, "bury me not in Egypt; but I will lie with my fathers; thou shalt carry me out of Egypt, and bury me in their burying-place," his wish has been fully gratified. A classic monument, designed and executed by that distinguished artist, Crawford, will shortly be placed over his grave, and the hand of affection will then have paid the last tribute to the memory of a scholar and a good man.

We might speak also of HENRY OXNARD, an enterprising sea-

captain, who relinquished his early pursuits, in which he had gained an honorable name, for mercantile life and a permanent home in Boston. With the acquisition of wealth, came the opportunities for active benevolence; but with these, finally, physical decay and death. He was a valuable citizen and a kind friend—one to love for his warmth of heart, and to imitate for his honorable enterprise. It is to his memory that the beautiful Gothic monument, of which the engraving in this work gives so faithful a delineation, has been erected.

Military as well as civil history is brought back with our reminiscences of Mount Auburn, as we tread over the graves of General William Hull, of Captain Abraham Hull, or of that long-lived veteran, Captain Josiah Cleaveland, to whose memory the citizens of Boston have recently erected a monumental tablet, and of whose remarkable life the following memorial has been recorded:—

"He was born at Canterbury, Connecticut, December 3, 1753; he died at Charlestown, Massachusetts, June 30, 1843. He was an officer of the army of freedom. He served his country bravely and faithfully through the whole war of the revolution. He fought her battles at Bunker-hill, Harlem Heights, White Plains, Trenton, Princeton, Monmouth, and Yorktown. He sustained an unblemished reputation, and lived in the practice of every Christian virtue. He loved, served, and feared God. In the ninetieth year of his age, he journeyed nearly five hundred miles from his home, to be present at the celebration of the completion of the monument on Bunker-hill. He lived to witness that memorable spectacle; he was satisfied; he laid down quietly and yielded up his breath, near the scene of his first conflict with the enemies of his country. He came among strangers; he died among friends."

In the course of this work, we have two engravings representing monuments to ELIJAH LORING, Esq., of Boston, and J. H. GOSSLER, Esq., of Germany,—the former a successful merchant, honorable, upright, and well-esteemed; and the latter an enterprising and respectable young foreigner, who sought his fortune far from his own home, in a land in which he gained many friends, and where his memory is yet honored with many happy recollections. The forest scenery around these picturesque spots of sepulture is peculiarly beautiful, and the memorials themselves evince taste in design, and skill in execution.

But space fails us to continue even these brief obituaries, and, indeed, for the mention of many others among the gifted and beautiful of the earth, male and female, over whom the angel Azrael waved his wings, and “wooded them out of being,” whilst in the apparent exercise of health and strength.

In the previous remarks in relation to Mount Auburn, and some of the most illustrious of its buried dead, we have been obliged to omit many sketches of individual character, which might have been both interesting and instructive. Several of the most enticing spots, marked, too, by monuments of beauty, are owned by those who are yet amongst us, buoyant with life and energy, and of whom to speak here in lengthened tribute, how much soever they might deserve our eulogy, would be inappropriate and premature.

Mount Auburn has become a spot upon which all hearts unite in harmony of purpose, and from which the best aspirations of the soul arise like clouds of incense towards heaven. It is adorned by nature, and has been improved by art. It has become a sanctified sepulchre, worthy of Christianity, and of a refined and intellectual people. In the language of the lamented Story, here, then, “let us erect the me-

morials of our love, our gratitude, and our glory. Here let the brave repose, who have died in the cause of their country. Here let the statesman rest, who has achieved the victories of peace, not less renowned than war. Here let genius find a home, that has sung immortal strains, or has instructed with still diviner eloquence. Here let learning and science, the votaries of inventive art, and the teacher of the philosophy of nature, come. Here let youth and beauty, blighted by premature decay, drop, like tender blossoms, into the virgin earth; and here let age retire, ripened for the harvest. Above all, here let the benefactors of mankind, the good, the merciful, the meek, the pure in heart, be congregated; for to them belongs an undying praise. And let us take comfort, nay, let us rejoice, that in future ages, long after we are gathered to the generations of other days, thousands of kindling hearts will here repeat the sublime declarations, 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.'

· Extending the possible advantages of such places of sepulture yet farther, we may be permitted to quote an English writer—the editor of "Chambers' Journal"—who, in a description of the celebrated Necropolis at Glasgow, asks, "Can we but wonder that cemeteries of this kind should be rare, when we think in what a different position we are placed by them, with respect to departed friends? As funeral matters are usually ordered, we seem to part forever from those we have loved and lost. We consign them to the cold, dark, and untended ground; the place of their rest is locked up from our sight, or trodden only by strangers; and ere long, the lank grass, the nettle, and the rank weed, choke up their unvisited graves. How different is it with such cemeteries as Père la Chaise! When we lay down a loved one

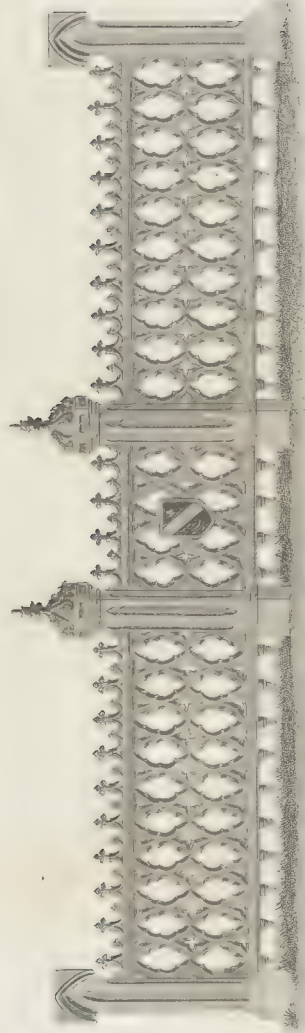
there, we can still hold sweet communion with him. We can show our affection by planting the loveliest flowers of summer above his head, and please ourselves with the belief that the tribute is not unbelieved nor unappreciated. We can pull a flower from the place of his repose, and carry it about with us, gratified with the thought, that if we cannot have our friend again, we have something, at least, that has sprung up from his dust. The place of death is no longer, in our eyes, a place of gloom, desertion, and sorrow, at the bare idea of which we shudder with horror and dismay. It is an agreeable resting-spot, to which we retire at the close of life, still to be visited, and gazed on, and cared for, by those we hold dear. Such is the change in our feelings on this subject, which these beautiful cemeteries are calculated to effect; and assuredly it is a change adapted neither to make us worse men nor less happy."

"Plant not the cypress, nor yet the yew,
Too heavy their shadow, too gloomy their hue,
For one who is sleeping in faith and love,
With a hope that is treasured in heaven above;
In a holy trust are my ashes laid—
Cast ye no darkness, throw ye no shade.

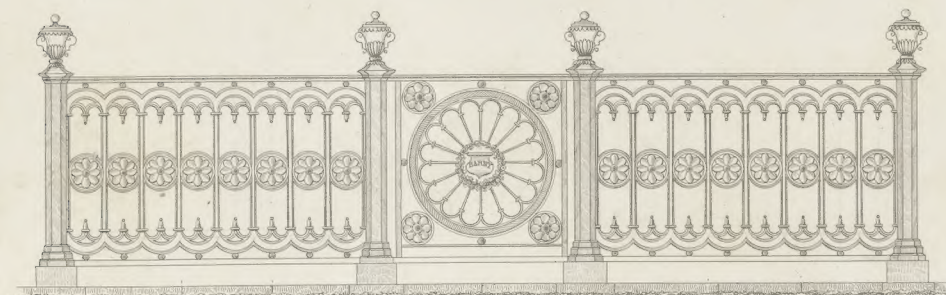
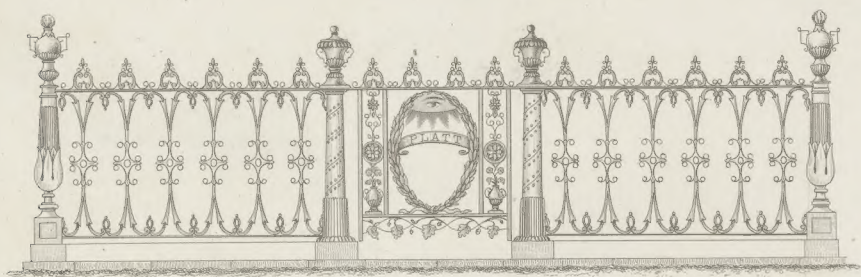
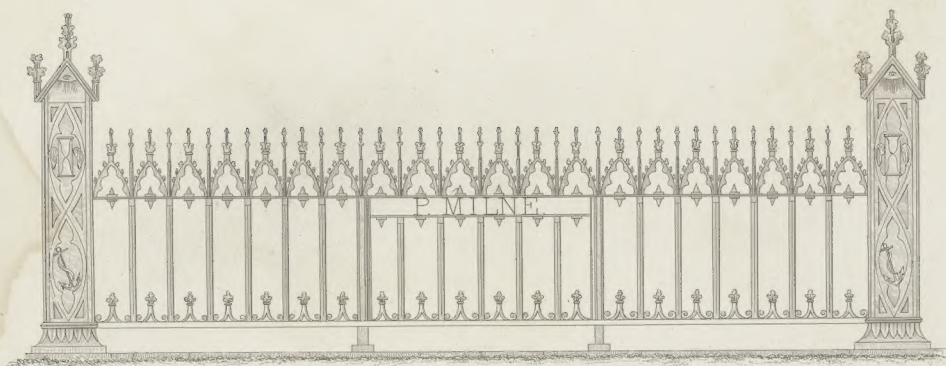
"Plant the green sod with the crimson rose;
Let my friends rejoice o'er my calm repose;
Let my memory be like the odors shed,
My hope like the promise of early red;
Let strangers share in their breath and bloom—
Plant ye bright roses over my tomb!"

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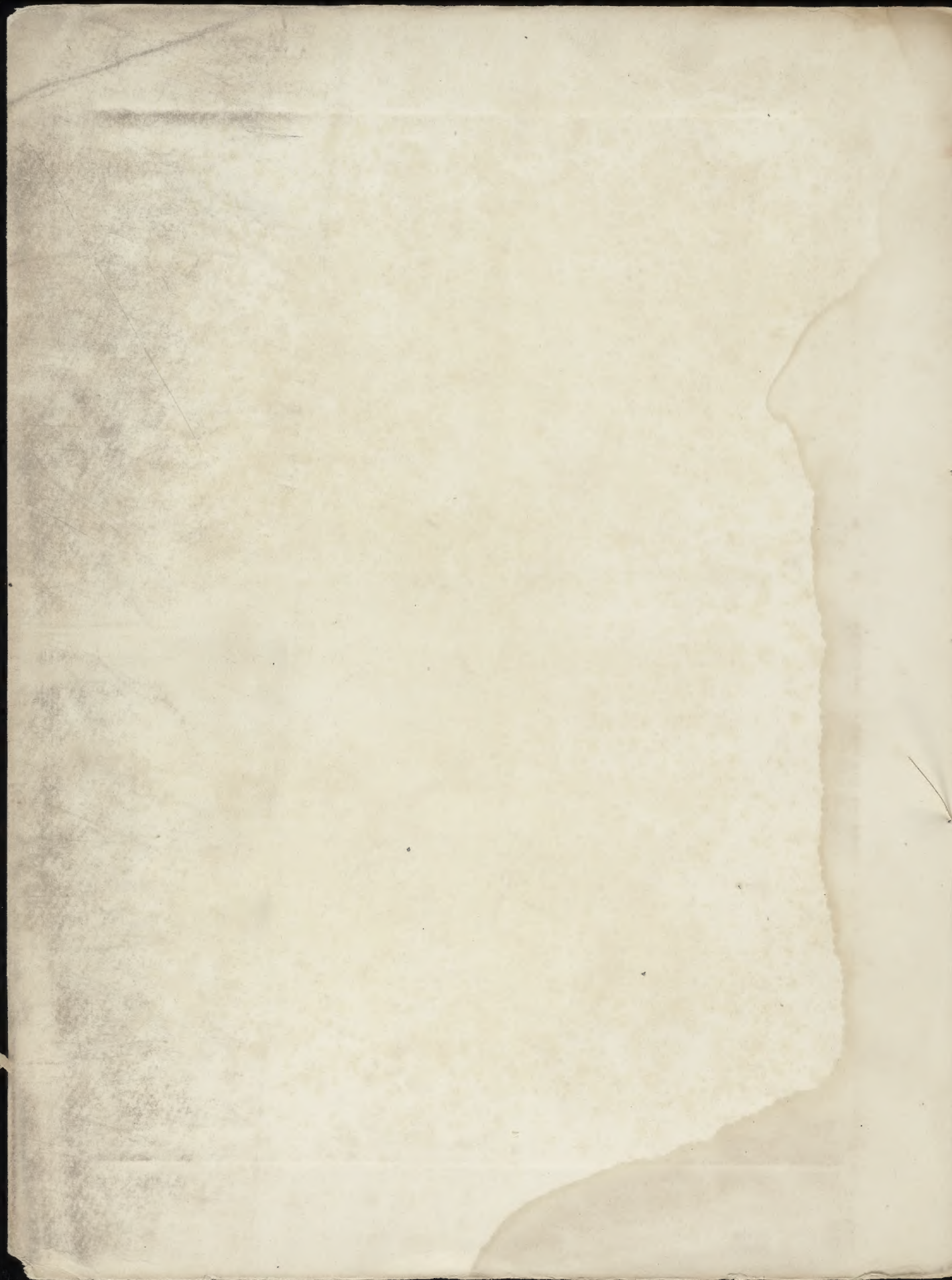




Designed & executed by George W. Sells, Engraver.

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Greenwood Cemetery



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